

Animal News from Heaven

WISCONSIN

Wacky, the painting elephant, is turning out her masterpieces daily based on poses when she was at the Phoenix Zoo. When she went to Europe, she continued using her talent. When she landed in America, the businessmen drove her to see who gets to ride a horse.

[illegible]

Source: *The Allegory*



The Press called her Madonn

Kia-Tie-Tie performs tricks for children.

Kia-Tin-Tin performs beautiful Chinese dances. Number of children: 100-150. Age: 10-15. Time: 15-20 min. Theme: Chinese.

**Merisuk, the Russian Space Dog
is Alive in Heaven!**

Mr. K, the Russian
is Alive in Heaven!
 His government was stupid. He thought to
 attack us first, however, she is alive and
 much loved in his heavenly state. Gorge
 Khrushchev in her capital and he impress
 that he worked hard to improve welfare and
 in spite of that a communist in his
 (Continued page 1)

Dogs and Cats do have a home in Heaven

Dogs and Cats on the Loose in Heaves
 Human communities, with their
 members, exist there in a chaotic state
 constant for months. They are not
 loved by volunteer workers and are
 some are and pick up where we left off.
 They remember us because they were so
 close to what we are still on earth. Some
 people are still looking for help, so
 please don't forget to help.

Miriam Bostwick

Animal News from Heaven

Miriam Bostwick

Copyright 2014 by Paws of the Earth Productions

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner without written permission from the author except in critical articles and reviews.

*Contact the publisher for information: Paws of the Earth Productions
2980 S Jones Blvd
Suite 3373
Las Vegas, NV 89146*

Printed in The United States of America.

Library of Congress Control Number: 2008921323 ISBN 978-0-9798828-2-1

Paws of the Earth productions Las Vegas, NV 89146

www.Animals are people too.com

This book is dedicated to the late Miriam Bostwick, a friend, a fellow lover of animals, who is among her friends in this book:

I am grateful to the many spirits who so willingly shared their stories about the work they are doing in spirit and the animals they are caring for.

I am also grateful to Carla Gee and Elizabeth Jordan for their invaluable editorial help.

I acknowledge information obtained from *Wikipedia* under the GNU Free Documentation License for the following articles:

Slats, the MGM Leo, the Lion
Barbaro, the Race Horse Bubba, the Grouper
Bubba, the Lobster
Harriet, the Tortoise
Binky & Nuka, Polar Bears
Martha, the Passenger Pigeon
Ruby, the Painting Elephant

PAWS OF THE EARTH PRODUCTIONS

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

Contents

Preface

Introduction

PART ONE

Lifting the Veil: Animals in the Afterlife

Do all animals survive and where do they go?

Love keeps an animal in form

The plight of the unloved or mistreated animal

Are there barriers in spirit life to divide humans and animals?

How do animals in spirit get along with each other?

The animal mind

Healing through change in attitude

Animals trained to do rescue work

Separation through evolution

Veterinary research in spirit life

PART TWO

News from Heaven

The Caretakers

Reggie Gonzales: *On Being a Caretaker*

Roger Parker: *On Being a Caretaker*

St. Francis of Assisi: *Working with Abusers*

Wayne McCaffery: *Working with Abusers*

St. Luke: *Working with Abusers*

President Theodore Roosevelt: *Killing for Sport*

Dr. Greeley: *Animal Experimentation*

The Heroes

Chips, *World War II Hero*

Laika (Muttink), *Russian Space Dog*

Balto, *Forerunner of Iditarod*

Enos and Ham, *Space Program Chimpanzees*

Kenny & Roxie, *Guide Dogs*

Dr. Talbot, *Working in Dim Spirit Realms*

Lambie, *Rabbit Working in Dim Spirit Realms*

Movie Stars

Strongheart

Rin Tin Tin

Slats

Satan and Jackie

Fritz

Nissa

Trigger and Bullet

Lassie

Bart

Benji and Arnold

[Flipper](#)

[Mr. Chips](#)

[Morris](#)

[Boots](#)

[Famous Animals](#)

[Jumbo](#)

[Man O'War and War Admiral](#)

[Seabiscuit](#)

[Lotus](#)

[Elsa](#)

[Barbaro](#)

[Animals of Famous People](#)

[President Grover Cleveland & Mr. Mocker & Tiny](#)

[President Calvin Coolidge & Smokey](#)

[President Franklin D. Roosevelt & Fala](#)

[President Richard M. Nixon & Checkers](#)

[Ernest Hemingway & Alley Cat](#)

[John Steinbeck & Charley](#)

[Special, Interesting and/or Perhaps Extraordinary](#)

[Dr. Watkins on Animal Therapy for Children](#)

[Three Little Foxes](#)

[Sukara, the Tiger](#)

[Herbie, the Skateboarding Duck](#)

[Matilda, the Hippo](#)

[Marlu Milady, the Jersey Cow](#)

[Jemma, the German Shepherd](#)

[Rex, the Lion](#)

[Gomek, the Crocodile](#)

[Dini, the White Rat](#)

[Ranger, the Mt. Hood Climbing Dog](#)

[Raven, the Wolf](#)

[Rags the Digger, Wolf](#)

[Rachel, the Wolf](#)

[Minnie, the Bear](#)

[Lily, the Rhode Island Red Hen](#)

[Mr. Parrot](#)

[Sophie, the Potbellied Pig](#)

[Newsworthy](#)

[Bubba, the Grouper](#)

[Goldie, the Eagle](#)

[Bubba, the Lobster](#)

[Harriet, the Tortoise](#)

[Those that Fly and Those that Crawl](#)

[Dr. Galveston on Birds](#)

[Dr. Singh K. on Reptiles](#)

[Charles & Tayde Bostwick on Snakes](#)

[Animals Popular with Zoo Visitors](#)

[Billy Bryan, American Black Bear](#)

[Binky & Nuka, Polar Bears](#)

[Bobo, the Gorilla](#)
[Bruno & Lindi, Lions](#)
[Clara, the Elephant](#)
[Franko & Francine, Trumpeter Swans](#)
[Frieda, Asian Elephant](#)
[G.I. Joe, Pigeon](#)
[Jughead, the Grizzly](#)
[Ling-Ling & Hsing-Hsing, Pandas](#)
[Martha, Passenger Pigeon](#)
[Mary Lou, the Chimpanzee](#)
[Massa, the Gorilla](#)
[Mira, the Elephant Seal](#)
[Monarch, the Grizzly](#)
[Natch, the Black Bear](#)
[Princess, the Tiger](#)
[Ruby, the Painting Elephant](#)
[Sam, the Chimpanzee](#)
[Willie B., the Gorilla](#)
[Zarafa, the Giraffe](#)

[PART THREE](#)

[The Sanctuary](#)
[Delta, the Black Doberman & D.E.L.T.A. Rescue](#)
[Dr. Peterson on Conservation](#)
[Steve Irwin on Conservation](#)
[Prince Toby by Ernest Hemingway](#)
[How I See My Life Now](#)
[A Man and His Dog](#)

Introduction

This book grew out of an abiding interest in what happens to our beloved pets when they die. What better way to find out than to communicate with those who are actually on the other side of the veil with the animals. I have been deeply privileged as a trance medium to be the “telephone” to receive much enlightenment directly from the heaven world—from spirit teachers, former animal trainers, caretakers, and friends of companion animals. To share their many heart-warming stories in a book was the inspiration of my spirit teacher, Dr. Cranston.

Great effort has been made to gather authentic information on the nature of life on the animal plane, and this is presented to the reader in the first section of the book.

The second part contains actual unedited transcripts of trance sessions with those in Spirit who have a deep interest in animals. Some are stories about animals famous for their heroic acts or service; some for their movie roles; some for belonging to famous people; some for being popular with zoo visitors; and some for just being special in their own way. All spirit communicants were enthusiastic about relating their special tales (tails) of interest.

Part Three highlights the work going on in the world’s largest care for life sanctuary. Dedication & Everlasting Love To Animals (D.E.L.T.A. Rescue) rescues dogs, cats and horses primarily and has an out-reach program to instruct others on rescue techniques.

In Part Four we are treated to two entries by spirit conservationists, one of whom is the well-known Steve Irwin, dubbed the “Crocodile Hunter.”

The last part of the book contains several literary contributions. Ernest Hemingway wrote a story about Toby, the cat. On earth he never wrote children’s stories or anything on cats, though he had some thirty cats over the years.

Hopefully, by giving an understanding of the continuity of life of all God’s creatures, this will ease a broken heart when separation from the beloved one inevitably takes place. Truly, there is only a thin veil between us, and one day this veil will be drawn aside, and there will be a happy reunion with our beloved friends in coats of fur, leather, fins, scales, and feathers.

Miriam Bostwick

Preface

I am so pleased to have been invited to write a preface to this wonderful book. I sort of picked up that something was in the wind for a little time and that I possibly would be asked. I am very happy to be able to come in and talk to you about the animals. If you can use what I have to say I will be very, very honored.

Yes, as a child, I was very, very interested in the welfare of the animals. We had pets and we took good care of them, and we loved them dearly. And so the story goes that I was walking along the streets of New York when I saw a man severely beating his horse, and the poor animal was very emaciated. You could tell that it was sick and trying to do its best. And so I talked to the man and I explained to him that that was not the way to treat an animal—especially an animal upon which his livelihood depended. He was not caring for it properly. He was not feeding it well. He certainly was beating it which was an awful thing—the poor helpless soul. It is a wonder that the animal just didn't run away from him. It was probably so used to being beaten that it didn't realize it had any other choice.

And you know, I have met that man over on this side, and I have worked with him to help him see how wrong he was in hurting that poor soul.

I went to spirit before the man came over, and that animal was waiting for him. Those who take care of animals made sure that this particular horse was kept alive for the man to see what he had done. There are people here who felt that this horse marked a milestone because it was that incident that really motivated me to do something about animal welfare by getting laws passed to protect poor, innocent animals. And so, it was important to give love to this animal who never received it on earth. And, oh, he responded so to kindness! He is still in form.

It was interesting when the abuser came over. We got him to the point where it did get to his conscience and he had remorse for his ill treatment. So we took him down to the animal realms to see his horse whom we had renamed Bellstone because it was a family name. And the horse remembered him very clearly and shied away, but we were there and we talked to Bellstone and assured him there would be no more beatings, and Bellstone reluctantly allowed this man to get close to him. We were present on many subsequent visits, or at least someone was, until the two could be comfortable. You know, in time Bellstone looked forward to his owner's visits, and they have become great pals. If only those on earth could understand the importance of being kind to animals, of not mistreating them in any way, it would bring such joy to both person and animal. We are here to give love to each other, and when that love is shown an animal, the animal stays in form and is here in the spirit realms waiting to resume the relationship.

We have much work to do from this side to help people to become educated to the rights of their animals, to respect them, to know that they have feelings. There is much, much work. And in some countries the animals are horribly mistreated, especially where they eat dogs and cats, mutilating the animal before it finally dies. If only we could get through to put a stop to this, to ban dog meat and have heavy prison times. We try, and we try and we try. It breaks our hearts to see what is going on.

I am always happy when I hear that legislation has been passed to protect the animals and to remove these awful chains, therefore protecting them in many ways.

I am proud of the ASPCA for the work they are doing. Much progress has been made since I was on earth, and I commend that organization and all organizations that reach out to help. Some have different responsibilities and duties. The ASPCA is primarily devoted to going into homes and rescuing animals, or in treating animals of those who are unable to pay for the service, by finding homes, and by getting involved in being animal rights activists.

Also there are many other organizations which are doing a fine job for abandoned animals. And in particular, I have visited D.E.L.T.A. Rescue in southern California and am very, very impressed with the quality of care, the love and the kindness that is poured on these animals. I have singled out that organization only because it has really set a standard, not just in the United States, but for the world. They operate on an underfunded budget, as do most of these wonderful sanctuaries and shelters. There are many, many that give excellent care, too numerous to name, but are recognized by those of us in spirit.

I am grateful personally to be able to work from this side with the directors of these associations and the animal sanctuaries. Over here we receive training in how to impress and guide those on earth. And I do work on the animal plane itself in helping wherever I can. It is so important that we care for those that God has entrusted to our care. I have not returned to earth again because I am trying to work from this side. I care about all animals, not just the little ones, but about the wild animals as well as the tame. I am so grateful that we have come as far as we have in protecting the animals, but more needs to be done, and we shall continue to work toward that goal.

And so it is my pleasure to say a few words about this wonderful book that will provide many, many answers for those who wonder what has happened to their loved ones. It will give a feeling that both we and the animals do remain close. I encourage the reader to read the stories of all the animals that are contained in these pages. I have been honored to say a few words, and I hope that this book will go far and wide.

June 11, 2007

Henry Bergh

Note: Henry Bergh (August 29, 1811 - March 12, 1888) founded the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in April, 1866, three days after the first effective legislation against animal cruelty in the United States was passed into law by the New York State Legislature.

His many contributions to the welfare of animals include gaining unprecedented powers of enforcement by ASPCA's agents and inspection of slaughterhouses and stables. He was very vocal in his opposition to dog fighting, vivisection, horse racing, circuses, and using live pigeons at shooting events.

PART ONE

Lifting the Veil: Animals in the Afterlife

This section contains detailed information on what actually takes place when animals make their transition to their heavenly abode, the nature of life on the Animal Plane, and the care given animals by the spirit workers.

Over the years I have been asked many questions about the survival of animals. If you, the reader, have a question, hopefully you will find your answer here.

Do all animals survive and where do they go?

What happens when our little loved ones in fur coats, leather, fins, and feathers go the Spirit World? We know that they live, for clairvoyants and many others in all walks of life frequently describe seeing spirit dogs, cats, horses, white rats, potbellied pigs, birds, and others. The spirit teachers have explained that everything that has life has a spirit body. Generally, when a pet crosses over, it is met by a family member, spirit guide, friend, or someone who is aware of how much you love the animal. They will meet the animal as it sheds its overcoat (physical body) and will take it in its etheric body (spirit body) to the Second Plane. The animal etheric body is an exact duplicate of its physical body, just as with humans. The Second Plane is the Animal Plane and the Third Plane is where most people first go when they pass over. There is light on the Animal Plane and we are told it is a very nice place to be. It is above the First Plane where some humans have merited existing in realms of dim light or darkness, ever in keeping with their low levels of consciousness.

Animals like snakes and crocodiles are very primitive, nevertheless, some of them are pets that were loved and are awaiting the arrival of those who cared for them on earth. Many people have loved mice, white rats, hamsters, squirrels, pigeons, and the list is endless. They are all being watched over until we go over. The animals, of course, are on different realms within the Second Plane in keeping with their levels of consciousness. As there are seven realms within that plane, the ones that are more developed would be in the higher realms. Horses and a few elephants are highest. Next come the dogs, pigs, and other elephants. Below these are the cats, both domestic and wild. Those that are less developed would, of course, be down lower, such as the cattle, rodents, and reptiles. There are a few dinosaurs on the lowest realm. So it all works in an orderly manner.

Love keeps an animal in form

We are told that pets for whom we show our affections are strengthened in their natures. Love is definitely the key. Our love does something for them that builds up a resistance beyond that capable of wild animals. So the more you love your animal, the longer the animal is going to stay in form. They become so stabilized in their spirit bodies that they are able to survive in spirit life for years and years equivalent to our earth time. (There is no time in Spirit.) In fact, the only way they stay as individual animals is through love, your love or the love of a caretaker. Otherwise, they gradually return to the Allsoul.

Though many people are not aware, we do leave our physical bodies during sleep and travel to the spirit realms. Frequently, during these nightly visits, we go to visit our pets who

have crossed over, maintaining continuity and reinforcement of our bond with them. Also, although we may not be consciously aware of it, our spirit guides, relatives or friends, do frequently bring our pets to visit us here on the earth plane. That is another way in which continuity of the relationship is assured. My little spirit guide, Magnolia, likes cats and brings Petunia, Tuffy, Panther, Black Boy, and Punky-Dew, while my husband, Charles, brings the German Shepherds—Jemma, Sammi, Boris, Heidi, Romiel, Penny, Smokey, Cindi, Greg, and Zek.

Some spirits adopt unloved animals and keep them in form through their love and attention. President Franklin Delano Roosevelt tells the story of adopting a horse who was mean and unwanted and how he has cared for her and changed her attitude.

There are many loving acts that take place between animals. The love shown one animal to another can be strong enough to keep an unloved one in form. An example of this is my German Shepherd, Jemma, befriending a badly abused little poodle named Angel. They have become inseparable in spirit.

The plight of the unloved or mistreated animal

If an animal goes to the spirit side of life having been mistreated, or for whom no love has been shown, it will go back to the group soul, or Allsoul. It takes some time for this process to be completed. It becomes less active and interested in its surroundings, becoming increasingly transparent until it is no longer in form. That does not mean that it is not going to come back again, because it will.

There are spirits who work with mistreated animals in the animal realms and help them to come back so they will have another chance at elevating the species. These workers will try to find someone on earth whom they believe will make a very good caretaker. They send the spirit of the mistreated dog, for example, to a dog who is pregnant and being well cared for and is the kind of dog mother who is going to take care of her puppies. Then those dog spirits are put into that female dog, giving them another chance so that their whole species can evolve. The Divine Plan is for the evolution of the species. It does not matter the breed. Many times mutts receive more love and attention than a pure breed. Frequently, a pedigree is purchased just for show and is not given real love.

The Greyhounds are the most mistreated as a breed. There is such abuse and exploitation! So many times when these dogs can no longer perform and make money for their owners, they have just been starved or put down. Many of them simply go back to the group soul without too much delay. They have been treated so miserably on earth; they have already had their “delay” while on earth. Fortunately, there is more rescue work going on now than ever before, with many rescue sanctuaries of high standards like D.E.L.T.A. Rescue of Glendale, California.

“As we sow, so shall we reap” is an inevitable spiritual law. Therefore, humans who have been intolerant of animals here may find themselves working with them on the other side, not as punishment, but in order that their souls may have the necessary experiences for growth. In the second section of this book, President Teddy Roosevelt explains how his trophy hunting led to his having to work on the Animal Plane. Also, Saint Francis, Saint Luke, and Wayne McCaffery relate how they work with those individuals who have abused animals.

Are there barriers in spirit life to divide humans and animals?

There are no barriers to divide humans and animals from being together in the next world when this association is mutually desired. These friends with paws, claws, fur, and feathers go to their own plane where they are loved and cared for while awaiting our arrival to the world of spirit. Many spirit people make caring for animals their main work.

A person in spirit can go down and bring their pet up to a higher plane for awhile, but the animals actually live on the Second Plane. Sometimes, however, they spend more time on the higher plane than on their own. Or, one can go down to the Animal Plane and play with them.

How do animals in spirit get along with each other?

Peace reigns supreme in the animal realms because the stronger and more aggressive ones learn they can no longer harm the weaker ones. In this sense it is therefore true that the lion and the lamb lie down together. If they have not learned to do so while here, animals must learn in the heavenly realms to be tolerant of each other. As far as fighting, they find that they really cannot hurt each other. The spirit body cannot be hurt, and so they just sort of give up trying. It makes a difference that they are not scrounging for food. Somehow, the mentality of self-preservation is not as strong over there. It is the urge for food that makes the wild animal very aggressive. When that is satisfied by giving them the essence of food, they are pretty calm. My husband said, "I can go in and pet lions and tigers and talk to the elephants and they don't pick me up with their trunks and try to throw me somewhere. They are very intelligent. Some of the horses over here are absolutely magnificent. They are wonderful and so evolved."

The animals are kept in groups. The pets of a particular earth family congregate together even though they may not have known each other on earth. That does not make any difference. They find each other and usually it is because of the spirits that are over there who have loved these animals. For instance, my husband has all of our dogs together, and the cats, of course, are in their separate area. Spirit guides help also to bring them together before we arrive if relatives have not already done so.

Lions and tigers have their own special place. They do go back very quickly to the group soul. There are not too many of that type of animal that stays around very long. The ones from the zoos will stay longer than the ones from the wild. There is a set-up like a zoo there, without the bars. The animals have their hills and places where they can sleep, and swimming holes where they can go swimming. It is just like they were on earth for the ones that are the most tame.

The animal mind

Animals don't have the ability to think like humans. They are more like the early human root races. They operate more by instinct. Sometimes you see some of them that are very advanced. Here on earth we tend to think of the dog as being more advanced than the horse, but actually it is the reverse. The spirit veterinarian pointed out that when you see how intelligent horses are and the selfless service they give, then you can understand they are very progressed.

The animals do have a brain and a little of the Infinite Intelligence in their minds. The difference is that the animals do not have the conscious choice faculty developed like the humans. They go more by group instinct. And so that is why animals of the same breed seem to function in very similar ways. It is the mongrels, the mutts, that kind of mix things up, and many of them take the best from several breeds and make very, very good pets. I am talking about dogs mainly.

Healing through change in attitude

Dr. Carl States who was a veterinarian on earth explained that “animals very quickly lose their memory of pain because when they suffer on earth they do not show it as much as humans. They do not complain like humans, which means that they recover faster in spirit. They do not cling to the memory of pain like humans. Etheric bodies are indestructible and feel no pain. It is the memory of earthly pain that humans, far more than animals, suffer when they come to this side of life. The pain seems so real. Therefore, if pain persists, it is attitude of mind that must be changed. For example, if the animal can’t walk too well, or had a lot of arthritis, was hurt, etc., we give them water therapy—just like people on earth go swimming to help themselves. So, animals are like humans with respect to having their ailments still register in their head, but not to the same extent as humans. We give them therapy in order to work with their minds. They can be put in swimming pools and given water therapy to encourage them to be active again and lose the thought of any disability. The animals receive very good care because there is so much love given to them.’

Animals trained to do rescue work

When animals go to another dimension, they sometimes are trained for what is known as “rescue work” on the First Plane. Master Lawrence, one of my master spirit teachers, related that “when animals have been guide dogs to the blind or the deaf, and have served selflessly in those capacities, they come over here really being very advanced. We will put them to work since they have received their training so well. We will re-train them to go down into the darker realms and see whether they can help someone down there. We don’t send them to the very, very darkest realms, but we send them to pretty dim realms to see whether they can make a little inroad among those spirits. Sometimes they are successful, but we have to watch because we do not want the animals trapped down there with spirits who have no interest in elevating themselves. They will try to lure a dog with tidbits and divert it from its mission. These are very disciplined animals; so it does not happen too often that they get sidetracked. We watch out for them very, very carefully.”

Separation through evolution

At some stage the animal and the human evolution inevitably part company. The animal has to be left behind because the higher you climb in your spiritual enfoldment when in the spirit world, then naturally the more difficult it is for the animal to keep pace with you, and in the end it merges with the group soul of its species, or subspecies, unless another spirit takes over caring and loving it. When the time comes for it to return to the Allsoul, it begins to sleep more and take less interest in its surroundings.

The effort that we make to love, and care for, and to advance the soul of our pet companions is never wasted because it has contributed to the evolution of the whole group spirit.

When the animal returns to the group soul, we may think of it as a sacrifice, but in truth, as that wonderful spirit teacher Silver Birch explains, it adds an important contribution to the group soul, that is, if the animal has been treated kindly and its intelligence and progress in constructive behavior has been encouraged. The more such sacrifices are made, the quicker the group soul advances toward the stage where it leaves the animal behind and earns the evolution that makes it ready for individualized souls in primitive human forms. Animals do not automatically come back as humans. The change is brought about by very high spirits when a group of animals are ready. At the present time, the horse has the best chance, as horses are the most elevated animals on earth. It is the horse and then the elephant or dog.

Veterinary research in spirit life

Master Lawrence explained, “When veterinarians come over to this side they frequently will continue their work with animals. They have to shift gears because the animals do not have the physical problems here since they do not have physical bodies. Although etheric bodies are perfect, some animals (and humans, too) who have been sick for awhile on earth need some help in getting over conditions. So, the veterinarians almost have to be retrained to a certain extent.

“We do a certain amount of research. Being able to look at animals on earth with x-ray vision, we can see what bothers them and we can watch the process of how medications help. We know that spiritual healing does wonders for many animals still on earth because they are more receptive than humans. Even though they are very psychic and see spirit healers—Indians are especially good at it—they are not frightened because they realize they are getting help. We can take our instruments to earth and really examine what is going on and try to impress and advise veterinarians and those working in the field of veterinary research. Sometimes we do get through to them. It is very wonderful when we can make a breakthrough. Many times we can impress a veterinary surgeon to try a different procedure, and if it really works well, it is written up and copied in human medical journals, and vice versa. We are trying to improve the health of animals on earth so that they can live longer and have happier lives.

“It is very good when humans will take the time to lovingly train and lovingly discipline their animals, and not just chain them up somewhere and put them in a remote corner of the yard. This is sad. We don’t like to see this happen. And we try to work with those owners but we do not always get through. Some of them care so little about the animal that they don’t even realize that the chain has become embedded in the poor animal’s neck causing terrible suffering. Those who are responsible will suffer when they get to this side of life. They cannot grow without first having faced what they have done to one of God’s creatures. I am going to leave you now with these thoughts, and we will try to make sure that you do receive more little stories that will touch the hearts and bring comfort to those on earth. I leave you and I leave you with God’s blessings.”

PART TWO

News from Heaven

This section contains actual transcripts of trance sessions with those in Spirit who have a deep love for animals. Some are stories about animals famous for their heroic acts or service; some for their movie roles; some for belonging to famous people; and some for just being special in their own way. All spirit communicants were enthusiastic about relating their special tales. A good cross-section of interesting stories has been included to enable the reader to not only find out what happened to particular animals, but to gain a comforting picture of animal afterlife in general. In fact, the reader will also learn more about our life in spirit as well. My previous book, *What Goes On Beyond the Pearly Gates?* gives more details on the afterlife of humans.

The Caretakers

(in order of appearance)

[Reggie Gonzales: *On Being a Caretaker*](#)

[Roger Parker: *On Being a Caretaker*](#)

[St. Francis of Assisi: *Working with Abusers*](#)

[Wayne McCaffery: *Working with Abusers*](#)

[St. Luke: *Working with Abusers*](#)

[President Theodore Roosevelt: *Killing for Sport*](#)

[Dr. Greeley: *Animal Experimentation*](#)

Reggie Gonzales on Being a Caretaker

Spirit Communicant: My name is Reggie Gonzales. I am a caretaker of animals in the spirit world. I give them the essence of food when we sense that they are hungry. If we are going to take care of the animals over here, we learn some lessons so that we can be tuned in enough to know when they are hungry and want something to eat. We think their food and impress them with the thought of the essence, and they take that and are satisfied. Even with the animals, in time they get weaned away so they don't crave the essence as frequently. And some have gotten off that completely, but that takes a long, long time for most.

I really am happy to do the work that I am doing because it has given me a totally different perspective on animals. When I was on earth, I worked for a pound or humane society, and I did some of the clean-up, bathing, and I put them to sleep. I really did not enjoy the job at all. But I did not have any real schooling. I did not finish high school and so I just took what work I could get. I never really evolved in my love or respect for animals. I wasn't unkind to them, but I didn't really love them. It just didn't rub off on me. I had that job for about five or six years. I got pneumonia and came to this side. I was only in my twenties when I came over to this side.

I didn't know what I wanted to do when I got over here. I was told there were schools where I could go and learn, that I did not have to work toward a diploma or degree, but that I could go and informally sit and learn. My guides encouraged me to do that. And then they said that when the time was right, I might want to go and take care of animals and really learn to love them because they are God's creatures. I was a little reluctant about doing that,

but I said that I would try it if I did not have to do it all the time. I wanted to do something else as well. They said, yes, of course. Well, I was interested in music, and so I wanted to work on that. I had a clarinet that had belonged to an uncle and he left it to me when he passed away. I wanted to get better at playing it.

In my work with the animals, I saw the condition of some pets, cats and dogs, who had been abused and unloved when they came over. I did not see that on earth because where I worked an abused animal was not usually brought in and helped. There were not the facilities or finances to give that kind of service. The animals just died for the most part. There were a lot that came in unloved because people wanted to get rid of them, but I just didn't tune in to that. To me, it was just a dog or a cat, and that was it. Over here, I could really see the vibration that they emanated. I could see that, and there was just no getting around it. My sense of compassion began to unfold. This was very helpful to me and to the animals because I helped them to make a better passing to the Allsoul. With some who were kind of borderline, I have been able to give a lot of love and care, and they have been revived. If the owners do not want these animals when they come over, that is another matter. But maybe they will feel differently.

I have been able to play with Rin Tin Tin and some of his later replacements, the original Lassie, and others. People who are associated with these animals are over here, and they take care of them. They were wonderful, wonderful animals on earth and are quite wonderful here as well. Because they learned so many tricks, we do have animal acts. There is no cruelty. There is no insisting that they do things that are very difficult for them to do. They do certain things and they seem to enjoy performing, getting the attention. And, of course, some of these animals are trained to go down and work with those in the dark realms helping them to want to come up, helping them so their teachers can reach them.

I have to say that I truly enjoy my work. The animals give so much love. And I work with people who have abused animals. I never abused them, but I know what it is like to be abused and so I help these people. We don't have to groom the animals or anything like that. We think the way they ought to be and that is it.

Roger Parker on Being a Caretaker

Spirit Communicant Roger Parker: I have come also to talk about animals. I work with the larger ones. I work with elephants, lions, tigers, and horses mainly. I believe that you are aware that the horses at the present time are the most highly evolved. Horses are quite wonderful. Some horses have been so abused they have never known a good life. They have been overworked and really not appreciated in any way. And, of course, when they come to this side, they don't always stay in form too long. But I do try to work with some of them, to get across to them that although they went to somebody who didn't appreciate them and love them, there are other humans who do really care and love them. It is very, very sad, really, to see them just disintegrate back to the Allsoul. But they will come forth either as horses again or as humans.

We enjoy riding the horses and we have horse races with horses that used to race. We don't beat them. We just talk to them on a spiritual level and encourage them to compete. People can watch. The betting is done a little differently here. There is no money involved. It is a matter of sending out encouragement. If you like a particular horse, you send out the encouragement that they will win. And that is how we do it.

Children come down and they ride the horses, and they have a wonderful time. It helps them a great deal, especially children who have been crippled or who were very sick. We

bring them down. We try to lift up their spirits that way. They enjoy it. They love the ponies. Some of them want a big horse, and we give them a big horse. They are just as cute as they can be. We talk to the horses and tell them, "Now you have got to be gentle, don't throw them off."

And the elephants are very good. They are very intelligent. They give rides also. And they do certain kinds of stunts and things. We never pressure the animals. Sometimes they do not want to perform, and we do not force them. We absolutely don't. We want it to be fun for them. So the things that we do are kind of fun things. No chains around their legs. They are free here. We have had a few come over that have been very aggressive; so we talk to them, and we do healing in a sense. We encapsulate them in a healing vibration if they are a little aggressive. Or, if they have come over not having felt too well on earth, we give them healing. We surround or encircle their bodies with a beautiful white light, and we truly help them to know that they are perfect, that it is all in their heads. We talk to them and they have a great deal of understanding. We do not allow animals to be sick unless they are just to go back to the Allsoul.

There are people here who work with every living creature that we have. Every living creature we work with. And when people from earth come over, they take over the care of their own animals. They are right here waiting for them.

We can't keep all of the elephants, but we do keep some of them so that we have some representation of all of the animals. Some of these elephants are what I call "the welcoming committee." When a new one comes over, they reach out to them and make them feel at home. That is true of almost all the species. There are usually some who are more advanced and will reach out to the newcomers.

Working with animals is really a very, very rewarding job. It is, to be quite honest, much more enjoyable than working with some of the people who refuse to change their ways. In working with animals you do get response much, much quicker, infinitely quicker. But everybody has to be worked with, and it does depend on the individual who wants to grow what type of work they will take on.

I hope that I have helped you to understand a little better what is going on over here. I really enjoy working with animals and helping people to understand and appreciate them because whatever we can do, they will carry over into their next life. Nothing, absolutely nothing, is wasted.

St. Francis of Assisi: Working with Abusers

Spirit Communicant St. Francis: I am very happy that you wanted me to come in and talk more about animals. I know that I have been in before to give you something.

We are working very, very hard to get people on earth to treat their animals with love and respect, and to make them a part of their family. It is very good when humans will take the time to lovingly train and lovingly discipline their animals, and not just chain them up somewhere and put them in a remote corner of the yard. It is very sad when the animals, dogs and cats, are just left outside and not always fed properly or sheltered properly. The people don't have much interaction with them. And when we see animals that are so neglected that the chains around their necks have become embedded, we just think that is so awful. Some people care so little about the animal that they don't even realize that the chain has become embedded in the poor animal's neck and how terribly it is suffering. You can't imagine how hard we try to wake up the person to get them to notice what is happening.

Because they are so uncaring, we can't reach them. That is cruelty. That is abuse. And when we can't reach the owner, we try to reach somebody who is around who will report it to the authorities. That is the best we can do.

Those who are responsible will suffer when they get to this side of life. They cannot grow without first having faced what they have done to one of God's creatures. We try to help them to see what they have done. We cannot force this on them. If they are not ready, they are not going to listen to us. But we certainly try before they go back to earth to get this across to them. And when we succeed in reaching them while over here, they frequently go to the animal realms and work with animals that have been abused. Or, they will go to earth where they see this abuse, and they will try so hard to get the abuser to be more observant and to care whether the animal is fed and properly taken care of.

We also try so hard to get people not to just dump pets in the wilderness where they will starve. They will literally starve because they are not used to foraging for their food. It is really very, very sad. We want to see penalties become more severe when abusers are caught. Hopefully, this would educate and deter others. We want to eliminate cock fighting and dog fighting. We want to eliminate abuses among circus animals. We want to eliminate horses being forced to dive into pools of water many feet below their diving platform. We want to eliminate dog racing because the animals are not properly treated if they are not winners. Many are left to starve to death. It would be better to put them down and send them to this side if that is what they are going to do. The dogs should be placed in a good loving home. We don't want to see horse racing or dog racing because of the abuses. If they did not abuse the animals, that would be different. Greyhounds love to run. Certain breeds of horses particularly love to run. It is the abuse that really disturbs us on this side of life.

I am very interested in seeing animals preserved so they do not become extinct—especially some of the beautiful large animals. And as you know, I have always been interested in birds. I do spend some of my time over here going to talk to birds and to the various animals. They are really quite wonderful. Those that are loved will be right here when those from earth come over. I hope that you are able to get this across to people, that love keeps animals in form, and they will be here.

Well, I hope that I have helped you. I know that others will be coming in because I have talked to others, and they will come and tell you their little stories. God bless you for the work that you are doing. It will be very, very helpful to many.

Wayne McCaffery: Working with Abusers

Spirit Communicant Wayne McCaffery: I was invited to come this morning to tell you a little bit about my life and what is going on now. While on earth, I was very much involved in raising livestock. I had a large ranch and I had many, many cattle. It was a hard life being a rancher—hard physical life. We worked hard. I had a good wife. We had five sons and all grew up to help me and to take over the ranching business. It was in the days before we had the good transportation that you have now; so we had to drive the cattle on long runs to reach the train or slaughter houses. We can't do things like that nowadays because we would be driving them on somebody's property.

I was not a particularly religious man, but I think I was fair. And I did try to take good care of my animals. I fed them properly. While I was not aware of my past lives while on earth, obviously my soul was trying to make up for a former life when I was a priest in the Temple, slaughtering animals for sacrifice and offering them to God. That bothered me a lot

because it was not necessary, and it was killing for the wrong reasons. This was at a time when the practice of animal sacrifice was about coming to an end. I was so glad that that practice finally was done away with. Each time I killed an innocent beautiful creature to offer to God, I later regretted it. My soul must have known on some level of consciousness that the most important sacrifice to God was to give up some of our negative attitudes and practices. There were a lot of practices during my time as a priest that I later regretted very, very much. I learned all of this when I got to the spirit side of life.

And so with this last time on earth, I made certain that my animals were not mistreated, and that I delivered them so they would be used to feed and clothe people. Of course, I was not aware of my motive because we do not have that awareness of why we have come to earth and what we are supposed to do. We make plans before we come to earth, but we do not remember them. It is only when we raise our consciousness and the soul prompts us to do this or that. While I was not religious, I guess you would say I was a good person.

I came to a realm of light as just an average spirit. I did review my life. It was not perfect, and I worked on myself, and I went through the Akashic records. So what I am doing here is to help people who have abused animals. They come to this side and they have either starved or neglected or beaten animals, and they don't seem to understand that these are God's creatures too. I had a great love of animals when I was on earth, and so I wanted to help people on this side to gain a love for them. I take individuals or groups down to the animal realms and they take care of animals under supervision. I also take several at a time back to earth where they can witness the abuse of an animal, and they can see an animal that is being starved and how that poor little creature suffers. We do this because some of these people who have abused or neglected animals just don't understand that animals really have feelings. And they feel the pangs of hunger the same as a human feels the pangs of hunger. Animals are very psychic.

It takes a lot of work to help some of these people go through an educational progression so they will have greater love, so they will open their hearts so that in their next incarnation they probably will want to come back and take care of animals to make up for what they have done. Some of the time families will leave the feeding and care of a pet to a child who is not responsible and they do not check up on them. It is really sad when we know of such a situation. The guides will try to impress them, but it is so hard to get through to people on earth.

Many, many people who have abused animals come to this side and are not ready to face their wrong deeds. The ones who do are the ones who are interested in growing spiritually. And it is that aspect of their unfoldment that I have dedicated myself to working on. It is very sad what we see. And then when the animals come to this side, they have to be worked with. I do not work with those animals when they pass over. I work with abusers. I do feel that my job is important, and it has helped me to grow considerably in patience, tolerance, and understanding because some of the people have never thought about animals as being anything but play things, or perhaps to chain up to guard the premises. They do not see them as sociable creatures that have been domesticated, dogs and cats especially, to become part of the family.

A Visit from St. Luke

Spirit Communicant Saint Luke: Good morning. This is Saint Luke. I am aware of these wonderful books that you are doing. As you know, I wrote the Book of Acts.

Well, when I was on earth it was at a time when we had many large wild animals—tigers and lions roaming around. And I didn't have to go very far to find them. I was not afraid of them. I had no fear at all, and I projected this to the tiger or the lion that I came upon. I'd reach the soul of that animal. I let it know that I was not there to hurt, that I was only there to be a friend. And they would come right up to me and it was wonderful really. I do believe that if we treat these animals differently they will not fear mankind. They are very protective of their young. They do need to kill in order to eat, but most of the time the animals will back away from a human so there is not a confrontation, unless the human gets too close to the young.

I have always loved animals. I frequently go down to the animal realms and I do try to help those individuals who have mistreated animals in the past while on earth, and who really have repented and are working with the animals now. I do make myself available to do some of that work because it is very important for people to realize that these are God's creatures and they must be taken care of.

Some of my work, of course, is on the higher realms as a universal teacher. I don't run a school like your Master Joseph, but I am available to come and talk on occasion at the various schools. I do some art work over here, as well. I am very happy to help wherever I can.

I don't know whether there is anything else that I can tell you except that from this side of life, we are always very pleased when laws are passed to protect animals. Some day consciousness may be raised to the point where we would not need laws. People would just take care of them properly because they know it is the right thing to do. But until we reach that level of consciousness, laws are very necessary to change the way of thinking and treating animals.

I will take my leave and I thank you for this opportunity to come through. May God bless you.

Theodore Roosevelt: Killing for Sport

Note: Theodore Roosevelt (October 27, 1858 -January 6, 1919) was the Twenty-Sixth President, serving from 1901 to 1909. With the assassination of President McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, not quite 43, became the youngest President in the Nation's history. He vigorously led Congress and the American public toward progressive reforms and a strong foreign policy. Roosevelt steered the United States more actively into world politics. He liked to quote a favorite proverb, "Speak softly and carry a big stick. . . ."

Spirit Communicant Theodore Roosevelt: As you know, I was one of your Presidents, and I liked very much to hunt for trophies. I did kill innocent animals for the sport of it, and I saw absolutely nothing wrong with doing this when I was on earth. But when I came to this side of life, I realized that taking the life of an innocent animal just for the pleasure of putting its head on a plaque to hang on the wall, or to stuff an animal just for personal pleasure, was absolutely not the right thing to do. There are times when taking the life of an animal is absolutely permissible if the animal is suffering and there is no remedy for it. Animals have also been taken to educate people and put in museums, though I don't think we do this as much as we used to.

I was very surprised when I reviewed my life and learned that this was wrong. And so I have spent some of my time on this side of life working with animals, the large animals that I had enjoyed meeting and killing in the wilds. Many of these, of course, have not been loved as individual specimens, so when they come over, they do, for the most part, return to the Allsoul. Because I admired these animals, I have shown love to them, to keep some of them in form. And when visitors come from other realms these animals are here for them to see. Especially children love to be brought down on little field trips to view these animals close

up. Some of these children knew the types of animals when on earth and visited the zoo, but they were never able to really go up to the wild animals and pet them.

When the animal comes over, it is very interesting because they don't have those aggressive tendencies. They are not scrounging, so to speak, for food. They don't have to kill. That instinct to kill leaves them, and that is why they get along so well together. We do separate them so they can be with their own kind, but they do not attack each other. If they try to, they can't harm the other animal and they soon give up. We are very diligent about giving them the essence of food so they don't feel hungry. That killer instinct is not triggered, if it is there at all.

I have observed how wonderful these animals that are wild will respond to love and care and attention, and become very, very tame and very loving. We get so many of them that we don't try to work with all of them, but we do work with enough to keep these species going. We don't like to see them become extinct on earth. It is true that some animals have served their purpose and they do become extinct because they are no longer needed to balance the eco system. Now over here, we do have a few specimens of the dinosaur. We couldn't really have a lot of dinosaurs on your earth trampling on people. That just would not work, but they did serve their purpose.

There is a lion here who almost gave birth to cubs, but she was killed before birthing. So she came to this side and her four cubs who were almost mature came with her. And it is really cute to watch them. She has accepted that they are hers because she had given birth to other litters before. And she takes care of them. She wants to feed them because that is her instinct, but she has no milk, of course, so we feed them and they are growing. It is a very different way of life. She does not have to teach them to kill to survive. But they are growing with her. And there have been tigers and lions kept in a zoo where the keepers really grew to love them. And the animals will be here when the keepers or trainers come over. The bond will be rekindled.

So I wanted to let you know a little bit about what goes on, and if you have questions you would like to ask me, just send them out and I will pick them up, and I will return and talk to you a little more. I do other work over here. I am very concerned about what is going on on your earth. And when I observe animals, they themselves only kill on earth for the most part for food. Sometimes they kill just to get competition out of the way. Sometimes a polar bear will kill a young one not knowing it is his offspring. He only thinks of it as an easy meal. But again, that is for food.

I am very happy that I got to come in here today to share this. I truly never thought that I would have that opportunity. I think it is really wonderful that we have someone interested in what we do on this side because life is very full here, very full. It is so important that people be aware that they are coming to something, the real world. They are not going to eternal rest, unless they want to be lazy when they get here. I will leave now and I thank you.

Dr. Greeley: Animal Experimentation

Spirit Communicant Dr. Greeley: I was a scientist on earth. I worked on animal experimentation as a vivisectionist. I really did not have any great feeling for the animals that I worked on, or experimented with. I simply used them for whatever purposes we were trying to test, a product, for example. We did give them various diseases so that they suffered terribly, and we tried various medications to see if we could cure what we had caused. Sometimes the medications worked, but in many instances they did not, and we would have

to go back to the drawing board and try something else. In the meantime, the animal suffered and suffered and suffered. We had no real compunctions about it because we felt it was better for the animals than for us to suffer. It did not occur to us at that particular time that we could test things differently.

It is gratifying when we can get through to someone. We work to impress scientists, politicians, and religious leaders. Sometimes we get through, most of the time we do not. But we have made enough progress that the ones who are doing the work correctly and who are conducting their experiments in the proper way are speaking out. Hopefully, their voices will be heard above those who are so opposed.

Sometimes we think that some people in leadership positions have been in their jobs much too long to change with the times, but it is God's decision when they will be called home.

I am trying to make up for what I did. I no doubt will come back again to earth when things are much better and work in a different way to help with the progress of treating diseases. We certainly feel that as the world progresses—it doesn't look very good right now—but it will progress, and as it does, your diseases will not be as crippling or as fatal. They will be less severe because the karma will be less severe to be worked off. But that is in the future.

And so I leave that with you.

Master Joseph's Comments: Given the current events, progress on a large scale has been slowed down, but not to a standstill by any means. We are gradually moving ahead, but the conditions on Earth right now are not conducive to any rapid progress. They will take place eventually, and people will, as their consciousness is raised, have greater respect and show greater caring for the creatures they are supposed to be taking care of. This will take time. It will take much time. As the animals are cared for and given greater love, their group consciousness will be raised. And when that elevation takes place, then they will go on to a higher form of life. But when they come over to this side frightened because of the way they were treated through neglect and cruelty, that has to be worked on. And so, we thank you for your willingness to make contact with us, and to bring these stories and confessions to the world to help others who may be stuck at certain points in their lives.

The Heroes

(in order of appearance)

Chips, World War II Hero

Laika (Muttnik), Russian Space Dog

Balto, Forerunner of Iditarod

Enos and Ham, Space Program Chimpanzees

Kenny & Roxie, Guide Dogs

Dr. Talbot, Working in Dim Spirit Realms

Lambie, Rabbit Working in Dim Spirit Realms

Chips, World War II Hero

Note: Chips, part Collie and part German Shepherd, was a member of General George Patton's Third Army when he waded ashore at Sicily and performed a very brave act despite having been shot. The lieutenant in charge of the platoon recommended Chips for a Silver Star and a Purple Heart, citing how "his courageous action in single-handedly eliminating a

dangerous machine-gun nest and causing the surrender of its crew had prevented injury and death to his men.” Chips might have gone down as the most decorated dog in history, but the public was outraged at bestowing medals on a dog. Members of his unit, however, awarded Chips with a theater ribbon.

Spirit Communicant Mike Kowalski: I am the one who is mainly in charge of Chips, the wonderful, wonderful dog, who no doubt saved some of our lives when we disembarked from our ships on the beach at Sicily. I was one of the so-called “dog faces.” It was very quiet when we landed, then suddenly a hidden enemy machine gun nest opened up. Chips was hit but that did not deter him from rushing to the machine gun nest. He grabbed one of the enemy soldiers by the throat and was holding on to him. The other soldiers just fled or surrendered. They were more afraid of the dog than they were of us; so we took over and captured the men and rescued the one that Chips had by the throat. He saved many lives that day. There is no question about it.

When we realized that Chips, too, had been injured, he was taken care of. He was in about seven more bitter battles. He was a wonderful, wonderful dog on earth. He is a highly intelligent and wonderful dog over here. He had received a great deal of training before he came into the service, and it was a special time when we could have him with us. He was so responsive.

Over here, we treat him like the hero that he was. We take him around. There are a lot of stories being told, and he does a great job of just being friendly. So we like to recognize those who have come over.

All I can tell you is that he is very much alive. I was very, very surprised when I came to this side and saw him. He had been taken care of by others, but when I came, because I had been especially close to him on earth, I took over and he remembered me. There is a wonderful bond between us. I am very, very happy to have him and to have other animals that I had as pets.

The dogs did an incredible job. They did so many things for us. And we were very grateful to them. They did some things that we could not always do. We did take good care of them. If they were injured, the doctors really treated them well.

I am very glad that you asked about Chips. I want people to know that because he was so loved, he is very, very much in form, very fit form. And this is wonderful what you are doing to let people know that animals do survive. They really do if we love them.

Laika, the Russian Space Dog Known as Muttnik

Note: In 1957, the Soviet Union launched Sputnik I, the first artificial satellite. Two months later, Sputnik II carried the first living being into space—the dog Laika, a stray Siberian husky mix. Laika, meaning “bark” in Russian, had a calm nature and easy-going personality making her perfect for the program. No provision, however, was made for her return. Laika captured the hearts of Americans because the dog’s fate was hermetically sealed in a capsule traveling 18,000 miles per hour, 900 miles above the surface of the earth. The press called her “Muttnik.” A monument was erected to her 40 years later.

Spirit Communicant Serge Milovich: I was the one who brought Laika to this side of life when she died on the Sputnik II mission. She had a terrifying experience being strapped into a little compartment. She was sacrificed. She had been roaming the streets and really no one claimed her as their pet. And so it was felt that she was expendable, and they took her and used her for testing. She was confused when she came to this side. She was starved of

oxygen and she just was asphyxiated. She lived about a week in the spaceship before it went down. Of course, she came tumbling down, but I was there to retrieve her when Sputnik II broke up.

I have taken care of her all of this time because she didn't have much love when she was on earth. She was not a mean dog and she lived on what scraps people would give her. Over here, she gets much, much love.

I worked hard with some others who had been a part of that space program to influence certain ones on earth to erect a monument to her. It took 40 years after her passing to get it done, but we did it. And, as you know, there were postage stamps commemorating her. She was a brave little soul to be put into that contraption. But I suppose the space program serves its purpose, and the day will come when someone will realize there are people living on other planets. We are able, some of us, to travel to other planets and to see for ourselves.

But I just want those on Earth and in your book to know that Laika, that you call Muttnick, is doing very well. I put a beautiful kerchief around her neck in the colors of the Soviet Union at that time. Sometimes I take her around to different groups when the astronauts come to this side and talk about their experiences in space. The space program is of great interest to some people over here because they realize that it will bring our universe, our planetary system, closer together. Many changes will come about in our thinking through the advancement of the space program.

And so I thank you for your interest, and I hope this will be of interest to your readers. Some of the other dogs that were used did survive, and we have them over here, as well. Laika is my special interest.

Gunner Kassen and His Dog Balto

Spirit Communicant Gunner Kaassen: Good morning, I couldn't believe my eyes or my ears that I was to come here and talk about my dog. I should say just to come. I was aware that there were people, mediums, who could act as telephones, but I never really witnessed it nor did I think I would have the opportunity, but here I am with my wonderful dog, Balto.

You know, I didn't think Balto was going to be as wonderful as he turned out to be. I really didn't. But somehow that dog sensed that we had to get through. He somehow knew that in these harsh elements that we faced, terrific blinding winds, snow storms, and being knocked over, he had to keep going. All my dogs just kept on and on.

As you know, this all came about because we were near Anchorage, which wasn't as built up as it is today, although it was a sizable city. The doctors at the time were afraid that if we didn't get diphtheria serum to Nome, there might be an outbreak of the disease among the children. Well, it was in the dead of winter, as far as Alaska is concerned, and the one plane that we had in 1925 had been dismantled so that it could be stored in a garage. There was never a thought that there would be an emergency. I don't know why people didn't think of this, but they didn't. Apparently there was no way to reassemble the wings, landing gear, and various parts and to get the serum to Nome in a timely fashion.

Since we did a lot of carting around on dog sleds—that was our main transportation—we were called upon. There were twenty of us who responded to the call to carry this serum to Nome, 1000 miles away. Well, it was interesting how we figured it all out. The dogs could not run for six days at the rate of a hundred miles a day. That was too much because it took so much energy to fight the weather conditions, and they were brutal at times. What we did was have half our teams pull and the other half ride, then we went so far and when we felt

they were getting tired, we changed. So we rotated the teams that way. Not all of the teams went as far as Nome. There were a few that turned back. My dogs were in tip-top shape and they were very used to poor conditions. They were very brave. You know, I gave them a good talking to before starting out. I told them that they had to do this. My dogs were my pets. I loved them all, and I did take good care of them. And because they trusted me and loved me, they felt I wouldn't have asked them to keep going if it had not been important. But it was their loyalty to me and the loyalty of the dogs of the other moochers that kept these teams going. It was really wonderful—the spirit these dogs showed.

When we reached Nome there was great, great rejoicing. And Balto, of course, being the head of the team, got the credit. Actually, all the teams should have gotten equal credit because we stayed close enough together that we provided a sense of security on such a long trip. And there was that competitive team spirit of wanting to be first. So there was a great celebration. The town treated us royally. Truly, they did. And I even was invited to tour with Balto. A monument was erected in Central Park, New York City. Balto lived for a few years afterward and his body was preserved and went to the Cleveland Museum.

Balto was in spirit before me. I never really thought too much about the afterlife. Living in Alaska is very harsh. Living conditions are harsh. It has changed a great deal in the eighty years since then, believe me. But it took rugged people to settle in that area. The Eskimos taught us a great deal.

I went to Alaska when I was a young man. I liked it and decided to stay. I made my living trapping and running errands for people. I had taken trips to Nome several times in prior years, but there was never that kind of rush, and I was never in such bad weather. We used a compass. That was very, very important. But the dogs have an enormous sense of direction, and we let them know just where to go to keep on track. It was very, very difficult during the blizzard when we were doing that run. The Iditarod came into existence about two years later with teams doing it for sport. Unless the animals are very, very well taken care of, it is very hard on them to be pushed. And so I have learned a great deal over here about that. All of my dogs are with me. We can have snow, if we like. And they like to get out in the snow. And sometimes we still hitch up a sled and go for a ride. There are little Eskimo children who come over, and we will give them a ride.

I hope that I have given you some idea of what goes on in Alaska with dog sledding and especially on that very historic occasion. It is wonderful that you are doing a book that will relate this story because these animals, these wonderful dogs, deserve a lot of credit.

Edward Dittmer and Enos and Ham

Note: Enos and Ham were chimpanzees trained for America's space program by Edward Dittmer. Ham was blasted off inside Mercury capsule number 5 at Cape Canaveral, Florida, on January 31, 1961. The capsule landed far outside the Atlantic Ocean target zone and was battered by waves and was beginning to submerge when Navy rescue helicopter pilots rescued it. Ham was frightened but came out in good physical condition. Enos was selected to make the first orbital animal flight. He flew into space on board Mercury Atlas 5 on November 29, 1961. He died the following year of dysentery.

Spirit Communicant Ed Dittmer: My gracious, gracious, gracious. I have been in spirit for a few years now, and I have seen Enos and Ham. They remembered me. It has been a

long, long time. But you know, animals that you work with closely do have good memories. They have very good memories.

I learned that there is a lady over here named Abigai who took charge of these two little rascals when they came over. Periodically, she would bring them to visit me. I was not aware of it. I was not aware at all. So there was that continued bond with these animals, at least from their side.

I kept pictures of them and would fondly remember what we went through to train them. They are very different in personalities. I truly liked both of them and found them both very responsive to training. They are very bright. I had some feelings about sending them off into space. I had worked with them very diligently, and I became attached to them. It was like sending off a child into the unknown. And I would say a prayer for their safe return. And, of course, they did return. Although the experiments didn't go exactly according to Hoyle, they did manage to do their part. They brought back information that enabled us to continue the space program. It was an interesting experience for me.

When I got to this side, my wife was already over here. She came to visit when I was resting. We all have to rest awhile when we come over here until we can acclimate ourselves to a different body and somewhat different life style. And my wife said, "I'm going to bring you something tomorrow." There is no tomorrow over here, but she meant the next time she visited me she was going to bring me something very special. Well, I thought it was pretty special that I wound up in a nice bed resting, rather than being in a dark coffin in the ground, which I thought perhaps happened to people. So when she came again, she had these two chimps. Enos was very cuddly on earth; Ham was not. But even Ham was glad to see me and in his own way was affectionate. And I was really so pleased to see my two boys. They were very special little kids.

And when I was strong enough and had left the hospital bed, I went down to see them. They wanted to go with me; so I brought them up to my home to enjoy some time with us. I do this frequently, and then I take them back. They look forward to coming up. When I see them, they will just chatter and chatter and chatter. They are so cute.

I found out that periodically there is a circus around. It is kind of a spontaneous sort of an arrangement type circus. When I found out about that, I thought I would train these two little chimps, or imps, as I call them sometimes, and we would join the circus. And so, I have trained them to do things with each other. They seem to enjoy it. They will do things, like I tell them to pick out certain things that I have put down, and they will go and find them. Or, I will have the audience call out, and they will pick out the right objects. They have learned numbers and the alphabet. They are really smart. So we do these little things. People clap and the chimps grin. They are just like little grinning imps. They are so cute. I really enjoy them and they enjoy making other people happy. We go into where the children are recuperating, and they will do little tricks. We have a little tambourine, and they will play that. So this is what we do.

And I am glad that you asked about them because they did a service to our space program. They rendered a service, and they came back very frightened. They were happy to be out of their confinement. Little Ham was saved in the nick of the time from drowning because the airship missed its mark and landed on water. The balloon was filling up with water; so he was very frightened. Both of the little chimps went into retirement, and I am sure they were glad to see the last of airships. But they are doing fine over here, and we love them.

Ruth Manley & Her Dogs Kenny & Roxie

Spirit Communicant Ruth Manley: This is Ruth Manley. I was blind when I was on earth. I had lived a past life where I had really turned a blind eye to some shenanigans that were going on, crooked dealings, and they went on for a very long time. And so, I came back into this life as a blind person so that I could not see at all. And that is how it works. It is literally an eye for an eye. But I made the best of my life, and I came along at a time when guide dogs were available. I got my dog at a guide dog center, and it made all the difference in my life. I had to be old enough before I got the dog so that I would be strong enough and mature enough to handle one.

My dog is named Kenny, a very beautiful German Shepherd. At the time that I got this dog, I was about

16. Kenny took me through high school and college, and I became a vocational counselor to the blind and disabled. I don't like the word disabled. I should say physically challenged.

Kenny was absolutely wonderful. I cannot begin to express the freedom that I felt once I had this wonderful dog. This was quite some time ago when guide dogs were first coming into widespread use. Kenny made me feel so comfortable and so confident. I had every confidence in the world in this animal. It is a most intimate collaboration. What if your life depended on a dog every single day? He took me across busy streets. He took me up stairs and down stairs. He took me to the right classrooms. He always seemed to know exactly where to take me. I would just say, "Kenny, we are going to Room 16," and he would take me to Room 16. He would remember. Or, "Kenny, we are going home," or "Kenny, we are going to the store." He helped me in so many, many ways.

I was living at home, but I liked to be independent and sometimes, because the market was on the route home from school, my mother would ask me to stop by and get some milk or whatever she needed. And we would go into the store. If I needed dairy products, I would say, "Kenny, take me to dairy," and he would take me there. He knew exactly what section that was, and we would wait for somebody to help us. And so, that is the way it always went. I was always very comfortable. I could go to concerts and other events. I was given a seat on the end so Kenny could lie down and not disturb anyone.

I did have some medical problems which really were severe in time, and I needed a wheelchair in my 20's. By that time Kenny had grown rather old, as far as service work was concerned; so he was retired as a pet. I got another dog, Roxie, who was very sweet, and I loved her, too. Roxie helped me a great deal. She was a strong dog. She would go with me in my wheelchair.

I did pass on before Roxie came to this side. Roxie was at a point where she wasn't ready to retire, but yet she was a little too old to consider placing her with someone else. We had such a strong bond, so she remained a pet with my parents and they adored her.

Kenny, of course, had passed away long before me. My spirit guides had brought him back to see me very often while I was still on earth so that he still felt bonded to me. The funny thing was, when I was recuperating or resting from the transition in the intensive care ward, over on this side, I was told by the spirit doctors that I was no longer blind. And I said, "I cannot see." And they said, "Yes, you can." I said, "No, everything is black. It's just as dark as it was on earth." And they said, "No, that is because you don't believe that you can see. You must open your eyes and you must accept that you can see. And if you will open up your eyes, we will have a surprise for you."

They were waiting for me to open my eyes before bringing Kenny to see me so that I could see him. They said, “When you open your eyes, there will be a wonderful surprise for you.” And I was just insistent that I couldn’t see; so finally they said, “Oh, well, we are going to bring the surprise to you anyway.” And I felt the lick of a dog on my face. My goodness, do you know, I opened my eyes to see what it was, and I could see Kenny, my precious, wonderful dog. I was so happy, so happy to see him. But he thought I still needed his help. He didn’t understand that when I was finally rested enough to get up that he didn’t have to help me. So I said to the doctors that maybe we should put a harness back on him so that he will feel that he is my guide dog, and then we will just gradually wean him away from that idea. So that is what we did. But he still is so protective of me even though I have been over here for years and years. He was well trained to look out for me, to go in front of me when he thinks there are a crowd of people, or there is another animal walking around. He is so protective. He is so wonderful. I love him so much.

Of course, Roxie is over here now, too. It is just wonderful. The two of them are together. They really like each other. Kenny felt a little displaced at first when Roxie came into the picture; so my mom gave Kenny a lot of extra love. Now they are together and are real good friends. I bring them up to my home frequently.

I cannot praise these dogs too highly. They truly are service animals. They are so intelligent and give so much of themselves. I feel that some of these animals are ready to become humans in their next life. They are so evolved. They are wonderful, wonderful animals. Their service is remarkable. The hearing dogs are wonderful, too, and enable people to live independently who wouldn’t be able otherwise. It is a service that I hope will be well supported because it is invaluable.

I thank you for this opportunity to come. I was so pleased to know about your book that was just published, *What Goes On Beyond the Pearly Gates?* It will be invaluable to those who take the time to read it and believe it. And I know this book on animals will certainly help people to understand that their animals will be there waiting for them when they come over.

Dr. Talbot on Working with Animals in the Lower Realms

Note: When animals go to another dimension, they sometimes are trained for what is known as “rescue work” on the Astral Plane and the lower planes. Their selfless service may consist of forming a relationship with a person who is confused about his or her recent crossing or transition into so-called death, yet is unable to easily relate to another human being. The animal (and many species are used) acts as a bridge between the person needing help and the spirit doctor, leading them to the halls of repose. And then, too, there are times when animals are needed to comfort other animals who are recent arrivals who are fearful of humans for one reason or another. Thus, in all of life the soul is given opportunities to unfold its faculties regardless of the kind of form through which it is expressing.

Spirit Communicant Dr. Talbot: I work with humans who are in dim or dark regions. I know that you are interested in the animals and what services they perform on this side. I have trained, or with the help of someone who is far more skilled than I in that area, and have taken several dogs with me when I have gone down with groups. We don’t go alone into those dark realms.

I take several dogs, trying very hard to get the individuals who are in such darkness motivated to spiritually elevate themselves, to show a little remorse for what they have done. We don't go to the deepest, deepest, deepest First Plane with the animals, but we go where there is a tiny touch of light, trying so hard to get the individual to feel the warmth and the tongue and touch of life to want to make them motivated to come up to a little higher realm of light. We do this when the human does not want to have any part of us. Sometimes we can break through when the animal goes down and works at our command.

Some of these individuals don't want to let the dog go. They want to trap the dog or lure the dog to go in a different direction, and so we have to watch them very carefully. When an animal is being physically held by an individual, we have to be very strong in our command, and the animal has to be extremely well trained. If we give the command to the animal to break free, we say "come," but it means to break free in the actual act of it. When we say "come," that animal has to be so strongly tied to us that it can break free. When the animal's desire to obey is strong, the spirit cannot hold it. Thoughts are really things; so the thoughts of these very low level spirits are not high enough to exert control. The animal is really on a higher level of consciousness than some of the people that we deal with, in fact, many of the people that we deal with.

I think it would good to include something in your book, if you would, that we do work with dogs especially. They are particularly effective when we use them on the lower realms of the Third Plane because those people are a little more advanced. And if we can get just a glimmer of light from any of them through the intervention of the animal, then we can try to work with them.

I was helpful to one man on the higher realm of the First Plane who really liked dogs, at least the dog that he had when he was on earth. That dog was probably the only thing in his life that he ever cared for and the only thing that gave him love and loyalty in return. We had looked into this man's past life on earth. We knew that he had a dog, and we knew that this dog was named Timmy. And when he reached out to pet one of our trained dogs, we told him that if he would make some effort to elevate himself, if he would let us help him, he could go up to the animal plane (Second Plane) where there were lots of dogs, and he said, "I don't care about a lot of dogs. The only dog I want is Timmy." We told him that Timmy was there waiting for him. We didn't want to bring Timmy down to him because then he might not want to make the effort to get through some of his mistakes and problems. That was the carrot that we held out to him—that Timmy, a little mutt, but a dear little mutt, was there and being cared for and that his love was holding Timmy in form. You know, he really started thinking. He was so bitter. He had been orphaned and mistreated by the adults who raised him.

We tried to help him and we got him to come up to the First Realm of the Third Plane, and then we brought Timmy to him. From then on, he really accepted that we were trying to help him. He knew that we were honest with him, and with Timmy's help, this man who was on Plane One is now on the Fifth Realm of the Third Plane and he is working hard.

And so, animals play a very important role in our therapy effort. When we have a success story, it encourages us. It renews our hope that we can reach others. It is not a job or a service, however, that we can do without having some breaks. We attend seminars of a spiritual nature, we travel to beautiful places, and we renew our friendships periodically, and take part in our family gatherings on this side. And, of course, the family gatherings give me an opportunity to enlighten some of my family. Remember, I was a Baptist minister and a

prison chaplain. But when they can see that you grow through truth and selfless service, it does inspire some of them, though not all. You would be discouraged if you came over thinking all people are ready to change. They are not. Well, I just wanted to tell you that. I am certainly sending out my prayer that all of your manuscripts will be published. I do feel they will be.

Dr. Talbot and Lambie, the Rabbit

Spirit Communicant Dr. Talbot: You know that I have been in a few times to tell you about my work over here. I think I told you about Timmy. Well, we have trained another animal to go down into those darker realms, not the real dark, dark ones, but somewhat dark. It is not a dog, not a cat, but we have trained, and you won't believe this, we have trained a little fur creature—a rabbit. I didn't think we would ever take a rabbit with us, but there is a magician who came over here, and his pet rabbit who did tricks on earth was here waiting for him. And so he goes with us when we go down, and this rabbit is very, very beautiful—a beautiful angora rabbit, wonderful to the touch. This rabbit likes to be cuddled and likes especially to sit on someone's lap and bury its head into one's arm pit.

It is an unusual kind of situation. And when someone we are working with touches this really beautiful rabbit whose name is Lambie—named because of the wonderful fur—he/she likes the feel of the animal. I don't know how the magician connected that, but he calls him Lambie. He is like a little lamb who follows a person around, but he is very good about staying still when his trainer tells him to so that the person we are working with can really feel this wonderful little creature next to him. And, of course, we tell the person that he/she can come up and feel many other wonderful creatures if he/she will just work. Some of them to whom we go have elevated. We take the rabbit to those on the highest realm of the First Plane. So they are not far from the animals, and they can actually see some of the animals. Of course, the animals that are closest to them are not the sweet tame ones, but we do take our animals as an enticement. We have not been working very long with the rabbit, and so I thought perhaps you might like to know.

I suppose any animal could be trained, but we have mainly used dogs, and sometimes, cats. There is one man down there who likes snakes, but I have never been especially fond of snakes. However, we did promise him if he would make greater effort to elevate himself, we would bring him a snake, or we would take him up for a visit to a snake. So you see, we reach people the best we can where they are in consciousness.

There are other people who have requested to see a horse, and we have done the same for them. But that is only when they are very high on the first plane. We do not do that for those who are in greater darkness. They have to really express regret for their misdeeds, and then we can keep bringing them up, and that is where we use the dogs, especially until they get up higher. It is sad to think that the animals are on a higher plane than some human beings, but that's the way it is.

Because the work in the really deep dark realms is so hard on us workers, we alternate working with those and the ones who are higher and have shown greater promise. I never give up on the ones who are really deep, but we are still human, and we need some breaks from it too. And we make no bones about it because we want to stay in tiptop emotional state when we work with all of them.

And so I am going to leave now. And I always enjoy coming. You are so wonderful to let us come and talk. It is a pleasure and I send my love and blessings to you.

Movie Stars

(In order of appearance)

Strongheart

Rin Tin Tin

Slats

Satan and Jackie

Fritz

Nissa

Trigger and Bullet

Lassie

Bart

Flipper

Benji and Arnold

Mr. Chips

Morris

Boots

Strongheart

Note: Strongheart (1917-1929) was the first German Shepherd to star in the movies. His first movie “The Silent Call” (1921) made him a favorite of moviegoers of all ages. He starred in several other movies and made many personal appearances across the country. At every train stop, crowds gathered to see this beautiful dog. He paved the way for famous Rin Tin Tin to star.

Spirit Communicant Larry Trimble: Good morning. My goodness, I never, never thought I would have a chance to speak to anyone on earth. I have been away for a very long time. I came to this side years after Strongheart, my beautiful, beautiful, beautiful, beautiful, Strongheart. What a magnificent dog he is. So bright and wonderful to work with.

I really didn't think there would be much of an afterlife. I thought you just sort of stayed in the grave. Maybe you got out long enough to haunt the grave yard, but nothing more than that. I was so, so happy when they brought Strongheart to me. Oh, he jumped on my bed when I was resting, and he licked me and he was so happy to see me. And I was so happy to see him. I hugged, and he kissed, and we had the most wonderful, wonderful, wonderful reunion. Oh, goodness! I kissed him, and he licked me. Oh, it was wonderful! And we have been so close over here.

Because Strongheart knew so many wonderful tricks and he remembers them, we do things when there is a little circus. The animals perform when they want to. They are not forced to do any of that. It has been a marvelous, marvelous relationship. And, of course, my wife, Jane Murfin, is with me, and we have a wonderful, wonderful time.

Well, as you know, I was an animal trainer, and my wife was a writer. We wanted a very, very special dog to perform the tricks. We went to Germany and found this gorgeous dog. His name was Etzel von Oeringen, and we brought him back to this country. He had been trained for police duty. We were told that he did not have much socialization. He just was trained in a very Germanic style. He wasn't used to being petted and socialized.

We got him way back in 1919 after World War I, and he was three years old at that time. We brought him right into our home, and we found that he loved being petted. He loved attention. He responded beautifully. And no matter what I asked him to do, he did it. We

worked so well together. But in doing a trick in 1929, he slipped and fell on a terribly hot studio light and was burned. We treated it, but we didn't think much about it and continued our work. It developed into a tumor which was cancerous. It spread so rapidly that he died in a very short time. It truly broke my heart to lose this wonderful companion. He was more than a breadwinner, he was a loyal companion. It was like the starch just went out of my body. I really grieved for that animal. And I never thought for a moment that animals had an afterlife. I never thought for a moment, but they do. They certainly do. So that's why I was doubly surprised when he was brought to my bed. We stay very active.

I trained other animals, but there never was one like Strongheart. A dog food company decided they would name their product Strongheart; so we received a little royalty from that.

I don't know what else I can tell you except that Strongheart had some wonderful pups, and they were fine, fine animals. His mate was Lady Jule. I am very pleased that you are going to write something about Strongheart and mention some of the movies that he was in. Times have changed greatly since I was on earth, and the movie industry has changed. Animal stories have always been a family favorite. I do wish they would make more of them.

It was my pleasure to come and talk to you today. May this book reach a lot of people because your Master Joseph has told me that it will be a real education and a comfort to many to know that their animals will be here when they come over, if they love them. And I surely loved Strongheart.

Lee Duncan and Rin Tin Tin

Note: Cpl. Lee Duncan found the original Rin Tin Tin as an abandoned puppy in Lorraine, France, on September 15, 1918. Under Duncan's training, Rin Tin Tin went on to make more than 26 movies and several serials before his death in Hollywood, California on August 10, 1932.

Spirit Communicant Lee Duncan: My goodness, I never thought I would ever have the opportunity to tell the story of Rin Tin Tin from this side of life. I am happy to do so.

I was a soldier in World War I, and as we were leaving the country, we found this beautiful little German Shepherd pup who apparently had been abandoned. He was very thin. He was not doing well. People were hungry then, and they probably felt they couldn't take care of a litter of pups, I am assuming. And so I took this pup back to camp, and I asked my commanding officer if I could keep it and take it back home with me. At that time, I had thought that if we had had a canine corps during World War I, that maybe we could have transported messages and things, and I said this to my commanding officer. I said, "You know, I betcha I could train dogs to do this kind of work." I did train Rin Tin Tin. He was a wonderful, very, very intelligent dog. I should not speak in the past tense because he is right here beside me. I have brought him with me to this trance session. I know that in talking to your husband that you love German Shepherds, and so do I.

I trained Rinty, and he was a very good trick dog. And he was a wonderful actor. I got him into the movies. I trained other animals as well, but Rinty was my special pride and joy. Of course, we had a very close bond. And when I had to put him down, he was pretty old and feeble and not well. I put him down. It was heart-breaking. I never thought I would see him again. And I shed many tears. He wasn't just a money-maker. He did pay my bread and butter and my mortgage, but he was my love. And then I had his pups.

We carried on the name for a few generations.

When I came to this side, I hadn't any idea about an afterlife, except that I thought you went in the ground, and you stayed in the ground until Gabriel blew his horn. I hadn't any idea, but I found myself greeted by a number of spirits, and there was Rinty. Oh my, it wasn't hard for me to walk through that dark forest to get to the light at the end. And then when they took me to kind of a hospital or rest home, they brought all of the dogs, Rin Tin Tin first and then the others. And it helped me to recover so much more quickly. I had carried over the thought of my pains, but you know, with those wonderful animals, it made me forget. I wanted to get up, and they really were a help to me in adjusting to a new life.

Now, because I have four generations of dogs, we do a little dog act sometimes for children. I visit the children. I visit these various rest homes or hospitals, intensive care units over here in spirit, and we do little dog acts, and they are as cute as they can be doing different things. They go around, and they visit the people and it helps. It helps a great deal with recovery because people are not threatened by animals. And having what is known as a police dog who is friendly and smart and who did good things in the movies helped to change the feeling that these were not just dogs that were guard dogs, but could be wonderful, friendly, loving animals.

And so, I think that is about it. I think Rinty paved the way for the other dogs that came along, like Lassie, Benji and others. So I thank you for asking, and I have really enjoyed coming here. And I would like to come back again and maybe talk to you about other things.

Slats, the MGM Leo the Lion

Note: Slats was the first lion used for the logo of the newly-formed Metro Goldwyn Mayer Studios in 1924. He was used on all black and white MGM films between 1924 and 1928. This lion was trained by Volney Phifer to growl rather than roar, and for the next couple of years, Slats toured with MGM promoters to signify the studio's launch. Slates died in 1936 and was buried in Gillette, New Jersey. (Information from Wikipedia)

Spirit Communicant Volney Phifer: Good morning. This is Volney Phifer. Yes, there has been some confusion over the MGM lions, but the dates you just read about Slats (see above) are correct. I know nothing about a lion named Volney at the Memphis Zoo. I do not think that the information is correct. You might try to find out which lion passed over in 1944. (This may have been Tanner, the third lion used by MGM.)

My Slats never went to a zoo. He stayed right with me and is still with me. There was a long period of time, of course, between his passing and my coming over. The person who took care of Slats while I was still on earth is a very wonderful gentleman, to whom I am deeply indebted.

You know, before I came to this side, there were times when I felt Slats' presence. I thought that I even saw him on occasion, but then I would think I was just dreaming. We had a wonderful reunion when I passed over. I really didn't know, like many others, that animals do survive in form—I thought that perhaps as a spirit of some kind. I was not aware of the etheric body, which is the duplicate of the physical. So I just thought they might be spirits without body floating in the atmosphere. It definitely was a wonderful surprise to me to see Slats again.

The favorite trick over here, not meaning trick literally, when you are recuperating so-to-speak from the transition from earth to spirit, frequently a carrot is held out to you to speed your acclimation. And so I was told, if I made the effort to get up out of the bed in the

hospital like setting, I would be taken somewhere for a wonderful surprise. I said to the doctor, and I remember this clearly, “It is surprise enough that I am still in a conscious state of mind in a different realm.” And he said, “We are going to take you to see a wonderful surprise.”

I had other animals, but Slats was my favorite. I loved that boy dearly. So I got up and was taken to the animal realms and there was my handsome boy. When he saw me, he came running and darn near knocked me over. And we just rolled on the ground. It was wonderful. It was wonderful. I then took over the care of my baby boy. I take him all around. We do lots of tricks. I bring him up to my home and he is just a real sweetheart. I truly thank God on my knees to have my boy back in my life. It was a gift for which I really cannot express my full gratitude. He’s a good boy. I take him all around. He just growls like he used to do for the MGM movies. He likes attention. He likes to be petted and pampered, and he gets a lot of that.

And sometimes the gentleman who took care of him before I came over will come and take care of him for a while just so that Slats feels he has not lost a good friend. You know, these animals are very sensitive. People don’t realize that they have emotions, too. They may not be able to express them outwardly as we humans do, but they feel them. And on this side of life we can sense those feelings more deeply, and they can understand us better. It’s like the veil truly has parted and it is really wonderful. And so Slats and I are inseparable.

I thank you so much for asking about my big boy. It surprised me; it thrilled me to know that I would have this opportunity to talk about my beautiful Slats. People need to know that if we truly care about our animals, it will keep them in form. It is love that is the magic key—and I send my love to you.

Mel Koontz Working with Satan and Jackie

Note: Jackie, the lion, was used for the MGM logo from 1928 to 1936. He had a role in several movies— Greed (1924), Ben-Hur (1925), and Flesh & the Devil (1926). Satan, the tiger, was the first tiger to appear in films requiring contact with other actors.

Spirit Communicant Mel Koontz: Good morning. I never thought I would ever have a chance to talk to anybody on earth. In fact, I really thought this was all a joke at first. Dr. Cranston came to me, and then I spoke with Master Joseph, and they explained that you were doing a book and were interested in knowing about some of the animals that I had trained and what we are doing over here on this side.

Well, I had a Samatran tiger named Satan, a beautiful animal that was very tame. I raised him from a cub. He performed in many scenes where we needed a tiger. I have Satan with me over here. He is a real sweetheart, a beautiful animal. Truly, I love this animal very much. He participates in little circuses that we have.

I take him around and sometimes people are a little afraid of him at first, but he is such a sweetheart that I just ask him to lie down and roll over. He does and they see that he is just like a kitten, such a great big old kitten, sweet as can be, and very gentle. He remembered me when I came over, and we just sort of took up where we left off.

I have trained some other animals over here so that we have had a little tiger act. Some of these were wild animals. I found that they related to Satan, and we occasionally do nice little things. The ones who were wild seem to enjoy it very much. They like the attention. They like to be petted. They are really great. Mabel Stark, a very famous tiger trainer who worked

in the circus, sometimes joins forces, so to speak, and puts on a show. The tigers are really wonderful. Sometimes we include lions.

Now I did have my lion named Jackie. I thought he was the ugliest lion I had ever seen but he turned out to be the smartest. I took him all around, and he represented MGM for quite awhile.

I really enjoyed working with the animals. I enjoyed working with the animals more than I did with people. But we had many famous movie stars that I worked with. I had to double for Mae West in a scene that called for her to put her head in a lion's mouth. I put mine in there instead. Of course, I had to dress and wear everything that Mae West would have worn in order for it to look authentic. We had fun. We had a whole lot of fun. The animals were always a big hit in any of the movies.

And so, when I came over here, like most everyone else, I hadn't a clue as to what I was coming to. But I did come, as we all do, and when they told me I was dead, I think I was ready to be dead. I was retired in 1969, and I had lived a good life.

It was really strange because it was my brother, Clarence, who had passed over at a very young age, who was interested in training the animals. And I sort of moved into his place. But it was he who told me that I was now dead and that I didn't need to stay in the grave, but to come with him. And always liking adventures, I followed him and eventually learned that the real world is in spirit; and that the earth plane is nothing more than a school where we learn lessons. It is interesting because the lessons that we learn, or at least we are supposed to learn, are the lessons we decided we wanted to learn before we were born. We have all lived before and we come back and undo the damage that we did in a previous life. Or, at least we try. And then we move on and maybe learn new things, and hopefully don't wind up with more bad karma to work out. It is a wheel of reincarnation. That's what it is, and we go over and over until we finally get it in our heads, and mainly in our hearts, what we are going to accomplish. We all come over here working on things.

I am coming back to earth some day, but I don't want to see circuses. I really don't. The zoos are okay if they give the animals a lot of exercise room. I would like to see cages made in that respect. I do work with a group of people who have similar ideas, and we try to get zoo directors and people who serve on zoo boards stimulated to the idea of giving animals freedom because it is an unnatural situation. And where there are animals kept in confinement and there is no other possibility of housing them, we urge that these animals be sent to retreats or rescue centers. I sometimes go down to the earth plane, and I visit the animals, especially ones that are in sad condition and I talk to them. I encourage them. I go to several in particular and they recognize me and they come to me and we talk, and they do tell me they don't like where they are. I try to tell them that someday they will be free again.

And so, I guess I have rambled on, but I have truly enjoyed coming. It has been a wonderful experience. I am sure your book will be of great interest to many people. Master Joseph has told me that it is not easy to get a book circulated, but we will all try to help with this one. So I leave you.

Fritz and William Hart

Note: In his movies, William Hart was almost always his own stunt man and worked with a small pinto gelding named Fritz. They were a real team and Fritz didn't like being left alone for any length of time without Bill. He showed his displeasure by being ornery and

trying to buck Bill off, or even destructive of photographic equipment, etc. Fritz became almost as popular as Hart himself. Movie goers sent Fritz cubed sugar and fan letters.

Spirit Communicant William Hart: My goodness. You know, Strongheart, Larry Trimble, and I were around the same time way back then. We were sharing some stories while we were waiting for this trance session to begin. Yes, I was kind of a rough old cuss. I made a fair amount of money, not like they do today. But I made pretty good money and I invested wisely so that I was able to have a decent life after I left the movies.

I knew a lot about cowboy life because I had spent so many years of my youth going around. And I especially spent time with the Sioux Indians and I learned their language. I really had great admiration for the Indians—their code of ethics, their real decency. I always lamented how abominable we treated them. It was wrong.

I made these Westerns and I tried a few different horses, but I liked a red and white pony, a Pinto named Fritz. I insisted that I have Fritz, so my friend finally sold him to me. Fritz was an ornery cuss, just like me. We were a match. If I left him for any length of time, he just retaliated by trying to throw me when I rode him. Sometimes I had to bring in his stable mate, a mule named Cactus Kate, and she would calm him down. She was a good old gal.

Fritz was a real dare devil and he did all kinds of tricks. He never flinched. He loved to do them. And yes, it was a sad day when he got old. We retired. And finally the day came that he left me, and I thought I would never see him again. It is so sad that people have to go through such agony over their beloved animals because the word just hasn't really gotten around to understand that they live. They do live, if we love them.

And so the day came when I crossed over to this side of life and they brought Fritz to me. He had been taken care of by a real horse lover who knew who Fritz was, and he took good care of him. Fritz kind of bonded with him, but when I came Fritz nuzzled me. Fritz showed a soft side of himself that he didn't show too often on earth. I knew Fritz liked me because we worked so well together, but Fritz really softened over here when he saw me again.

I spend a lot of time with the animals. Fritz does some tricks in our little sideshows and circuses. Sometimes he wants to do it and sometimes he doesn't. When he doesn't want to do it, I say, "Okay, Fritz, that's okay. Maybe another day you won't be so ornery." When he does perform and everybody claps, I know he likes the attention, and he knows it's for him.

But Fritz is doing just fine. And I really appreciate your wanting to know about him, and maybe a little bit about me, so that the young people of today will know that we had these wonderful, intelligent animals that we could work with so easily. And my goodness, it was wonderful. And so I'm grateful that I was able to leave a little money to start a little protection society to see that the performing animals are protected.

I'm going to leave now. I thank you so much for asking for me and I hope and pray that your book does very well because it is important, very important, that people know about animals and their afterlife.

Nissa, the Leopard

Spirit Communicant Olga Celeste: I was an animal trainer, and I loved all the animals very much. Some of them were tough customers but we managed. You were particularly interested in Nissa. She was a baby that I got when she was only a few weeks old. I raised her so she was very gentle and used to being around people. She worked out very well in the movie, *Bringing Up Baby*, with Cary Grant and Kathryn Hepburn. We thought the movie was a very good one. It was very funny, and yet it didn't draw any crowds at the box office.

If it had, we probably could have used Nissa in other films. But I understand that it was shown again many years later and was well received and has since become considered a classic.

Well, my little Nissa was with me constantly, and I did not have too much trouble training her. She did very well on that movie set. But I stood close by, and yes, I did have a whip. I did not want to shoot her if she attacked because I knew I could work with her. But the whip was to startle her in case she got aggressive in unfamiliar surroundings. And Kathryn Hepburn was not afraid of her at all. I had spent some time explaining to Miss Hepburn that this was a baby, a gentle baby. And she took me at my word. Since she had no fear, Nissa had no fear and Nissa liked her. And Nissa liked her perfume and was attracted to it. It was an interesting smell that Nissa rather liked.

Nissa worked with me later in one of my wild animal acts. She came to spirit, of course, long before I did. She was well cared for over here. And I brought Nissa with me today. She is right here. She is on a leash and has a beautiful collar with jewels embedded in it. Nissa was curious about your Maine Coon cat, but JoJoe didn't seem to be afraid of her because Nissa was never aggressive toward other animals.

We do some acts over here, of course. We work sometimes with the tigers. Nissa was a very special leopard, not only very beautiful but just a joy to work with. She did recognize me when I went to visit her on this side. She came up and rubbed against me. Of course, I hugged her and petted her.

They can't hurt over here. The animals, after a bit, learn that it does no good to growl at another animal or try to attack because they can't hurt them. Nissa is very good about going to new leopard arrivals, and she will, in her own way, try to comfort them and tell them that it is okay; they are okay now. So she is very popular and she has two friends that she has made among wild animals. One is a female that we named Gertell, and the other one is a male. Now, in the wilds, males usually stay separate from females except for mating, but this male has taken a liking to Nissa. She was very sweet to him when he first arrived, and apparently that made a difference. He growled at her at first, but she was not intimidated. She kind of told him, "Buster, cut out that nonsense." And so we named him Bravo. So Nissa has her friends to keep her company, but I do take her to my home frequently.

I have other animals that I have trained. I sort of rotate bringing them up to the higher planes. They seem to enjoy coming up and being with me. Since Nissa is so tame, I do take her around to see the children while they are still recuperating.

I am so glad that you asked about Nissa. I am very happy that you did. I have been on this side for quite some time.

Roy Rogers and Trigger

Note: Trigger, Roy Rogers' horse was ridden by Rogers in every one of his motion pictures. Trigger died at the age of 33 in 1965 at Victorville, California. His hide was stretched over a plaster likeness and put on display at the Roy Rogers Museum.

Spirit Communicant Roy Rogers: Good morning, good morning. This is Roy Rogers. And my, what a surprise to be asked to come back and talk to someone on earth. You know, I don't even think that my family believes that communication is possible.

But yes, I will be happy to tell you about Trigger. I had Trigger when he was just a colt. I had always ridden horses, always loved horses, but this beautiful animal was really

magnificent. He was a Palomino, and the studio that I was under contract with was going to provide, and actually did provide, horses for the actors.

They contracted with a stable and would use the horses when we did these cowboy shows. I did ride another horse in an early movie, but when I got my Trigger, we had a bond from a very early time. He got the name Trigger because he was just so fast. He was just magnificent.

I had actually gotten this horse because I wanted a horse that I could really work with if I was going to do western movies. I wanted my own, and he and I were—well, we touched each other's souls. He knew exactly what I wanted from him, and he performed without any problems whatsoever. He loved to run, and we certainly were closely bonded. And when I would go and make personal appearances, I would take Trigger and Bullet, my beautiful German Shepherd. But everyone loved Trigger because he was so magnificent. And Dale would bring Buttermilk if she was going to be with me. Buttermilk was a beautiful animal, too. I had Trigger for 33 years. Toward the last, he got too old, and I got a little too old, and his movie career came to an end.

We would always be billed as Roy Rogers and Trigger. They never forgot Trigger. The movie industry was very happy to have a wonderful animal that would draw people in. The story lines were pretty predictable, but he was the beautiful horse—and with Dale's Buttermilk, a great duo. So this made money for the studio, and they were very happy.

When Trigger passed, I truly had wondered if there was a heaven for animals. And I always kind of liked to believe that there was. And that someday, if there was, we would be reunited. Well, when my time came to come over to this side, which was not too long ago, I didn't know what afterlife would be like, but I didn't get too far in my wondering. When I was resting in a spirit care center, they brought Trigger to me, and they brought Bullet, my favorite animals.

Trigger and I do many little shows over here for the children and for others who want to come. We participate in a little circus and Trigger loves to perform. He remembers, and sometimes I ride him and we just gallop away like into the wind. He is a wonderful animal. It is so important that people remember their animals, to keep them alive in spirit so they don't go back or disintegrate. You have got to keep them alive with loving thoughts.

We had the museum and when Trigger passed, we carefully removed his hide, and that was placed over a stuffed form. It was different from the usual way. There was a form made, and then his hide was put over it. He was just magnificent, and people do come to see him. And believe me, his memory has been kept alive on earth through that museum and through the movies. So people must be told that their animals live, if they want them to live, if they love them and send them that love, then they will be right here when they come over. I take care of Buttermilk as well. So those two are together.

I thank you very much for asking for me. I am very interested in knowing more about Spiritualism, to find out a little more about it, because after being over here, I learned that some of the things that I had been taught were not correct; so I am learning to change my thinking.

Rudd & Frank Weatherwax, Trainers of Lassie, Toto, Asta Old Yeller

Spirit Communicant Rudd Weatherwax: My brother Frank is also here. We are very pleased that you want to do a book that will tell people about animals, that they do go on

living, especially when they have been given a lot of attention and they meant a great deal to the people who raised them on earth and cared for them.

Now, I am aware that from the internet—what a wonderful thing—you know a little bit about our background. My brother and I trained animals even as children. We ran an agency to train animals for the movie industry and for the public. Pal was one of our clients, at least his owners were. They gave up on him because of some of his bad habits chasing motorcycles. Many dogs hate them. And so, they were unable to pay us our fee and gave us the dog instead. And Pal turned into a wonderful Lassie. Frank did much of the training, but then I took over when Lassie actually was on the movie set because Frank was doing other work.

Well, Lassie did pay our bills, and we were very grateful to Pal and to the other animals that we trained. It was very sad when Pal could no longer be with us. We had other dogs in the waiting, because we knew his days were numbered. There were many generations of Lassie.

I came to this side about 20 years ago. I had a heart attack and came over very suddenly, and I found myself greeted by the Collies, along with my family and others. I had no understanding of spirit guides, and I was very, very happy to see my animals and pets. I learned from my guides that they had brought back these Collies to visit, to keep that bond very strong. They were very happy to see me, and I am very close to them now. I take them around to children who are familiar with Lassie, and explain to them that Pal was the original Lassie. They really enjoy the dogs. They love having the dogs, and the dogs are very happy to get the attention. They were very well cared for by my uncle before I got to this side.

I did not want to see animals trained for the war. They did wonderful work, and not too many of them were killed, but I did not want to see them put in harm's way. I always loved animals. And that is why I was a good trainer, and Frank was a very fine trainer because he loved the animals. We loved them so much that we really could get inside of them, and they wanted to perform for us. They wanted to perform because they knew we loved them. We never forced them. We were never unkind or harsh to them. It was through love. We built the bond and they would do things for us, and they understood what we were trying to get them to do. They were willing workers, and this is the way it should be. They should want to do these things, and we would praise them and give them treats for what they did. They would almost laugh with happiness. They wanted to work. They really wanted to work. They got up in the morning wanting to work.

And so it was through a close bond that we really were successful. Frank and I always had good imagination, and so we would suggest things to the studio or to the director that these animals could perform that would make it more interesting, make the animal seem to have super intelligence.

In that first movie, the script called for going across a raging river. Believe me when I tell you that we had precautions taken. We were right out there in that river in case Pal's strength did not hold out, so that we could catch him. Pal was a strong swimmer. He was a very healthy, strong dog, but we would not have let him drown. We simply did not show it in the photography, but we were right there to protect him. I did not actually go in the water. I had others do that because I wanted to be on shore when he arrived to make certain that he did not shake himself dry, which is a dog's natural instinct, but that he would come, lie down and play dead, or play totally exhausted, and we were successful. That was the turning point that got him to be the main star in that movie. And he was wonderful. And nobody really

complained that he was not a total full bred Collie. He was not the best specimen. No one complained because he just was such a super dog.

We do things over here, as I said. We do take the dogs around to the children and to others who would benefit. I have even taken Pal down to the lower realms. I don't send him down there alone. Some dogs are sent alone, but I do not do that. I take him down and try to get those spirits who are in such darkness to want to make some changes. We usually do not go to the darkest, darkest, darkest of realms, but to the realm that is just below the animal realms. It is on the First Plane which is a pretty dense plane, but if we can see a spark of light, we are right there along with spirit helpers.

And so I am very pleased that you asked for us to come. I know that my brother Frank would like to come in also. He would like the experience. We flipped a coin, so to speak, and I thank you again. I hope the book is very successful. It is time that people understood how wonderful these animals are and that they are very close to becoming humans. I have been told a little by your teacher, Dr. Cranston, about the various ones who have come and I know that you will have a fascinating book.

Spirit Communicant Frank Weatherwax: I am really thrilled to have this opportunity to come and talk a little bit about the work we did on earth because, you know, we loved the animals, and they paid our rent. They bought our bread, but they, and we as trainers, brought great joy not only to children but to adults. And our movies were wonderful family entertainment, unlike many of the movies and television shows that you have today. They were just wonderful family movies. And so I think that we left something of beauty and joy for people. We certainly enjoyed our work. We didn't have to punch time clocks. When a movie came up, we did have to get our animals ready to do the parts that were required. And, as you know, we worked with other animals, not just Collies. We worked with Asta. We worked with a number of others, mainly dogs, though I did train a horse to do a bit part once, but that was not our usual calling. And I never really worked with cats. And so I hope that this gives you some picture of everything.

I was certainly happy to be greeted by these wonderful little creatures when I came to this side of life. We spend a great deal of time on the animal realms, and also bring the animals up to us.

I passed over actually before my brother, but not too long before him. We were surprised that this is the real life. It is so sad that people see death as the end, and the Spirit World as something creepy. We wish we could change things. And do make a point that the animals do not reincarnate immediately as many people think. They are here when we come over, and they can stay in form even longer if somebody really loves them and wants to carry on because we do reincarnate ourselves when the time comes. Animals go back to the All Soul if no one keeps them, and they may want to come back to a family but that doesn't usually happen. If they are loved, they are kept here.

And so I take my leave. This was a very wonderful experience to come and talk. We no doubt will share it with others.

Bart, the Bear

Note: Bart, a Kodiak brown bear, was born in a zoo where he could not be cared for; so he was adopted by Doug and Lynne Seus in 1977, weighing just 5 pounds. At the time of his death in 2000, he weighed approximately 1500 pounds. Bart was in dozens of feature films, documentaries, commercials and television shows. He loved being in the spotlight.

Spirit Communicant Lee Donnan: Your Dr. Cranston contacted me and asked if I would come and talk about Bart, the magnificent bear. He and I have struck up a bond over here. I did not know Lynne or Doug Seus because I have been on this side of life for a very long time, but I was always interested in animals. I did especially like bears and would go down to the animal realm to see some bears that were there. Many do not survive because there is no love to keep them in form. Those of us who liked bears have been drawn to a few, and we show them love, and we have kept them in form.

When Bart arrived, we knew he was coming over. We did know that he was going to be put to sleep because he had cancer. Now, I am not going to go into his life on earth because you know that, and you know what good people the Seus family are—everyone of them. And Doug did relate to this animal in a way that was just unbelievable.

Doug's spirit guides and teachers brought him over. When I first went to him, I thought, what a magnificent animal. I talked to him for a long time and told him that he had a different home now, and that some day he would be reunited with his beloved Seus family, especially Doug. And it was all kind of confusing to him. I could tell that. And so as soon as we felt that he had accepted that he was in a different home, we started taking him back to visit on the ranch. He did not want to leave the first time. We knew we would have a problem, especially if we took him back too soon. But we still had a problem. He didn't want to leave. We had to try to convince him this was no longer his home. He has to go back to his spirit home, but we would bring him frequently and we have kept our promise. We bring him back, probably three or four times a week to visit. We let him stay awhile. Bart has been helpful, though Doug is not aware of this, in training the cubs. He truly has been a big help.

I wish we could let Doug and Lynne know that he is very much alive. We are taking excellent care of him. Children come up to him and at first they think they cannot get close to him, but he is so sweet and loving, he is so wonderful with them that they gradually edge a little closer. They just inch their way to him and he is so wonderful with them. He lets them know that he truly is as close to human as any bear could possibly be. And truly, he could easily take the next step. He has been so showered with love that he is definitely here just as he left, but he is in an etheric body, and he is the same Bart.

We do have a little circus here with animals that want to participate, and there is no pressure put on them to perform. Bart will sometimes do some of his tricks that he did on earth, but there is no pressure to get him to do them.

I am just overwhelmed with joy to be one of his caretakers. We have to feed him by giving him the essence of food which satisfies his mental craving. He still requires this. He has only been over here going on seven years. He is tapering off his need for food. As long as he lets us know when he wants it, we will always provide it.

Well, I don't think there is anything else I can tell you about this giant. What a sweetheart he is! And so I leave you, and I thank you so much for giving me the pleasure to share my joy in being with Bart.

Milton Santini and Flipper

Note: Mitzi, the dolphin, (1958-1972), was known to movie goers as Flipper. She was Milton Santini's first pupil back in the early 1960's when he ran Santini's Porpoise School, located in Florida. Santini was a pioneer in dolphin husbandry and training. Upon her death, his beloved Mitzi was buried beneath a dolphin statue in the School's courtyard.

Spirit Communicant Milton Santini: Good morning. This is Milton Santini. I hardly know where to start. I was so surprised to be asked to come to talk to someone on earth. When your teacher, Dr. Cranston, approached me, his light was very bright, and so I knew he was an elevated teacher. I was talking to Zebediah before our trance session began, and he knew that communication was possible, but I certainly did not know this. He told me he had come to talk about his life during Old Testament times. This is an incredible experience for me. I was raised Catholic, and I believed in communication with the saints, but I am certainly no saint; so I certainly didn't dream that this was possible.

But anyway, I was extremely interested in the porpoises. I knew they were very intelligent animals. I guess truly that I came to earth really to work with them. This I found out after I came to Spirit. And so I started with several, and then I started a little school to train porpoises. I wanted people to know how intelligent and wonderful they are and to protect them. Porpoises have an almost human quality about them as far as I am concerned. I did train a number of these beautiful creatures. And then some of them were sold to other places where they could perform tricks for people, but I was always very careful that they were to be well cared for. I was very particular about where they went.

When the time came for someone to want to do a movie called Flipper, they came to me. And I knew that my Mitzy could do many of the tricks that they wanted done. These tricks would be a natural for her. And I had Mr. Gripper at that time, and I knew that he could do certain other tricks. So between the two, we managed to do the movie. We set it up so that there were safeguards for my beautiful babies. They were like my family. My porpoises were my family. My wife didn't like for me to say that because I was so devoted to them. When other movies were made, we used other porpoises as needed.

My Mitzy died of a heart attack. And, you know, I almost died myself of grief when I lost her. I had bonded so closely with her. Of all the porpoises, she was the dearest, and I think Mr. Gripper came next. And it was a huge loss for me, but I had the other porpoises to take care of, and so life went on. But Mitzy had truly won my heart.

When I came to Spirit, I had no idea what I was coming to. Truly, I did not. I thought if there was an afterlife, those angels I had prayed to all those years would be here. I had no idea that this was the real life. And so they took me to a hospital-like setting, and I rested, and gradually I awakened a little bit.

I had a little dog called Rosy, and they brought Rosy to my hospital bed. And I thought I was dreaming. I would see her and then go back to sleep. She would lick my face. My father said, "No son, you are really alive. You are in a different world now. You died on earth, but you are alive over here. We want you to get strong, and when you are, we are going to take you on a very wonderful surprise." So as soon as I was strong enough, they took me down to the animal realm and to a huge lake, and there were my beautiful Mitzy and Mr. Gripper and some of the other porpoises. I couldn't believe it. They were happy to see me, and I was so happy to see them. I cannot tell you how happy I was.

So we do little tricks over here. People come. They love to see the animals. We have little shows, so to speak, and my babies like to perform. And those who took care of them before I came over were wonderful men and women. They were aware of some of these tricks, and so they kept my babies in practice. They are my children. People live and animals live, and it is so important that we take good, loving care of our animals, and that we don't throw things in the rivers and the oceans that will pollute or cause our wonderful sea animals and fish to become entangled. It is so sad when this happens.

I thank you for this opportunity to come and talk to you. It has been a great experience. I would love to come back and talk to you again and tell you more. I am probably forgetting half of what I would like to tell you now. I think this will be a wonderful little book that you are doing. I do send my blessing to you and to all who take care of the porpoises.

Frank (Freeman) Inn on Working with Benji the Dog and Arnold the Pig

Note: Frank Inn trained animals for dozens of movies and TV shows. His best-known animal was the endearing mutt Benji that he rescued from the Burbank Animal Shelter in 1960. Arnold, the pig, was a regular on the 1960's TV sitcom "Green Acres."

Spirit Communicant Frank Inn: Well, good morning. I was so shocked when your teacher Dr. Cranston came to me. I thought that he was totally out of his mind, but Dr. Cranston has a beautiful aura; so I knew that he wasn't faking. He wasn't joking. A man of his spiritual elevation would not be joking when suggesting that I come and talk to someone on earth. Me, of all people. But I am so pleased that you have cared enough to want to follow through on what has happened.

I trained a number of animals for the movies and for television. And I did some training for individuals. Benji was truly a precious little mutt, bright as could be, and a perfect little scamp. I would go to the local pound, and I would frequently look the dogs over. There was a movie coming up, and I was asked to train a little dog that was kind of wiry haired that would be appealing. It would be a real family type of entertainment, which I liked.

And so one day I went into the pound and Benji was there. Benji had a habit of slipping away. He liked to roam around and his family just got tired of it. Benji liked action. And I thought this little guy is just what we need. So I took him, and I trained him. Then, of course, when he passed on, we had substitutes. Benji had been mated to another scroungy looking little mutt that was cute as could be, so we had Benjis for awhile. I truly fell in love with Benji. He was the dearest little guy. I took him all around, so Benji never tried to run away. I never had that problem. I never had any holes in the fence either. He was a good little guy.

When I came to this side, I knew nothing. I mean zero about the afterlife. I lived to be quite elderly. I have not been over here very long actually, only a few years. And when I passed over, I was taken to an infirmary to recuperate and rest. One day I opened my eyes a little bit because there was something licking my cheek, and there was Benji. I couldn't believe it! I just couldn't believe it!

Benji and I have been pretty much inseparable. He spends some time on the Animal Plane, but he is more often with me. I take him all around. When they have a little circus once in awhile over here, I have trained Benji to do some tricks. I also take him, not only into the children's ward, but to some people who are depressed. Benji invariably lifts them up a little bit, and then the teachers are able to work with the people.

Benji is something else. He really is a cute guy. He is just a bundle of energy. And so that is what we do.

Sometimes I get together with other animal trainers and we put on a little show. We reminisce about our experiences on earth and have a good time.

When a television show wanted a pig, I worked with Arnold. If you want to train pigs, it is best to start when they are very young. And so I had Arnold as soon as he was weaned. I taught him to do a lot of things. I knew what the script was going to be—you know, we plan for these shows way in advance. So when I knew what the script would call for, I directed

my training so that it would be more toward what we would actually be doing. Arnold was a bright little guy.

Arnold was also brought to me while I was recuperating over here. Actually, they brought many animals that I had worked with, but Arnold was a very special guy. I really adored Arnold.

Now, I don't take Arnold as often with me, but he is more a novelty for some of the young folks. Over here, we are able to go back in time and to show some of the old TV shows to these children so they can see what Arnold did. We do that once in awhile. It is quite remarkable that we are able to do this. So Arnold kind of trots along and people do stop. Arnold is very friendly.

And since I knew that you had wanted me to come, I have looked into the man who takes care of your daughter's pot-bellied pigs and they are doing very well. They have met Arnold, and it was a kind of "so what" reaction. That's how they are.

And so I thank you so much. I want people to know, and especially children, that their beloved pets do live. If they show them love and care, they will be right here when they come over. No matter how many years later, they will be right here.

It is so important that there be more education, that animals not be chained in some far corner of a yard and forgotten, not fed and not given water or given shelter. This is an awful thing to happen. I have seen the results. When those abused animals come over and they are so far gone, some of them have given up. I sometimes work with some of these animals when they come over to help see what we can do to keep some alive. I especially would like to keep some who have been so badly mistreated so that when their abuser comes over, he or she will have to face that animal. He or she will have to go through and relive what they did to the animal and to really see the purpose of keeping them alive. So I am trying to bring them back so the abusers can see these are God's creatures. It is so wrong. I cannot emphasize enough how wrong it is to allow an animal to starve. Parents who are unwilling to supervise irresponsible children who are given the duty to care for the animal, are even more guilty of abuse. I get pretty irate when I see this. And you would be amazed at how many starving animals come to this side. I do wish the school teachers would be more willing to talk to children about taking care of animals. Some teachers have small animals in the classroom, but they are not helping these kids relate to the animals in their own homes.

I hope I have made this strong enough that much more attention can be brought to the serious problem, and one that is totally unnecessary. They can find the animal a new home, or put it to sleep if it can't be adopted into a good home, but not let the animal starve to death. Do not drop them off in the wilderness to starve. Do not do that to one of God's little creatures.

If you can get this book out, you will be doing a great service because it not only will help people to know that people live, but that animals also live. Love them and keep them alive, otherwise God calls them home so they will no longer suffer. They return to the Allsoul, the group soul.

I betcha if I were on earth, little JoJoe (referring to my spoiled beautiful Maine Coon silver classic tabby) would be using his little trap door and you wouldn't have to keep the screen door open for him. But little JoJoe is really a dear little guy. He is about as precious as can be. I didn't train too many cats. We used kind methods to train, never cruel ones.

You know, I probably could stand and talk and talk. I have truly enjoyed coming. It has been a wonderful experience. And you are a dear lady to remember me and my animals in this way.

(My master teacher later told me that Frank Inn brought Benji and Arnold along with him to the trance session.)

Meg O'Grady on Mr. Chips

Spirit Communicant Meg O'Grady: I have come this morning because I wanted to tell you a little bit about a monkey that I have worked with on this side. His name is Mr. Chips, and he was used in several movies. I was not his trainer but when he came to this side, I took an interest in him and have worked with him and have taken him to my home in a higher realm. I have been just a substitute mother, in a sense, until those who raised him and trained him on earth come over. He is very bright, very eager to please, very affectionate, and he is just so loving. I can talk to him and he just seems to understand everything. He really is most adorable.

I take him all around, and he helps me to take care of other animals. Sometimes little monkeys come over, little chimps, and he is very good about seeing that they have somebody to take care of them, to take them around to a female monkey who will reach out to the little one and take care of it.

He really is quite a little actor. When we have little skits—we have kind of a little circus here—we don't force the animals to perform. Mr. Chips does some very cute little tricks. He is very sweet. Then we get him to hand out little things to the children. It might be a little flower one day or something else to give to those who are in attendance. Mr. Chips loves to give to them. He is so cute. He will laugh sometimes in his own way. His little teeth show. He is just absolutely precious in his little way of grinning. He is real funny. He is so sweet. We just adore him. We try to reach out to all of the animals because so many of them have never had love, in which case they just go back to the Allsoul.

But I wanted to tell you about this precious little Mr. Chips because he is just a little helper. He sometimes will go with me when I go to visit the puppies. He will hold them, and they will look at him. They have never seen a monkey. They don't know quite what to make of it. He will cuddle them, and it is a very sweet and heart-warming thing to watch because we want to give him the opportunity to give love back. That is very important because that will help him with his spiritual growth. So I just wanted to tell you that, and I am very happy that I could come in, and I am very happy that you are interested in hearing about the animals.

Bob Martwick on Morris, the Cat

Note: Morris the cat is known as the advertising mascot for 9 Lives brand cat food, appearing on its packaging. He starred in the movie Shamus with Burt Reynolds and Dyan Cannon in 1973. Morris made many public appearances promoting responsible pet ownership, pet health, and pet adoptions through animal shelters.

Spirit Communicant Bob Martwick: Good morning, or maybe it is afternoon. We don't have time on our side of life; so we kind of have to guess if we don't have much contact with earth. Thank you so much for this opportunity to come and talk about my little friend, Morris, who is with me. I have him right here. Your guide, Magnolia, is holding him.

I was looking for a smart cat, one who had personality, and one that I felt I could train to do tricks. Cats are not terribly easy to train. They train you. But I was in a Chicago humane center in 1968, and I found Morris. He was a young cat at the time, probably around a year old if I recall correctly. And he was just great. He was so responsive. I think he had been caged much of his young life, and he was so happy to be out and free. He was relatively easy to train because he was so smart and so responsive to people.

Morris became the cover boy for cat food, 9 Lives Cat Food. That turned out to bring in a nice little revenue. I trained other animals also, but Morris was a terrific animal. He traveled well. He was so adaptable. Morris liked to talk, and he would tell me so many, many things. He told me all his secrets.

We bred Morris, and there were a number of other Morrises that took his place when he came to this side. He just got really old, and he wasn't able to perform like he did when he was young so we had to replace him. Morris remained my friend and companion until his passing. When he came to this side, he was well cared for.

When I came over here, Morris was brought to me, and we had a very happy reunion. I take Morris up to my home on a higher realm frequently. I also take him around to the children who are recuperating from whatever they had on earth. There are always some cat lovers among the children, and they love to pet him, and Morris enjoys the attention. And because he can do tricks, he frequently participates in a dog and cat show that we have here. We also have circuses from time to time when the animals want to perform. They are never pushed. Morris likes to do his tricks. He enjoys the clapping and the attention. When we are in one of the circuses, Morris will sometimes be with the clowns. And sometimes he will ride on a pony, and we fix up a little throne for Morris to sit on. And he just sits there and rides around the ring on the pony. It is really cute. Then he will jump down and do a trick or two. He is a very mature and wonderful cat.

I think that is about all I can tell you about Morris, except that it was really wonderful to find him here very much alive. He has brought a lot of pleasure to many. And, of course, the fact that his doubles and triples are still working animals has kept his memory alive. Children reading this may still wonder why he is still on a bag or tin of cat food if he is over on this side. Thank you for asking for me.

Bert Rose and Boots

Spirit Communicant Bert Rose: I have come to tell you about my little Boots. Well, Boots is not that little, but anyway, Boots, as you read on the internet, was a very sickly runt as a puppy. He was not eating. I was visiting friends who actually owned the mother dog, and they were considering putting Boots to sleep. They just didn't know what to do. I said, "May I take him and see what I can do with him?" And so I became a foster father. I spent some nights awake feeding the baby. And that little pup thrived. I gave him so much love. I took him with me when I knew I would be away for a long time so that he could get his bottle. It paid off.

What a love, and what a love bond we had. I used to talk to him when he was so small in the palm of my hand. And I talked and talked and talked. Bless his little heart, I think he heard every word. He listened so carefully. I would point out things to him, the names of different objects, and he gained an amazing vocabulary. I figured there were 700 or 800 words that he understood. He was a very bright guy.

I could tell him, when we got on the movie set, just what he was to do. I could say to him, “Now you are to go through that door into the next room, and you are going to find a note on the table, and you are to take that note up those stairs to Maria, or whoever it was, I don’t remember, and give it to her, and then you are to come back to me.” I repeated this to him. He listened intently, and he followed my instructions to the absolute tee. He was amazing. And so we did more than a dozen movies and made many appearances together doing USO shows and selling war bonds during World War II. Once we gave a command performance for President Franklin D. Roosevelt and were frequently at the Stage Door Canteen in New York.

When he finally passed in the early 1950’s at age 16, I wanted him buried in a very special place. And so he was buried at Hartsdale which is a lovely cemetery, if you can say a cemetery is lovely. It is very well kept up. At that time, I truly thought that he was there, that his consciousness would be there, and that I could go and still talk to him. It wasn’t until I got to this side of life that I realized that it is only a physical body that is shed and goes into the ground. Boots in his etheric or spiritual body was here to greet me. He jumped on my bed when I was resting after my transition to spirit. Oh, I was so very, very, very happy to see him.

He has made a wonderful adjustment to this side. We work together doing shows. And the children of all ages just love to watch him do his tricks. We team up frequently with other animal trainers so that we can, well, I shouldn’t say outshine each other with our animals because we don’t try to do it for ego. We try to do it for entertainment, and we try to do our best. Boots is a remarkable dog. He is just so bright.

And, believe me, to know that animals live in spirit is something that I wished more people knew because these little creatures, whatever they are, are very dear. They are like family, and in some cases closer than family. But my precious Boots will live on for a very long time.

I am so happy that you asked about him, and that he will get recognition in this, the next century. That is wonderful. I thank you for this opportunity to come through. I was thrilled to know that we would have this session, so thrilled that I couldn’t sleep a wink last night. Of course, we don’t have to sleep over here, but we rest. But I was excited. I am going to go now. Thank you so very, very much.

Note: On the very interesting website of the Hartsdale Pet Cemetery is a short history of its establishment:

“In 1896, a prominent New York City Veterinarian, Dr. Samuel Johnson, offered his apple orchard in then- rural Hartsdale, New York, to serve as a burial plot for a bereaved friend’s dog. “That single compassionate act served as the cornerstone for what was to become America’s first and most prestigious pet cemetery. Today, over a century later, this beautiful hillside location is the final resting place for nearly 70,000 pets, continuing a long history of caring and excellence that is the hallmark of this serene and lovely pet burial ground.”

Famous Animals

(in order of appearance)

[Jumbo](#)

[Man O’War and War Admiral](#)

[Seabiscuit](#)

[Lotus](#)

[Elsa](#)

[Barbaro](#)

P.T. Barnum and Jumbo

Note: Jumbo, the elephant, was the star attraction at the London Zoo giving rides to children. However, he began to show signs of being intractable with his keepers, and there was fear someone might get hurt. So in 1882 he was sold to P. T. Barnum for his circus here in America. In 1885 Jumbo was killed and the train that collided with him was derailed.

Spirit Communicant P. T. Barnum: I am very happy that you asked me to come and talk about Jumbo. He was probably the most magnificent elephant ever in a circus or in a zoo—a truly magnificent animal. We did not find him difficult to handle. He had certain freedom when he was in the London zoo that he did not have in the circus, but I do feel that he adapted pretty well to circus life. We were crushed, devastated, when he was killed. He was hit by a train. It was very, very sad. And, of course, we had built him up so that people had looked forward to seeing him. We advised the people to come see him before he got too big to go through the tunnels on the route of the circus train.

I believe in retrospect that the accident was meant to be, as I view it from this side. He was freed from the drudgery of being shoved and pushed from one town to another to perform and help with putting up the tents and doing other chores. I visit him, and so do his zoo keepers from England. He is very, very much loved over here. He is very gentle. Yes, he does give rides to the children mainly, but a few adults like to get up there too. He seems to like the attention. And in the little circus we have over here, he does come, and he greets the crowds. The clowns perform on his back. So he is doing beautifully, and we will certainly keep him going for a very, very, very, very long time because he is dearly loved. He is just a magnificent specimen and should never have been captured and brought to a circus.

My life, my whole survival, my income, depended on the animals. But since I have been on this side, I do not feel that a circus with animals should continue. The dogs were well treated and they liked to perform. And it would be fine to have the dogs. But as far as the wild animals, no. It is no life for a large animal to be traveling in a circus. I see this from a totally different viewpoint over here. I know that it is wrong to force them to perform and to make our livelihood that way.

There are some well run zoos, and there are some fine rescue ranches. But I am truly opposed to a circus with wild animals, even with horses. They are cooped up. If they would treat them differently, then the horses would be all right to include. It is a hard life for a large animal. And I am bitterly opposed to these ranches that have trophy hunting. That should be outlawed, truly outlawed.

I know that if you write this, many readers will wonder if I am really saying this, or if you are writing a book as a platform to do away with animal acts. But the truth is, I have seen the light, so to speak, and I do not like to see the way animals are treated even in some of these zoos. I do not like to see the mean way they are treated. It is wrong. It is very wrong. Animals are very, very sensitive creatures. Their ferocious attitude sometimes is due to wanting to be free and having to kill for food. When animals have injured their trainers, it is understandable.

You know, since I have been on this side, I have talked to St. Luke. Actually, he has been my mentor to help me change my attitudes, because he was able when on earth to stand before wild animals—lions and tigers—and he was able to talk to them and to reach their souls. We have very few trainers or keepers who are able to do this. When an animal attacks, we have to look for the reason. If they are well fed, well cared for lovingly, and they are not beaten into submission, they are going to adapt to different circumstances far, far better. There is nothing like the natural habitat, but they certainly will adapt better with kind treatment.

Your master teacher told me that President Roosevelt had said that he wished he had considered some Federal laws to protect the animals, not just a few endangered species, but to protect them from abuse and starvation. We would love to see this, and I do believe some day it will come about. But it cannot come about too soon for those of us who witness abuse.

Some of the workers in my circus were not as kind to the animals as they should have been. When they have come to this side, I have worked with them to help them see they were wrong. We want this to change.

I visit all of the animals that I knew in my circus, and I visit the midgets and those that had physical abnormalities. We called them freaks and that was not right, but they are all my friends. They have made good adjustments here, and they have been able to go back to former lives to a perfect body. They understand why they received the body that they did while on earth, that it was to work off karma for wrong deeds in a previous life. It is a wonderful, wonderful plan that our Maker has. He is the finest possible Architect for His plans work out perfectly. As we build our life, we have a better understanding of those plans.

And I thank you for asking for me. I never thought I would have this opportunity. And if I can be of service in the future, do call on me.

Sam Riddle & Man O'War and War Admiral

Note: Man O'War (March 29, 1917 - November 1, 1947) In 1920 Man O'War won the Preakness Stakes, Belmont Stakes, Travers Stakes, Jockey Club Gold Cup and Lawrence Realization Stakes. He was awarded U.S. Horse of the year (1920). As a sire, Man O'War was impressive as well, producing more than 64 stakes winners and 200 various champions. He made it to the United States Racing Hall of Fame (1957) One of his offspring, Hard Tack, sired the famous Seabiscuit who beat War Admiral in the 1938 Pimlico Special by four lengths.

WarAdmiral (1934-1959) was the offspring of Man O'War. War Admiral won 21 of his 26 starts, including the Pimlico Special and the coveted U.S. Triple Crown in 1937, earning him the Eclipse Award for Horse of the Year. United States Racing Hall of Fame (1958)

Spirit Communicant Sam Riddle: Good morning. I am so very pleased that you are interested in my beautiful, beautiful, handsome horses. You know, I always loved horses. I used to ride as a youngster, and as time went on, I decided I would like to have a race horse. So I bought a horse, a foal named Man O' War in 1918 from the August Belmonts.

I had a trainer and jockey for him. And this wonderful animal was just raring to go all of the time. He just was absolutely raring to go. He liked to run and the men working for me loved Man O'War. He won race after race, but then he lost one because he was not turned around when the flag dropped to start the race. His back was to the starting line. But he caught up quickly and came in second.

We did breed him, and we got War Admiral. So we had two wonderful, wonderful horses. I did not spend as much time with them as their trainers and groomers. These horses really bonded with these men. As you know, a race horse is very keyed up. They are very nervous, high-strung animals usually, and it takes a bit of doing to keep them calm and to keep them happy.

When I came to this side, like millions and millions of others, I was very surprised to find such a structured afterlife. My goodness, I had no idea that this was the real world, not the earth. I was taken to a rest home to get my bearings. And then I was told that my beautiful horses were here. Actually, the groom of Man O' War came to me and he said, "You won't believe it. Man O' War is here and he is beautiful." So as soon as I gained my strength, I went down to the animal plane to visit my animal. Horses do have a wonderful memory, and while I did not actually do a lot of physical work with my horses, I did visit the stables frequently and would pat them and they knew me. Man O' War showed recognition, and I was very pleased.

Both Man O' War and War Admiral have calmed down a great deal over here. We do have horse races occasionally. We don't race for money. We just race for the pleasure of it. And the animals are not prodded or whipped. They just go at their own pace. We don't always keep them in shape for participating in a race, and so it is mainly to see the beauty of these animals as they move along the race track. They are such magnificent examples of beauty. I am so proud that I had anything to do with them. They did make me financially comfortable, but it did take quite a bit to maintain the stables and those hired to work with them.

If we put a harness on them, we do let children ride, but it is just mainly to let them walk around. We don't want a child to fall off and be frightened. They would not be hurt, but they would be frightened if Man O' War or War Admiral or one of the other horses decided to take off as in a race. You really have to hold on pretty tight.

There is usually a docent around, a person who is a horse lover, who will tell the stories of all these horses, because there are other very famous race horses here. They are all here. If people loved them enough, if not their owners who sometimes only had them to make money, but if the trainer or jockey or someone who really loved the animal still cares about the animal, then that animal is here. They are beautiful, beautiful, beautiful animals.

And so, I think that is about all I can tell you. Horses are highly intelligent, and I have been told that some of them are elevated enough in consciousness that they could take the next step to becoming a human.

I thank you so much for this opportunity to come and talk about my beautiful, beautiful animals. It is wonderful that you are doing a book. Hopefully, it will reach many, many people.

Tom Smith and Seabiscuit

Note: Tom Smith cultivated an almost mystical communication with horses. The movie "Seabiscuit" told the real-life story of Seabiscuit and the three men who loved and worked with him. Truly, it tugged at the heartstrings of its viewers. In 1938 Seabiscuit beat the Triple Crown winner of the day, War Admiral.

Spirit Communicant Tom Smith: Good afternoon. I am very, very happy. Goodness, you know, I didn't know that we could really communicate like this. I never thought I would ever have any such opportunity. This is as thrilling as a horse race.

I have come to tell you a little bit about Seabiscuit. He was on the small side for being a race horse. He was really not considered much of a good bet, but anyway, as you know, I teamed up with Charles Howard and with the jockey, Red Pollard. We were all kind of down on our luck in a sense. Mr. Howard lost a son and was very despondent. The jockey was kind of looking for something here and there, and so was I. I loved horses, and it was just at a time in my life when I was determined I was going to bring out the very best in this animal. We tried to race him in small races, unimportant ones. And he looked like he could be worked with. I did have a way with animals, especially horses.

Seabiscuit and I formed a great bond. I would talk to him, and I would tell him how great he was. He was kind of mean in the beginning, and I told him he had to get over that, just to get that chip off his shoulder because I was going to work with him, and I was going to bring the best out of him. And I had long, long talks with him, and he would kind of look at me. After awhile I felt he was really listening to me. He did not show that mean streak with me at all. He would let me rub him, and I would give him a sugar cube occasionally. I would tell him what a fine, fine boy he was. And you know, he truly responded. I had learned a few tricks from Indians, and I applied them to the best of my ability, and he did very, very well.

He beat some very popular and wonderful horses. We put him against what was considered the best, War Admiral, and he did so very, very well. He made a lot of money for Mr. Howard, and Mr. Howard was generous with what he had. He had a car dealership, but he helped others, and he was good to me. I had a nice retirement, and I was able to be with Seabiscuit until he died. And when I came to this side some years later, I went, of course, to see Seabiscuit, and he whinnied.

He was so happy to see me. I spend a great deal of time with him to this day. He is a wonderful, wonderful horse. And it is almost like he tells me now, "You believed in me, you had faith in me, and I came through. I performed for you. You knew I had it and you brought it out." Seabiscuit really was a wonderful, wonderful horse to work with. I loved him then, and I love him now. And, of course, Mr. Howard comes to see him and Red Pollard, but he is really closest to me.

When I came over to this side, I had no inkling of what life over here was all about. I didn't think I would see Seabiscuit even if there was a life. I didn't think animals lived, and I wasn't very sure about humans. When I started thinking about my life and some of the things that I had done that I was not proud of, it really upset me. I knew I had to get through them. I knew I had guides and teachers that I could talk to, but I went down to the animal realm, and I talked to Seabiscuit. And he would kind of nuzzle me to say, "It's okay and that all that matters to me is that you love me." I was very grateful to Seabiscuit that he was so willing to listen as I was spewing out the garbage in my mind. I wanted so much to make my amends to those I had hurt, and I did finally get that opportunity. But Seabiscuit was my greatest mentor though he never said a word. He listened, and he never judged. I actually cried real tears as I put my face against Seabiscuit's, and he would nuzzle me and comfort me. I am very grateful that I have such a wonderful, wonderful friend. God bless you for doing these stories that others may realize their pets will live.

Lotus, the Hippopotamus

Note: I remembered hearing about Lotus, a performing circus hippo, years ago, so I asked my husband Charles to look her up, and this is what he found out:

Spirit Communicant Charles Bostwick: I want to tell you about Lotus. She is very popular over here. Sometimes she is brought up to the third plane to take part in a circus. She pulls a little wagon filled with chimps. It really is cute. Lotus has maintained a pretty good disposition over here. She is much calmer, and she is very well cared for. She seems to understand better than when she was on earth.

When she was on earth and worked in a circus, she pulled a cart. Being in a circus was no life for a hippo or any animal. Over here she has a pool that she gets in. She is very responsive to the caretaker, Terry McKnight, a woman. Lotus can be in that pool when Terry comes down to see her, and she will come out of the pool and follow Terry all around. She is there with other hippos who are pretty mild mannered. They are all on the same realm, although some are not as tame as Lotus.

One of her former caretakers is over here, and he works with Lotus also. He said she remembered him when he came over. Animals do remember. That frequently surprises people when there is a reunion, but it does make for a joyous reunion.

Spirit Communicant Terry McKnight: Thank you for inviting me to come and talk about Lotus. I have always been drawn to hippos. I think of them as the comics of the animal world. I do not mean to make fun of them because I really enjoy them. I do take care of Lotus much of the time. There are others who are interested in her as well.

Over here I am able to talk to her, and she seems to understand. She looks at me with those bug eyes and big cheeks and she seems to understand what I am saying to her. She is very gentle, and she does follow me all around. We go visiting to see other animals. I sometimes take her to where the monkeys and chimps are. They are very bright. We hook her up to a little cart, and the chimps get in. They are so cute. The people who have the chimps will sometimes dress them in cute little costumes. They are absolutely precious. We get a kick out of them. Lotus is pretty good about being part of an act. It is what she did on earth; so she does it here. She is something else!

She has never been aggressive with me. Hippos in the wild can be very vicious. They don't take any nonsense. They really don't, especially if there are little ones to guard. Many people have been killed. They absolutely will not tolerate anyone coming near their babies. The females in a herd will look out for the babies of other hippos. They don't tolerate crocodiles anywhere near them. You might think the crocodile would have the upper hand, but they don't. If it comes to a showdown, the hippo will be the winner 99 times out of a 100.

We don't take hippos down to see the crocodiles over here, of course; so there are no fights. We don't have too many hippos, only those that are easy to handle because we don't want ones that will frighten people. Some of them are just naturally tame if they don't have a baby to protect or food to worry about.

We do feed them, and I certainly have to think a big pile of food to keep Lotus happy. It is the thought of food that satisfies the thought of hunger. It is the same as with a person. They actually think they are receiving food, but they are receiving the thought of it, the essence. We call it the essence, but it really is the thought of food that is actually going into them. We do it so that they can smell it, and they think they are tasting it. So Lotus is doing very well, and we will keep her in form for a long, long time. Thank you for asking for me.

Joy & George Adams on Elsa, the Lioness

Note: In 1960 the Adamsons wrote the book, *Born Free: A Lioness of Two Worlds* to share their experiences and stimulate interest in wild animals. *Living Free: The Story of Elsa*

and Her Cubs was published in 1961, and Forever Free: Elsa's Pride was published in 1962. A movie based on Born Free, starring Bill Travers and Virginia McKenna, was released in 1964. Joy Adamson toured around the world promoting wildlife conservation, showing films and her paintings of the natives.

Spirit Communicant Joy Adamson: Yes, I got your message. George and I both did. We are both here. We have patched up our differences. We understand that our work was to be with animals. We are partners again.

Elsa was a wonderful, wonderful, wonderful lioness. George had shot her mother, and then he realized that she was being aggressive to protect her cubs. We raised the cubs but Elsa was our special, special baby. We knew that we could not keep her forever. We did train her to go back into the wilds. But we would go out periodically and toot the horn, and she would come from a very long distance sometimes. She was always wonderful and affectionate. If she had cubs, she would bring them to us. It did sadden us greatly when the time came that she did not respond to our honk. We knew she had come to this side. What we did not realize was that she would still be here, and that we would have the wonderful, wonderful pleasure of being with her again.

I had no idea what the afterlife was like. And when I did kind of come to, in a sense, and realized that I was in another dimension, that I wasn't dead, that I was just in another body, one of the first things that I asked about was, "Do animals live?" And when they said "yes," this made me so happy. It truly helped me to make a quick recovery. The spirit doctors and helpers could have brought her to me, but they decided that if they did, I probably would not recover, or make the adjustment to this side as quickly as I would if I had to make the effort to get myself really on my feet and not feel any pain and then go to see her. So, that is what they did. They held out that carrot, and it was a wonderful, wonderful carrot to hold out. I was so happy, and Elsa was so happy. It just was the most wonderful, wonderful reunion. I can't possibly tell you what a wonderful reunion it was. And when George came, she felt the same way toward him, and it was wonderful, and it helped bring us closer together too. We had other animals also. George had several that he trained.

Elsa is a showcase. We take her all over. We bring her up to the children's ward. Sometimes it is a little frightening to the children, but we say to Elsa, Elsa, just rub against us and show the children that all you want to do is just rub. So when she does that, we are able to walk her around, and the children reach out and pet her. She is very sweet and patient with the children. She really is. One little boy wanted to ride her. We told him it would be better if he came down and rode the ponies or the donkeys or the elephants or the horses. We weren't quite sure about Elsa being ridden. She had not tried that before. We told him and all the children that they could all come down because many of the doctors there, and those that work with them, do bring the children down and let them really interact with the animals. It is a very healing experience. It really is. It is so funny when we have taken Elsa to the children's ward and then later a relative of a child will come and visit. The children just can't wait to tell about their experience. I touched a lion, Grandma! They are so happy. Elsa has brought so much happiness.

What we also have over here are classes for people who want to learn more about the animals. They can either go down to the animal realms to observe or attend classes there where we explain different things about the species. Also we hold classes in the human realms, so to speak. We go wherever we are invited. Different animals are brought in each time so that people can learn about them. Some people are not too comfortable about going

down to the animals. They have the notion they may be stuck down there. They don't quite understand that they can visit and come back up. You can always come up from a lower realm if it is lower than the one you live on. So we have these classes on different realms so the participants can attend on their own realm. They just love it. We have brought in different animals, not just Elsa. We have brought in other animals and talked about them.

There are people here who have been wildlife experts on earth, and they like to talk about different animals, and they will bring them also. There are people who have been entomologists who have studied insects and things. There are people who are afraid of some of these creatures, and it helps to know a little bit about them, what their purpose was on earth, how they fit into the ecosystem, and it helps these people to get over their fears if they can see them. They may not want to touch them. Most people do not want to touch reptiles. And there are people who bring up different reptiles. The reptiles do not have any venom over here. They are perfectly harmless. These are various snakes, lizards and that whole family. So we do have this kind of educational program going on all the time here. It is very interesting.

We may have the animals who performed circus acts on earth do little things in the circus we have here. The people really enjoy attending because the animals are not beaten and forced to perform. They are loved and are treated very differently. They want to perform. Elsa has really not been trained to do that, but many times we are invited to bring Elsa to show off, so to speak, to show how loving and sweet she is. We have taught her to roll over and to be very affectionate with us, and that kind of thing, but no great tricks. But she is invited, and we walk her around so everybody can touch her. Elsa kind of likes the attention. She does. She comes and stays on other realms for awhile, but her home is with the other lions. She is very comfortable and happy there. She does recognize some of her offspring.

Elsa was a super, super special animal that was so dearly, dearly loved. It broke our hearts to send her back into the wilds, but we knew that it wasn't right to keep her just for our own pleasure. We felt we did the right thing, but it was hard knowing we would not have her in our lives again. The reunion was the greatest blessing that you could possibly imagine.

People who have read the book, *Born Free* or the other books about Elsa, or saw the movie, know the background of this wonderful, loving animal that was just part of our home life until we had to train her to go back into the wilds.

I hope that I have given you something different and a better understanding. Elsa is one of those animals who will truly become a human. I think that all of the wild animals, if they had an opportunity to be loved, could become humans, but it is not possible in this day and time, and I don't know whether it will ever be. They go back to the animal Allsoul, and they either come back as the same animal or a more highly evolved animal. They may graduate to the horse, or they may come back as a human. Thank you for this opportunity to share.

Spirit Communicant George Adamson: I think Joy has told you pretty much everything that I would have told you. We are truly happy to have not only Elsa but some of the other animals that we worked with and were very close to. I know that you did a list of them and you may not remember. Let me tell you that I had a panther (leopard) and we did the same thing with the other animals that we were very close to, or I was close to. We did re-introduce them into the wilds. We usually got an animal as a baby because the mother had been killed. It was a rescue operation. We did re-introduce. We did not have as much success in having the animal return to us for so long a time as we did with Elsa. The others did take more to the wilds and adapted. But when we saw them over here, they remembered us, or me

if Joy did not work with them, and I have had the pleasure of again loving these animals and being affectionate with them. I had three or four different ones that I was very, very close to. Suffice it to know that they did remember me, and we picked up where we left off. So that is all I am going to say about that. I think this is a wonderful thing that you are doing in putting all of this in a book.

Barbaro, the Race Horse

Background Note: Barbaro (April 29, 2003 – January 29, 2007) was an American thoroughbred that decisively won the 2006 Kentucky Derby but shattered his leg two weeks later in the 2006 Preakness Stakes, ending his racing career and eventually leading to his death.

On May 20, 2006, Barbaro ran in the Preakness Stakes as a heavy favorite. He false-started. Shortly after the start he fractured three bones in and around his right hind ankle. The injury ruined any chance of a Triple Crown win and ended his racing career, in which he was undefeated. The next day, he underwent surgery for his injuries at the New Bolton Center at the University of Pennsylvania. In July he developed laminitis in his left rear leg. He had an additional five surgeries, and his prognosis varied as he remained for an extraordinarily long period of time in the equine Intensive Care Unit. Though his right leg eventually healed, a final risky surgery on it proved futile because the colt soon developed further laminitis in both front legs.

Barbaro was euthanized on January 29, 2007 by decision of his owners Roy and Gretchen Jackson of Lael Stables in West Grove, Pennsylvania, who indicated that they felt that his pain was no longer manageable. Gretchen Jackson said, "Grief is the price we all pay for love." Barbaro was cremated shortly after he was euthanized. For his efforts to save Barbaro, the Turf Publicists of America voted Dr. Dean Richardson their 2006 Big Sport of Turfdom Award.

A following grew up around Barbaro after his breakdown in the Preakness. He became the object of care and affection of the public in a way only a few animals before him have. His stall at New Bolton was decorated with many thousands of "Get Well" cards (including a 7 ft by 72 ft card from fans at the Belmont Stakes), flowers and presents sent in by fans. Others sent in items meant to help him recover, such as saint medallions and holy water. His condition was followed by news organizations on a daily basis.

(Information taken from article, "Barbaro," Wikipedia)

Spirit Communicant: This is Henry Carpenter and I have come here to talk to you about Barbaro. Well, you know from this side of life we do watch the horse races on earth if we are interested in horses. Many of us did it when we were on earth, and so we continue because we know that eventually these horses are going to come over here.

We watched Barbaro and admired him greatly. We were so in hope that he would achieve a Triple Crown. It was so sad really that he didn't. But he was given the very best of care on earth. And he was a good patient. He really was. Racehorses are frequently high-strung. Because they tend to be so nervous, another animal will be put in the stall with them to calm them down, like a goat or another animal that is calm and will have a calming influence. Barbaros had a good personality and was not an overly nervous type. He is a great, great horse.

When we knew he was coming, there were many here who wanted to take care of him. So we drew lots, and five of us won the opportunity. It has turned out to be a very nice thing.

We didn't all know each other; two of us did know one other. We have camaraderie in our little Barbaro's Club Five. That is what we call ourselves. We take turns with him, and sometimes we are all there.

Barbaro is a very, very fine horse—really a very, very fine horse. As your husband mentioned to you when he first came to see Barbaro, he was looking down at his legs because he had kind of gotten use to being in casts and all that was entailed with his hospitalization or intensive care. Well, when he came to this side, he didn't have those casts; he didn't need them. But because he had been in them for quite a while, we had to tell him that he no longer needed them. He would look down and we would say, "No, no, no, no casts. Good boy! No casts!" At first we had to walk him. Animals will get over their illnesses and disabilities or whatever happened to them on earth very quickly after they come here. They don't have the lengthy need for therapy, so to speak, as humans do. They come and in short order they adapt.

We walked Barbaro at first and then we would get him to trot a little bit. We took him back to earth, and we still do, of course, to his old stable and to those that he knew there. He will trot around the ring, and we bring him back up here. We built a ring over here and he trots around it. The next step was to ride him. He is wonderful. He goes like the wind.

We thought, well, maybe the time will come when we will have a race over here with War Admiral, Seabiscuit, Man O'War and others. So we are going to line them up one of these days but not race for bets, but just to see the beauty of these animals. They are so very, very wonderful.

I don't think there is anything else I can tell you except that we will let a few adults who are very familiar with fast horses ride Barbaro. We haven't gotten him to the point where we would let children on him because he is too frisky. But even for someone who is very experienced, we tell Barbaro to take it easy.

Barbaro is very much alive and he is in tip top shape, no question about it. He is in wonderful shape. He very quickly responded to us because he is a very bright animal. I am very happy that I could come in and tell you about Barbaro. We all fell in love with him because he is such a fine, fine animal. We are pleased that you are going to include him in your book because he has not been over here very long and he will be fresh in the minds of people. He received a great deal of publicity and it is good to have his admirers know that he is just fine. He unfortunately did not sire any juniors. I thank you very much for this opportunity to come through and talk about Barbaro.

Animals of Famous People

(in order of appearance)

[President Grover Cleveland & Mr. Mocker & Tiny](#)

[President Calvin Coolidge & Smokey](#)

[President Franklin D. Roosevelt & Fala](#)

[President Richard M. Nixon & Checkers](#)

[Ernest Hemingway & Alley Cat](#)

[John Steinbeck & Charley](#)

President Grover Cleveland & Mr. Mocker & Tiny

Note: Grover Cleveland (March 18, 1837-June 24, 1908) was the first Democrat to be elected after the Civil War. He was the only President to leave the White House and return for a second term four years later. Twenty-Second President 1885-1889 and the Twenty-Fourth President, 1893-1897.

Spirit Communicant Grover Cleveland: This is Grover Cleveland. I just wanted to tell you a little bit about my life in the White House. You were right in that I don't think one particular dog was ever really named, so to speak. And it is perfectly all right that you wanted to get your facts straight. I would rather have them straight than to imagine something that I did not say.

Yes, my wife did have birds. She did like canaries, especially. She had a pet mockingbird that we called Mr. Mocker. He was a very, very interesting little fellow. We were afraid to let him out of his cage if he were not in a confined room because he wanted to go all over the White House. One day he did escape, and he went all over. The whole staff stopped everything they were doing to find Mr. Mocker. He was not about to let us know where he was, but finally, finally we caught him and brought him back. He was not a happy little bird. He let us know he was not happy. I think we were about, at that point, to call him something else not so respectful, but we got him back. And the work of the Nation then proceeded after about a half hour halt. It turned out that he had somehow managed to leave the family quarters, and I don't know quite how he did it, but he got down into the lower part of the building.

I used to have one poodle that I was especially fond of. We called her Tiny because she was so small. I had her always close to me when I was in the family quarters. She would sleep at the end of the bed. When I came over here—and I really knew nothing about the afterlife—I was very, very surprised when I looked down and saw Tiny at the end of my bed. The Spirit doctors had put me to rest over here for awhile, and I was so delighted to see this little thing. And I asked about Mr. Mocker, and they brought him to me. They had to put a little string around Mr. Mocker's little foot because Mr. Mocker liked to go everywhere. And so that's the story of my animals when I was in the White House. I don't think this little story is well known, and I thought perhaps you would like to add it to your other little stories about animals.

This was a lovely experience, a little unusual, but you know, I commend you for wanting to know your facts because you did think we only had canaries, but we did have poodles.

President Calvin Coolidge and His Animals

Note: Calvin Coolidge (July 4, 1872 - January 5, 1933) was the Thirtieth President, 1923 to 1929. He was "distinguished for character more than for heroic achievement," wrote a Democratic admirer, Alfred E. Smith.

"His great task was to restore the dignity and prestige of the Presidency when it had reached the lowest ebb in our history ... in a time of extravagance and waste...."

Spirit Communicant Calvin Coolidge: And now this is Calvin Coolidge. And I am very happy that you invited me to come and talk. Yes, I think we had the reputation of having the most animals in the White House when I was your President. I had all kinds of animals. I had Smokey, the bobcat. Smokey came to me as a kitten, and we did have to keep him caged most of the time. But there were times when I could let him out, and he was very affectionate. He was a wonderful bobcat. He really was wonderful, but people were afraid of him. After leaving the White House, he was able to go to the family home where he was taken care of in a large enclosed area.

And I had a wonderful cat. We had a pony. We had all kinds of animals. And to me, it was very, very relaxing to go where the animals were kept and talk to them and play with them. The children enjoyed them so much. It was really wonderful. It kept a degree of normalcy in the family by having these animals, and it taught my children to value the life of a form that was different from their own.

I came to this side and was very, very surprised that all of the animals were here—everyone of them was here. When you write this little article, do stress that if you love an animal, that animal will most certainly be here to greet you when you come to this side. It helped me immensely to adapt to a new life by spending time, a lot of time, with the animals. And it was mutual. The guides would bring them up to my home. And there were many, many times when I would go down to them on the animal realms where they resided. But when we brought them all up, they could all be together, and it was very nice. They don't fight, but they certainly do vie for my attention. I try to give it to all of them. But there is something so wonderfully, wonderfully healing about the animals. Having them come to me when I was healing my brain—well, I guess we don't have them over here—but I brought over my physical ailments, the remembrance of them was so strong that I felt them as intensely as on earth. These wonderful animals gave me so much healing. They really cut my time in half.

And so I am very pleased that you asked for me. I know that you did go on the internet and got the names of several of the animals, and you may use them because I dearly love them all. We think of Smokey the Bear, but Smokey was my bobcat, and he was given to me because I was known for loving all animals.

May God bless you in your work, and truly we will try to help you get this published. Everything you have done should be published. I spoke to your Master Joseph when I heard your call and he told me of all the fine manuscripts waiting to be published. I am so pleased that you are doing this work. It is all needed.

I work on this side, actually giving history lessons, believe it or not, because I was always interested in history. I give lessons. You might want to put this in another section of your work. But when I give history lessons, we are able to tune in and to turn back and to actually put on a screen, so to speak, some of the events that happened in earlier times. It is very interesting. I know that your father was interested in history and your husband. I believe that they have attended some of my classes, and you might ask them about this. So that is what I do because I want people to be aware of the past so they can understand better what is going on on earth and to try to send positive vibrations because you do need them, especially at this time.

Well, I did digress but I thought you would like to know about the history classes and our wonderful, wonderful way of turning back the clock actually to view some of these things. Some day perhaps your technology will advance to the point where you can view some of this. Conditions will advance some day so that human beings will be able to see more clearly into this realm, and they will be able to go back and see some things that happened in the past. And some are able to do this now with respect to their past incarnations. And so I will leave you. I thank you for the honor of coming and talking.

President Franklin Delano Roosevelt & His Fala

Note: Franklin Delano Roosevelt (January 30 1882 - April 12, 1945) was the Thirty-Second President, serving from 1933-1945. Assuming the Presidency at the depth of the Great Depression, he helped the American people regain faith in themselves. He brought hope as he asserted in his Inaugural Address, "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself."

Spirit Communicant Franklin D. Roosevelt: I am very happy to come and tell you about Fala, my little Scottish Terrier. He was my inseparable companion, except when we went to the Aleutian Islands, and he got left behind. I don't know how that possibly could have happened. He must have wandered off and was not detected. And yes, I did send back for him, and this did cause quite a stir because I was running for office again and the Republicans thought this was a terrible, terrible waste of taxpayers' money to send a destroyer back to fetch my little companion. But he was like a child to me. He was great comfort. And I could talk to him and tell him things that I could not tell anyone else. Now, I am sure my spirit guides and teachers were listening, but I needed a physical form, I suppose, to talk to. And he was great comfort. He was very great comfort. And yes, I did make a big thing of it when the Republicans accused me of being extravagant, and it was a very heart-warming story for those who were animal lovers. And I think it did help me to win the fourth term. Truly, I think four terms are too much. They are too much. And I was glad when your President Truman took over and did a good job. He did what he felt he had to do under the circumstances.

My little Fala was a very, very dear First Pet. I had other animals, and they are all here with me. I loved animals very, very much. I came to this side of life about five or six years before Fala. He never really adjusted to the loss. When we are on this side, we go back to visit our pets on earth. We try to get the animal to see us, which Fala did. He would come and be right close to me and would try to get his paws on my leg. I would not sit down because I no longer needed a wheelchair. That kind of threw him for a little bit because he was expecting to see me the way that I was when I was on earth. So I would get into the wheelchair that was still there, so he could see me as I was. All I have to do is visualize a wheelchair and it is there. At first he was really afraid because this was a man standing straight up. He would try to get his paws on my leg, so when I sat down, I realized then what was the matter. At first, I thought, oh, he just doesn't know me anymore. Then I got this notion, well, you visualize the wheelchair and you sit in. Then, he would even get on my lap. He really loved me very, very much. I am sure my visits were a great comfort to him. I didn't do it every day, but I did it two to three times a week. I would go to visit him. and I stayed quite a little while, and he would be sitting on my lap. He would get a little depressed when I wasn't there. After the first couple of years, he took it better, but he was never really happy because I used to be with him all the time.

When he came over, it was a joyous reunion. I went to get him. I was right there when he came over. In fact, I carried him over. We have been together now ever since. He stays with me most of the time. He doesn't have to go to the other plane like most animals do. He stays with me most of the time. An animal can do that if the master or whoever it belongs to wants it with them. If they really want them, they can keep them with them. But Fala is doing very, very well.

I have had animals all my life, but this was a very special little guy. I loved him with my whole heart. Pets are just like children. My wife used to think that I loved him more than anybody else, and probably I did. When you are sad, they know it. When you are happy, they know it. When you have a pain, they will come to you, and you haven't even mentioned the fact that you are in pain. They are so sensitive. They just know it. They try to make you feel better.

I take Fala around to the children's wards. And I take him to older people who pass over and really are confused about where they are right away. That helps them so much. We have quite a few animals that go to visit the elderly as they come over. It helps them a great deal to make their transition. They get such a lift and maybe that animal did not even know the person. The animal will go to that person and try to lick them and want to get petted. They

know that a person is sick. There is no one telling them that. They pick up the feelings. That helps so much.

I have a horse over here that I particularly love. It is a brown horse with a lot of white. I have just fallen for this horse. The horse had nobody trying to keep it alive out of love so I am doing that. I did not have this horse on earth. I was just very attracted to it, and I knew that it did not have any love coming to it at all. I think it was kind of a mean horse really. I think that is why it didn't have that love. But it is not mean now. It responded to me. It is now on the animal plane, and I go down there and bring Fala with me and we visit her. I talk to her and pet her. And you know, she really responds. I will keep her in form as long as I show her love. She has a long way to go because I am going to keep her.

As I look back, I really wish I had done more for animals. I truly wish that your next President, even President Bush could be more helpful, but I hope your next President will strengthen the laws to protect animals, to really put some teeth into the Department of the Agriculture so that they would shut down some of these puppy mills. There should be a Federal law making abuse to an animal a felony. Some states have tried to pass laws, but it should be a Federal law. That is what we should have. These little creatures should not suffer. They should not have to starve to death and their owners should pay for this abuse. I do wish in retrospect I had done more. I came in at a time when the stock market had already collapsed and the country was already in a terrible, terrible situation with poverty as we had never before known it. My attention did have to go to humans, and then we got into a war, but somewhere along the way, I have deep regret that I did not give more attention to our animals, all of the animals, and to eliminate trophy hunting in this country—the importation of animals so that the wealthy could go and shoot them. It does grieve me. And I have talked to St. Francis and others about this situation, and I do wish that this book you are writing will get published and that something, somebody will take up the cause and get our senators and congressmen on the ball. Many of them have pets.

I am very happy that you invited me to come and talk about the animals, not just an interesting story of when there were pets occupying the White House, but of the plight of animals in general. May God bless you for what you are doing. This is very, very important. And I do hope, sincerely hope, that a publisher will take this up.

President Richard M. Nixon and Checkers

Note: Richard Milhous Nixon (January 9, 1913 – April 22, 1994) was the 37th President of the United States, serving from 1969 to 1974. He is the only person elected twice to the offices of vice president and president, and the only president to have resigned from the office of presidency. Nixon's foreign policy as president was marked by détente with the Soviet Union and the opening of diplomatic relations between the United States and the People's Republic of China. In 1952 when he was a vice presidential candidate, he was under attack for accepting private donations. Checkers, a black and white spotted cocker spaniel was one of those donations. So in the famous "Checkers speech," Nixon said, "And you know, the kids, like all kids, loved the dog, and I just want to say this, right now, that regardless of what they say about it, we are going to keep it." Checkers is credited for helping to revive Mr. Nixon's political career.

Spirit Communicant Richard Nixon: Good morning. Yes, I was reluctant to come. I thought if anyone ever invited me, I would talk about world politics. And I understand that I may touch a bit on that, but you wanted to know about Checkers and any other animals we might have had in the White House.

Checkers was not with us in the White House. He had passed on by that time. He was a gift from a long-time supporter. I was accused, among many other things, of accepting too many

gifts. But my two daughters really fell in love with this dog, and I wasn't about to take it away from them. And so in my speech, among other things, I said I was going to keep it regardless. And I think that because I showed a caring for the animal and was sensitive to my daughters' love for Checkers, I was, I guess, exonerated. Checkers was a very affectionate dog, and we all fell in love with him. As long as the girls were young, we did have animals, and they were allowed the freedom of the White House. I don't think there is much more I can say about Checkers. But Checkers brought me good luck. Checkers is with us over here.

(President Nixon did go on to talk politics and his re- marks will be included in another book.)

Ernest Hemingway on Cats

Note: Ernest Miller Hemingway, (July 21, 1899 – July 2, 1961) was an American novelist, short-story writer, and journalist. He received the Pulitzer Prize in 1953 for *The Old Man and the Sea*. He received the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1954.

Spirit Communicant Ernest Hemingway: I did not mind waiting at all to come in to talk. It gave me more time to think about my thirty-odd cats. I am very happy to talk to you about them. I loved cats. I loved to sit and watch them and wonder What are they thinking? They are not as easy to read as the canines. The felines are more cagey, and unless they have their eyes intently fixed upon the object of possible prey, they sort of give you a blank stare. But I love the cats. I love their independence. They didn't mind. They didn't do what I asked them to do. They just did what they wanted to do, and then had the audacity to come and rub against me for affection, or to sit in my lap or on my shoulder, and to say, Now you can pet me. You can stroke me and comfort me and give me what I want, and in return, I will purr from enjoyment.

I think when they want to be close to you, truly they are giving you their way of affection. Now Alley Cat was very bright. He was a survivor. He looked like an Alley Cat all of his life—sort of scroungy—but I loved him. Alley Cat knew how to manipulate things to get to the feed bowl and get the most. He never had a weight problem like me, no matter how much he ate. He would run it off. I called him Alley Cat because he didn't have the dignity or the manners that some of the others did. Some of them were really very dignified, but Alley Cat wasn't. He just was an alley cat.

Willy was one of the most lovable. He was a dear little fellow. I really loved Willy. I loved all of my cats. I would have many at one time because, unlike dogs, you can have a bunch of cats. And because they were well fed and loved, no one objected. I had them spayed or altered, and they got along just fine. They were like sisters and brothers to each other. But I didn't have all 30 at one time—maybe 6 or 8. At one time there were 10, I believe.

I never thought to write a story about them, just about them alone. I don't know why I didn't think of that. They had distinctive personalities, and I think I could have done something that would have been very interesting, but I didn't think about it. Maybe someday I can write something and bring it through you, and you can do what you like with it.

When I came over here I had no idea what I was coming to, none whatsoever. If I had known, I certainly would not have committed suicide. Believe me, I would not have. I would have stuck it out, because I could have and should have. I regret that deeply. But when I did come over, many of my cats were already here. They were very, very comforting. They were wonderful. One of my guides would make a cage and put them all in and bring them up to me while I was recuperating in an intensive care unit. He dumped all these cats on the bed. My goodness, they did cheer me up! Truly, they did. It was the most wonderful, wonderful thing. It was a gift of healing to have these beautiful creatures—and some of these cats were

beautiful. I had all kinds. Alley Cat was just a plain alley cat, little tabby with some other markings.

I had a Maine Coon as you have and your JoJoe is beautiful. He is a wonderful cat, wonderful and gentle. I come to see him. He sees me. He is not afraid of me. Sometimes when he is sitting on the ledge out in the back, I come and I sit beside him and talk to him. I have even brought one or two of my cats for him to see. He has been very accepting of them. I know that your guides bring some of your cats, and he accepts them. I rather enjoy coming to your backyard which will be absolutely beautiful when it is completed.

When the flowers are in bloom, it is very lovely.

And so I think the main thing that I wanted to get across to people is that their animals will be here when they come over. One other thing, I do take a few of my cats to children who are recuperating from long illnesses, and those being worked with who were invalids or cripples and who are being taught to change that mind set. I bring a cat or two, and they can hold them and pet them. It is very wonderful.

Note: "Someday" did come and Mr. Hemingway graciously wrote a little cat story especially for this book. It's included at the end of this book.

John Steinbeck and Charley

Note: In 1960, John Steinbeck bought a pickup truck and had it modified with a custom-built camper top, apparently unusual for that day, and drove across the United States with his faithful poodle, Charley. His interviews and observation were published as *Travels With Charley: In Search of America*.

Spirit Communicant John Steinbeck: Good morning. This certainly was a surprise to me. I am happy to be here. Well, I understand that there will be a wonderful book on animals. Now, animals were not something I was particularly interested in writing about, but I always liked them. And then the idea came to go around the country and see what America was like. You see, when I wrote the *Grapes of Wrath* I really was doing a study, in a sense, of how Okies, as we called them, people from Oklahoma, were coming out to California. There were really terrible conditions under which they were living. And so it was suggested to me many, many years later that I travel around and get kind of a feel for what was going on in 1960 in America.

I started out, and I went from east to west to south and I didn't want to go alone, so I brought my dog Charley. He was a standard size poodle. Charley was very good-natured and he loved to be on the go. I had a special truck renovated to my specifications so that I would be comfortable. I could sleep and cook and be kind of self-sufficient.

And so Charley was a great companion. He was very friendly, and actually he was a blessing because he would go up to people, and it was a way of opening a conversation. They would ask about Charley and I would ask about them. So I gathered a lot that I probably would not have gathered for a story without Charley. And in fact, I entitled my book, *Travels With Charley*. Charley was one of these creatures who was in many respects the opposite personality from me. He was my mentor and my comforter. He certainly kept me from being lonely. I was married for the third time and my last wife I really missed when I was on that circuit.

Charley never complained. He was always satisfied to sleep in his bunk. He never said, "Can't I have something else?" He just was a great sport. People would take pictures of us. Some people knew my name. I had probably written I don't know how many books by the time I got around to traveling with Charley. And some people had never heard of me. I think I got the best stories from people who had never heard of me. They just kind of opened up.

And Charley sort of egged them on because he would kind of sniff their dogs too. Then they would talk about all the things I finally put in that book. I kept a few notes, but the book was really written later.

Charley never said, "I need to go to the groomer's." He was perfectly happy not being bothered by them. And so Charley, at times, didn't look like a poodle at all. He just looked like a shaggy dog. And that was fine. We didn't have to worry so much about all the amenities of social living.

Well, I don't know what else I can tell you really about Charley, except that he was the perfect companion. I recommend, if you ever want to take a trip without another human, that you take a dog. They seem to love to go. Charley sat up on the front seat right with me. He watched everything. He never said, "Stop, I've got to go potty." He never said anything like a bunch of kids, "Are we there yet?" You know, kids will do that every ten minutes. They just get bored. Charley never got bored. He just sat up, and you know, poodles can look like aristocrats. They are just wonderful creatures and very smart.

I never really taught Charley any tricks because I felt that he was so self-confident that he didn't need to do tricks to get people to pay attention to him. He could just walk up to someone and he commanded their presence.

Charley and I eventually went home, after about three months of traveling. I had kind of had it. I think Charley could have gone on forever. Wherever we went Charley was able to adapt. And if people would only learn to adapt better to their circumstances it would be wonderful. I never quite did it. I moved around but I always liked to come back to California to my roots. And a lot of my stories really were written around the Monterey Bay Area. That was home. Charley liked it there as well, but Charley liked it everywhere because he was with me. He was so loyal. Dogs are that way. They are so loyal. They will be happy wherever you are as long as you pet them and tell them how great they are. And they believe it. They really do believe it. Well, I enjoyed my visit today.

Spirit Communicant Master Joseph: I usually come in after someone has come who has given a little story, or big story, or great story, or a story that makes us all cry, or whatever, but it is usually my way to come and say a word or two if something is to be published. Well, we are happy that John Steinbeck accepted our invitation to come because he is very well known, and he does have a little writers' clinic over here. Many who were aspiring writers on earth, who never were able to spend the time to pursue it, come to his school, or clinic as he calls it, and he helps them. And whether they are able to get their stories back to earth or not, that probably is not as important as developing their skills so that the next time they do come to earth, they will have gained some points. And I wanted you to know that he is doing a fine job in his own way.

Many of the published writers who have come over do try to help people on earth who are trying to write. They don't always succeed in getting their impressions through, but those who are on a spiritual way and have opened themselves are more receptive and they receive more. That is only natural. And it was a joy to come and have these few words.

Spirit Communicant John Steinbeck: I will come back in. I should have told you about Charley being with me now because your book is to be about animals mainly on this side. Well, when I came to spirit, I really didn't know much about the afterlife, truly I didn't. I was so happy to see that Charley was alive. He goes with me to so many places over here. He comes and sits in class because he brings a very calming influence. And so he greets everyone as they enter the classroom. Now, our classroom is in the outdoors. It is by a little stream, and we can hear the running water as it falls over the rocks. Charley greets every student. He lets them

know that they are very, very welcome. So everybody has to talk to Charley before Charley lets class begin.

I have each person, and they are not students, read what he or she has written. You know, we are all in it together. I had to learn that. Charley sometimes will listen very intently. Animals on this side understand a lot more than they do on earth. If Charley hasn't decided that their stories are boring and has gone to sleep, then we look to him and we ask him, "Charley, what did you think about that?" And sometimes he gets up, and he will go over to the writer, and he will just kind of nuzzle that person, and we take that as having a good vibration. It is like getting an A+ when Charley goes over. So Charley is a very fine critic, except he never comes out with a negative, he just goes to sleep so they won't get a reaction. Charley is my friend and Charley will be here for a long, long time. Charley is a wonderful, wonderful dog.

Charley is my assistant. He is very, very bright, and when Charley says something, I listen. I listen to Charley, and oh boy, does he listen to me. He has listened to me so many, many times as I have gone through all this garbage that I accumulated on earth. I have spewed it out, and Charley just gives me a lick and says, "It's okay. Keep on. Let it all come out. I still love you." And that's the wonderful thing about animals. They don't judge. Heavens, if people would only learn not to judge. God doesn't judge us, I learned. We judge ourselves, and oh, boy, is it painful when that conscience gets going. But I have cleaned most of it out, and when I come back to earth maybe I will be different and not so self-absorbed. Well, we will close it up. I enjoyed my visit, and I may pop in on your class again.

Special, Interesting and/or Perhaps Extraordinary

(in order of appearance)

Dr. Watkins on Animal Therapy for Children

Three Little Foxes

Sukara, the Tiger

Herbie, the Skateboarding Duck

Matilda, the Hippo

Marlu Milady, the Jersey Cow

Jemma, the German Shepherd

Rex, the Lion

Gomek, the Crocodile

Dini, the White Rat

Ranger, the Mt. Hood Climbing Dog

Raven, the Wolf

Rags the Digger, Wolf

Rachel, the Wolf

Minnie, the Bear

Lily, the Rhode Island Red Hen

Mr. Parrot

Sophie, the Potbellied Pig

Dr. Watkins on Animal therapy for Children

Spirit Communicant Dr. Watkins: I work with children, primarily with children who have come over as brain damaged in some way. When they come over to this side, of course, they are in perfect condition in their etheric body. Although this is a brain problem, what I

really want to convey to you is how we take these children to the animal realms, and we not only help the animals, but we help the children. Sometimes we bring the animals up to the children, but I work primarily by taking the children to the animals.

We use the horses and donkeys. Some of the animals have had no love given to them, and so we are able to make them feel love when the children ride them. It is an interesting kind of reciprocal relationship because the children are delighted to be able to ride. They may not have been able to do this when they were on earth. But here, this is possible. The animals like the attention. If there is a problem, for instance if a horse that has been very much a part of someone's family, then we will ask that horse to let us use its back to help this child. When the child can feel a part of the animal, the motion, they get the movement from the animal, and it does help them. If they were crippled from some disease and not able to use their limbs, then by sitting on the animal, they can feel the motion of that animal, and it helps them because then they know they have motion. We encourage them to use their legs by pushing them gently into the belly of the animal and to know that they can really feel. The children do love this. And so this is one way that we are able to help them.

Sometimes a dog will be a little bit rough with a child and might knock the child over, but the child is not hurt in any way from this. We encourage that child to get up on his or her own and assure them that they do not need help, and not to be afraid. Sometimes a dog will come back and lick the child if it has been too rough. This is very helpful. Animals are really wonderful in our therapy.

Ralph DeHaven on Three Little Foxes

Spirit Communicant Ralph DeHaven: I lived many, many years ago on your earth. I heard that you were interested in the animals, and so I have come to talk to you about the fox. When I was on earth, we used to have fox hunts. They do that a great deal in England. The hounds go out. This practice was carried over in the early days of America. It was what we considered a wonderful, wonderful sport. We looked forward to going out to chase the fox. Our hunting dogs would get so excited when they knew the hunt was about to take place.

When I came to this side of life, the practice on earth was still going on. I then saw very plainly the fear that was in the little fox. They were terrified, absolutely terrified at what was happening. When three of them were killed one day and came to this side, I immediately went to them and gave them comfort and love. They were terribly, terribly frightened, and of course, very confused by being in a different place than they were in the wilds. I gave them comfort and care, and those three little foxes are still my dearest little companions. I named one Princess Foxy, a female. There were two males. The larger of the two I named King Tut. The other, I named Red Boy. They are very loving and sweet. They come to me and climb all over me. I just adore them.

I had other animals, and I do go to see my other animals on the animal plane, but I just wanted to tell you about these three little foxes that are very, very precious. I deeply regret that I had participated in fox hunts. I think it such a horrible sport as I view it from this side of life. It is not a sport at all. The little creatures do not have a chance. That is why I have taken these three little ones and have worked with them for so very, very many years. I work with other animals, too. But sometimes I take these three little foxes, put a leash on each one so they will stay right with me, and take them to see the children because children are very receptive to animals. I also take them when wildlife lessons are being given. I want to show

people how wonderful they are and let people pet them. They are beautiful reddish foxes and they are very dear to me. I give them much love.

Lottie Lee on Sukara, the Tiger

Spirit Communicant Lottie Lee: I am an animal lover from way back. When I was on earth, I was very, very interested in the anti-vivisectionist group, and I tried very, very hard to get people to be kind to their animals. And I served on a board of directors of a humane society. We called them pounds. I really did try to move people in the direction of saving animals and getting them spayed or neutered rather than putting them to sleep. I was a little ahead of my time in some respects, but I did work very, very hard to change their attitudes. Dogs and cats, especially, are sociable animals and should be brought into the home and made a part of the family, not left outside. People are better than they used to be. They really are, but there is a lot of work still to be done.

I have spent a great deal of time over here trying to educate people who come over who have abused animals. I spend a great deal of time with the animals in the animal realms because I just find so much enjoyment just being with them.

I have especially been interested in a Bengal tiger who was a pet on earth. He came from the Himalayas area. He belonged to an Indian prince who raised him from a little cub. He was very tame and loving always. He is a very, very beautiful animal. He was not raised to just be a “living trophy.” I suppose that would be the best way to describe it. He was brought in to be a pet. He was treated as a pet. He was always very tame. He is a very elevated animal, and I do believe he is close to becoming a human, but not at this time. His master is still on earth, and I am sure when he comes over that he will want to continue his relationship with this magnificent specimen who is so very tame. He never had to go out and hunt and kill while on earth. He was always well fed. It was never intended that he would go out.

It is very interesting to watch this animal. We call him Sukara. He is so sweet. He rubs against us like a kitten. The prince’s spirit guides, and I sometimes go with them, take him back to visit the prince so that he will stay connected. He tried to rub against the prince, and I know there are times when the prince actually sees him and feels him because there was such a deep bond. I want people to know that where there has been a deep bond of love, the guides do take the animals back to visit. Of course, the animal would like so much to be acknowledged.

Sukara seems to realize that he has to be in a different world now. He is very good about reaching out to other tigers, to try to calm them down and get them acclimated when they come over. Some have been in terrible fights and have died from their wounds. He goes to them, and he tries in his own way, to convince them that they don’t have to fight. Their initial reaction to him is to want to fight him, and he does not react to their aggression. We call him our “peace ambassador,” because he goes to them and he will lick them to show that he is not there to fight, that he is there to heal their wounds. They don’t have to have those wounds. They are healed on this side. He truly seems to understand this. He is a very advanced tiger soul. I think that it is important for people to understand that there are advanced souls in most of the species that have a mind. Their mind is a little different than the human because it is more attached to the mind of the species. Some of them seem to have a greater intelligence, a more independent form of intelligence that shows at times.

I am so pleased that you are doing a book that will educate people. I know there have been other books written about animals, but yours will be different in that you will have stories of things that occur on this side.

Pat Randall on Herbie, the Duck

Spirit Communicant Pat Randall: Good Morning. This is Pat Randall. Your husband actually went to great pains to find out which duck was Herbie and to look me up to talk about Herbie, who got the reputation of being the skating duck. Well, Herbie would get on a little skate board and put his foot on it, one foot on it and one foot on the ground, and he would skate. This was captured by a photographer and was in the newspaper in England. Herbie did this on a few occasions. He really was a bright little duck. We thought it was a very cute little trick. Over here we made a little skate board for him, and he does get on it sometimes, but not always.

Herbie is quite a quacker. He was a dear fowl. We loved Herbie very, very much and were very happy to know that he was still alive. We say these little animals don't have brains, but Herbie remembered me. He did because I was the one who fed him. He came right up to me when I came over here. And we have had a lot of fun with Herbie. Sometimes we bring him up to our home on a higher plane. He goes around in our garden. We have to kind of watch him, and then we take him back down to be with the other ducks. He does remember, and he comes waddling over to us when we visit.

I am so happy that you asked about him. There are so many, many ducks and chickens and geese and swans that were very special fowls to people. Some of them are so very, very beautiful.

I spoke to a caretaker especially about the chickens because they are so beautiful, and there are so many different breeds. This caretaker who is in charge of all of them said that some of them are no longer being bred; so he keeps close tabs on them, making sure there are examples of each breed which are kept in form so they will always be here. They feed them and care for them. The swans are very, very beautiful. There is a pond for them. But, of course, there is a pond for the ducks, too. Herbie doesn't go out too far. He will just paddle around in very shallow water. He likes to fluff his feathers up. He is a character, believe me, he is a character. The children think he is really funny.

As I was from England, I was familiar with Spiritualist mediums who contacted people in the hereafter. I knew that was possible, but this is my first opportunity to come through, and I am so very, very grateful that I did have this opportunity to meet Master Joseph and Dr. Cranston and your husband and some of the others, and to know about Master Joseph's school and to know that you have done a book (What Goes On Beyond the Pearly Gates?) that has just come out. I hope all of your books do really well so that people will have more knowledge about what happens to them and to their animals. Life doesn't end when the physical body dies, but it goes on and on and on. The human soul lives forever. In time people will come around to appreciating and believing what happens.

Matilda, the Hippopotamus

Spirit Communicant Charles Bostwick: There is a lady and a gentleman who rescued a baby hippo who had become separated from its mother. I am not certain of the circumstances, but she had become separated when she was about 4 months old. The mother had charged some natives on the ground, and they shot her. They knew this baby would not

survive in the waters without the mother's protection because the crocodiles would kill it. When babies are separated, sometimes other hippo mothers will take over but not always; so this baby was led back to a game warden. This happened quite some time ago. The baby was named Matilda. She was bottle fed and cared for. She was really very sweet, and all of the natives loved her and took care of her. The game warden and his wife found her very dear; so I will let them come in and finish the story.

Spirit Communicant Lettie McCloud: This is Lettie McCloud. I have come at the invitation of your husband, and I spoke with Dr. Cranston and Master Joseph about coming and telling you about my little hippo named Matilda. We named her Matilda because she kind of danced as she walked. Waltzing Matilda, the old song. She was very sweet and very gentle. We had her until she was about two years old, and then she passed to spirit. She had somehow contracted a virus. We never knew exactly what it was. We tried various treatments, but she left us. We have her over here.

When we had her on earth we did continue to bottle feed her. It was difficult to know exactly what she needed, but we did try our best. One of the keepers slept with her at night so that she was never alone. We treated her much like we would a baby elephant who had bonded with its mother. And we became parental surrogates to Matilda. She got so that she would follow us around. She was never aggressive because we were always so kind and gentle to her. She made us laugh with different things she did. She played with a little elephant that we had at the time. They got along very well.

We had a chimp named Bwanda, and that chimp would ride on her back. Matilda was just very sweet about it.

We had a pool for her, and she would go in and cool off. We taught her to eat the grasses and things around.

We had to protect our little flower and vegetable garden, however. We told her that was a no no, and she seemed to accept that as long as she got her tummy full elsewhere.

We really missed her when she went to spirit. When my husband and I came over to this side of life, we were very, very surprised, as many people are, that there was an afterlife. And we were even more surprised to learn that the animals lived.

We had so many, many animals that we had rescued. We did want to see them. The doctors brought Bwanda to me when I passed over. That little cutie helped me to awaken. So I then wanted to see the rest of our four-legged children.

Matilda remembered us although there had been nearly a 20-year interval between her passing and our coming over. She did remember us, and in her own way, she sort of rubbed her snout against us and she seemed very happy that we were there.

Matilda is small because she had not received her full growth. She was a smaller type hippo to begin with. I take her to see Lotus, and sometimes when Lotus is in the circus pulling the wagon, we will take Matilda and let her walk behind the wagon. One of us will walk with her. She is very good about walking behind without straying off. We put a great big bow, a beautiful, beautiful pink satin bow on Matilda to show that she is a little miss. She is a little lady. We have fun. The animals can only participate if they really want to. I think they enjoy it because they are not beaten or prodded. They just do it for fun. They love it when people clap and cheer. They think they are pretty special. I hope that helps to bring a little personal story to your book.

Marlu Milady, the Jersey Cow

Note: Marlu Milady was a famous Jersey cow who held the national production record for Jersey cows for the years 1956 to 1964. The 1960s saw the USA Jersey breed dominated by the “Zinnia” cow family from Marlu Farm, Lincroft NJ, owned by Maurice Pollak and managed in that era by Curtis Hobson.

Spirit Communicant Maurice Pollak: I want to say just a word or two, and then Curtis Hobson can take over. I think that it is wonderful that you are doing a book on animals and what happens to them when they die. Well, I can tell you that my Marlu Milady is very much on deck over here. She is a magnificent specimen. I was so interested in a fine, fine breed of Jerseys; so we did our best in breeding, and Marlu Milady was a wonderful product. I was very proud of her, but I didn't take care of her personally; so I am going to turn this over to Curtis, but I am so thrilled in your interest.

Spirit Communicant Curtis Hobson: Yes, I was the manager of the farm. We didn't call it a ranch as you would out here in California. We were very, very careful about breeding. We wanted the very best to improve the quality of the Jersey cows and bulls. And I think we succeeded. Marlu Milady was just a beautiful, beautiful animal. She was very gentle. You know, some cows can be a little aggressive, but most are pretty gentle, especially if they know you. And I checked on her. She had a good stable. We kept her very clean. We would show her frequently. She was a much loved and well cared for cow.

When I came to this side I was told that my ladies and the bulls were in form. The bulls were something else. They were not to be reckoned with, believe me. They could charge, and the cows could, too if they made up their minds, but generally speaking, the cows were docile.

I was so happy not only to see Marlu Milady, but to see the others, and to see the bull that we mated her with. He sired a number of calves. He calmed down over here because he no longer has the desire to mate.

Very special cows and bulls are here for people, who loved them very much, to come and take up where they left off. Sometimes we have a little show, and we parade our cattle around for people to see how beautiful they are. And in this parade, we have cows, bulls, sheep, and goats. People just simply like to see the different animals. Some of them are babies that have been slaughtered. The children love to pet the calves. So it is kind of a get-acquainted show, especially for people who have lived in cities and never had an opportunity to really be up close. Those of us who have had these animals on earth are there to talk about them. It is very nice that we have these opportunities to get together. We don't try to say that one is better than the other because they are all beautiful and wonderful.

Thank you very much for the opportunity to come and talk about them.

Charles Bostwick Relating the Story of My German Shepherd, Jemma

Note: My dog Jemma exemplifies how an animal can reach out and form a loving and comforting relationship with another animal. My husband told me how the story unfolded in Spirit:

Spirit Communicant Charles Bostwick: Shortly before Jemma came to this side, there was a little poodle here who was called Whitey. She had been very neglected and abused on earth. It is really difficult to understand how a very vulnerable, sweet little animal could be abused, but she was actually abused by a child who just had a mean streak. He had a lot of

psychological problems, and he felt he did not have the control that he wanted; so he controlled this poor little animal. His parents were not properly supervising him. If they caught him abusing little Whitey, they would tell him not to do it. Most of time, however, they just let it slide. His roughness with her escalated, and the little thing suffered some internal injuries and died. She came to this side very sad and very frightened.

Jemma crossed over just a few days (in earth time) after Whitey. Always having a liking for little dogs, one of the spirit guides took Jemma over to this dejected and frightened creature, hoping that Jemma might help her. This guide had observed Jemma on the earth dog park and how she took to the little ones. It was love at first sight, with Jemma taking Whitey under her wing and treating her as though she were a newborn pup. Jemma had never given birth to a litter. It was wonderful! The size difference was immense, because Jemma is a very large German Shepherd. Here is this little poodle dwarfed by Jemma. In her exuberance, Jemma did not always realize she was pretty rough in her play, and I had to intervene at times and caution Jemma to take it easy.

The interesting thing was that no matter how rough Jemma was, little Whitey, renamed Angel, did not seem to mind because this was a totally different vibration. Jemma radiated love and real caring, in contrast to the little boy on earth who just wanted to hurt. He wanted the power of hurting her, and he hurt her many times. It was very, very different here. Of course, in the etheric body neither animal nor human can be hurt. But I wanted Jemma to be gentle, to give her gentle loving and not such rough loving. Everywhere Jemma went, this little thing would follow.

Jemma loves to run and run and run, but Angel could not keep up with her. So every once in awhile, Jemma would stop and wait for her. And every time Jemma came to earth to visit you, little Angel would follow. Jemma would concentrate on how to get to earth (I would bring her), and little Angel would concentrate on keeping up with Jemma.

In time, this little thing absolutely blossomed to be so precious and to be more assertive. When she would come to you, you would say that you sensed her standing on her little hind legs, and saying, "Give me attention too."

Jemma was very protective and very loving. This went on for a long, long, time, and then gradually at times Jemma would come to earth by herself. But there is a very, very deep bond between the two animals. When Tayde, our daughter, came to this side of life, she immediately took to Whitey and changed her name to Angel because she is like a little angel. She is so sweet and precious, absolutely precious, with lots of personality that she never had a chance to express before. Jemma knows that Tayde will take good care of Angel, but when Jemma is in her home on the animal plane, she takes over the care of Angel, and that is her responsibility. Jemma is very protective of little Angel, and does not want little Angel to be taken away. It is okay to be with Tayde because she understands that Tayde is my daughter and there is a closeness. So that is the way that it has continued. Animals do reach out to each other, and they do show a great deal of love and care in so many, many ways.

Sometimes I like to go down when animals come over and take them to a relative of the earth pet owner to see if they will take over until the owner comes over. One day there was a very precious little dog that was a Cocker Spaniel mix named Sarah. I knew that Sarah was the beloved pet of a little ten year old who was totally and completely broken hearted when Sarah did not survive being run over by an automobile. She cried and cried and cried, and I would take Sarah down and put her on the bed with the little girl. Sarah tried to comfort her by licking her face, but the little girl was so upset she did not realize the dog was there.

I thought it would be good if a relative took the dog so that when the little girl comes over some day and visits her grandparents, Sarah would be waiting and she would know that her grandparents, had taken care of the animal. So I took Sarah to the grandparents and they wanted nothing to do with her. They just were not into animals, so to speak. Then I decided it would be good if Sarah stayed with our animals. I tried to get Jemma to take over and take care of her, but Jemma was jealous. It wasn't Jemma's idea. It is also so true of human beings. If something is not their idea, they balk. And Jemma was not very nice to Sarah. She would growl and not make Sarah feel welcome at all. I would create a crate, like a little doghouse, and put all three in there and bring them down to visit you. But this just did not work out; so finally little Sarah wandered off to stay with other animals where she felt more comfortable, but I do keep an eye on her. I do go and play with her sometimes to let her know that she is loved and has not been forgotten. She will be there when her little mistress comes over some day. That will be a very long time from now. The animals are well cared for and when they receive love from earth, they very definitely stay in form.

Over here, the animals are pretty much separated by species, but we have one section of what we call "odd balls." I have noticed when you have watched a certain animal program (on the Animal Planet channel), they show unusual bonds between animals of different species. For instance, a horse licking a dog, a deer licking a rabbit, a crow feeding an orphaned kitten and remaining close. When they come over here and have had that kind of relationship, we put them together because the bond is so strong. We want to keep it that way. There is so much love. When these bonds are observed on earth, people will frequently feed the animals if they are wild. The animals stay in form in spirit, and when the people come over who cared for them, they are just amazed that the relationship is still thriving. And so it is love, not always human love, but animal love, that keeps them in form.

Rex, the Lion

Note: My husband, Charles, said to me, "There is a very beautiful lion over here. His name is Rex. I have admired him greatly and have gone back to see him a number of times and have actually petted him. He is very, very gentle. He is just kind of nonchalant about it all, like he could just care less. His owner, if you want to call him that, will be very happy to come and talk to you and tell you all about Rex." Well, needless to say, being very fond of lions, I invited Neil McIntyre to come to a trance session to tell me about his Rex. He not only came but brought Rex with him. Rex apparently got a little bored during the trance session and stretched out on the floor and napped through the whole visit. JoJoe, my cat wasn't at all afraid of him. My spirit guide explained to me that when these animals are so tame and loving, they emanate a vibration that is so peaceful and so sweet that animals on earth don't fear them. Our pets are very sensitive and aware of spirit. They see spirits more clearly than most of us.

Spirit Communicant Neil McIntyre: Good morning, good morning. this is Neil McIntyre. Yes, I had, and still do have, a gorgeous, magnificent male lion who is as sweet as any four-legged animal could possibly be. He is just a big kitten.

Well, I took a trip to Africa many, many, many years ago. I went with a group of people from England. We went down to Nairobi, Kenya, and the surrounding area on a safari. We came upon a very bad situation where a mother lioness charged us and she really kept coming, and believe me, it was a frightening experience. Our guides shot her. They tried their best to wave her off, but she kept coming. We learned the reason all too late. She had

three or four young cubs who were about six weeks old, we judged, that she was determined to protect. So something had to be done to save these babies. They were not quite old enough, apparently, for the mother to have taken them back to join the pride. Lions have a way of staying off to themselves to birth and then they take their babies back. It is unfortunate that they don't have them right with the pride so that visitors would know to stay away from the pride. But this mother came charging from seemingly nowhere.

Well, the upshot was to take the cubs. We could not leave them. Male lions or other animals would probably have killed them. The males in a pride do not accept cubs that are not their own. After birthing, the lioness brings her cubs and introduces them to the pride. Then they are accepted.

Since I had some experience in training animals, I asked if I could possibly take the male cub back with me to England and raise it. And so I was permitted to do this. This little cub was right in my home. My wife, Matilda, fell in love with Rex. She had had a dog at one time named Rex. And so she wanted to name the cub Rex. Yes, he was raised in our house. I would take him out at various intervals to do his chores outside. And I kind of got him pretty much housebroken if we kept him on a good schedule. But eventually he got so big that we simply decided that we would keep him in one room of the house and not let him have the run of the whole house any longer. So we had one bedroom at the end that we made into Rex's bedroom. It had an outside door, and we simply left the door open so that he could come and go as he pleased. We put straw for him to sleep on.

Fortunately, we lived on the edge of a small village. We could take Rex out on a leash and we would walk him around town, and people got quite use to him and could come and pet him. He was always very, very gentle and good with them. We would take him for walks up into the countryside, rain or shine, as long as it wasn't pouring. We had a raincoat made for Rex so he wouldn't get too wet. He loved his walks, and he was such a good boy, such a good boy.

And as I mentioned earlier, I had trained some animals, mainly dogs. I had three dogs so Rex grew up with the dogs, and they were very good friends. Rex never had to worry about a meal, so he never hurt, or never needed to hurt anyone. We did erect a large iron fence around our place so that he could be outdoors and safe, not venturing out and possibly being shot by someone who was frightened. The townspeople grew quite used to him, and he just was a great big baby.

I taught Rex a number of tricks. He would roll over. He would let the kids come and pet him. He did some tricks with my dogs and they loved the animal act. We would do it to raise funds. Fortunately, my great uncle had left some money so that we were able to afford to take care of this big wild animal that was so tame. We grew to love him so very, very dearly. My wife, I think, loved him as much as I did.

We noticed as the years passed that we were all getting older. I was in my early 70's and Rex was getting up there. He lived to be about 20 because he was so well cared for. He was getting pretty feeble. And the day came when he did pass away. To say that we were broken-hearted is truly the understatement. We were devastated at this loss, and we gave him a wonderful funeral. We asked the local minister if he would come; so we had a burial. No one seemed to object that we buried him on our property outside of the iron fence enclosure, a little distance from the house. We thought we would turn that into a pet cemetery where other animals that were dearly loved could be buried. We erected a headstone. We actually

had buried two of our dogs there and had little tombstones for them. And so we established Rex Pet Cemetery.

Now, I have been in spirit for approximately 50 years or more. I did believe that someday I would see my beautiful Rex. I just couldn't believe that God would let him vanish into the nothingness, but I wasn't quite sure. That was my fervent wish and hope. Well, one day my heart decided it had worked long enough and it stopped, and I came to this side. I was taken to a very wonderful little convalescent facility where most people go when they pass over. I was resting and many kind people were hovering around me. Then I felt a lick and there were three dogs, my three dogs. I was so happy to see them—Rosie, Mattie, and Nuttie. The latter was a clown, so we named him Nuttie. I thought, well, maybe the little ones live, but what about the big ones? I was told as soon as I was strong enough, they would take me on a little trip. First of all, I had to get used to the fact that I was now so-called dead. Dead people are not dead. They are very much alive in their spirit bodies which look a little different from their physical bodies because they are a little more translucent.

Well, I wanted to go on that promised excursion because I figured there must be a Rex at the end. And so we went down to the animal plane, and there was my beautiful, beautiful Rex. And when he saw me, he came trotting over as fast as he could. He pushed everything and every animal aside to get to me, and he knocked me over. So I greeted him in a prone position. He was right there and he got down right beside me, and we hugged and hugged. He wanted to lick me, and if you were ever licked by a lion, you know it is rough enough to take the skin right off. But he couldn't take the skin off because our skin over here is not like the real flesh. It is different. It is made of pure energy. Well, anyway, we did have a wonderful, wonderful reunion.

And, of course, when my wife came later, he greeted her also in a most affectionate way. He just is a sweetheart, just the sweetest sweetheart there ever was. He has made a few friends. You know, when the animals are so tame here, they do tend, in all of the various species, to act as ambassadors to newcomers. They know when a newcomer arrives. And if they are really gentle and friendly, they will frequently visit that newcomer. My Rex does this. He went to welcome a wild lion who was elderly when he came over. He had been in a fight. He had lost his pride and was sent out to be on his own. He was severely injured, and he did not recover from his wounds. And so when he was greeted by another male lion on this side, it didn't set too well. He wasn't prepared for another fight, but Rex was very kind and let him know that it was okay. He was a friend and he could come live with him now that he had been deposed from being the king of his pride. They have become great friends. We named him Zeno.

And while Zeno is not quite as friendly, he loves to be petted. He is enjoying himself very much. When we go down, he comes over with Rex and greets us. And so Rex has his buddy. Rex likes the ladies, and they are friendly with him also. He gets along well with everybody. When people come, he is very gentle. It is amazing how they do change over here. They change greatly because they don't have to kill for food. When they get that out of their heads, that they can't kill and that they don't need to kill, then they become very tame.

Rex knows some tricks and when there is a little circus show, we sometimes get to participate. I take Rex around. People on earth are brainwashed, probably realistically, to be afraid of a lion or tiger; so we can't go everywhere, even over here. Once I went to the children's ward. We told Rex that he had to sit and could shake hands with me. His paws are

too big for a child. I showed the children what a love Rex was and that he liked to rub and rub against me.

I asked if there was any child there brave enough to come close. They could come and pet him and he would not hurt them. There was one little boy named Alex who decided that he was brave enough, so he asked to be carried over. He had been paralyzed on earth and had not yet reached the point where he was fully convinced that he could walk in his new body. So the doctor in charge helped him over. He wanted to touch Rex but not on his face. He was afraid. So he touched his body. It didn't hurt him; so he gradually worked up so that he could touch Rex's head. He rubbed his forehead. Alex got so excited that I was afraid he might get Rex too excited. This little boy just squealed with joy! He thought that was the most wonderful thing that he could touch this animal. To watch him just brought tears to our eyes because this little boy put his whole face and body against Rex's face. He just hugged Rex, and Rex was so sweet. The little boy didn't want to let go. He just wanted to stay there and hug and hug and hug and hug.

Finally, some of the other children wanted to touch Rex. We told Alex he would have to let the other children have a chance, and that he should explain to them that Rex didn't hurt him, so it's okay for them to come and pet him. Not all of the children were as much of a daredevil, I should say, as little Alex, but everyone did manage to touch Rex. One little girl just put her finger on him, and she jumped back. That was as close as she could come. Everyone of the children in that ward came and touched Rex. Oh, my, did they have stories to tell when their relatives came to see them. They were just so excited about this. It made my wife and me very, very happy that we could bring them joy. We didn't do this too often with children because it was easier for them to accept puppies. We would tell them the story of Rex, how we happened to get him, that he was a little cub, just a little baby when we got him, how we would hold him and loved him, how we were able to bring him back from Africa. He has made our life very, very happy, and so have our dogs. We had other dogs, too. And we had a very special cat; so they all get into the act.

It would be wonderful if we could somehow reach animals in the wild to let them know we are not there to harm them. I really feel that it is so sad to just coop them up in a cage. And so often that is what happens to the wild animals in a zoo or circus. All they can do is pace up and down in a cage. That is no life. I feel that we gave Rex a good life, a loving life, and he did have an opportunity to exercise. I know that St. Luke was not afraid of the wild animals. And in his time there were wild animals where he was. They would come to him. He told us stories about how he could communicate with lions and tigers in his time. So many of the animals were killed off over the years.

We are hoping that circuses will be eliminated and there will just be people acts. Or, maybe dog acts. The animals are too confined. They are often not treated kindly. It is very, very sad. You would be surprised how many animals come over here who have been mistreated. We are able to do a lot of work with some of them but we can't reach them all. Some are too far gone to be rehabilitated; so we let them go back to the Allsoul. However, some can be worked with. And there are people who adopt them and take care of them and give them a lot of love.

We especially like to keep those who have been abused so that when the abusers comes over, they can be worked with and they can go down and see the animal on the animal plane. That is a big program over here. We can't save them all, but we do our best. When we are able to save the animal, then we work with the abusers. We take them down to earth where

there is an animal that is suffering, and we show them what that animal is going through. Sometimes we are successful. It is partly ignorance. We do wish that schools would teach children about the care of animals, not just little hamsters or rabbits, but about the care of their dogs and cats and horses, or whatever they happen to have. Some people think animals don't have feelings, but yes, they do. And dogs and horses have very strong feelings. Horses and dogs are very evolved.

I have truly enjoyed coming and telling you about my beautiful, beautiful Rex. And some day when you come over, you will have a chance to pet my beautiful Rex as I understand that you are especially fond of lions. May this book go far and wide and help many people to understand the importance of properly caring for their animals.

Spirit Communicant Master Joseph: That was a heart-warming story. Yes, these animals do have feelings. If people would only accept that and treat them accordingly. People have not reached the point where they can treat each other very well in many, many cases. But sometimes they will treat an animal better than they treat a human. We would like to see the day when all living creatures are treated with love and respect.

Gomek, the Crocodile

Note: On the internet I learned about a very special salt water crocodile who was so tame that he would allow his keepers to come inside his enclosure to feed him. On command, Gomek would come out of his pool and eat "pre-killed" nutria (rodents) held out on long tongs. Gomek, who was 17 feet, 9 inches long, weighed over 2000 lbs. It was estimated that Gomek was between 70 and 80 years old when he died of cardiac failure on March 6, 1997. His body was stuffed and is on display at Florida's St. Augustine Alligator Farm where he was the star attraction for the last ten years of his life. As he was considered so incredibly tame, I mentioned to both my Master Teacher and to my husband, Charles, that it would be interesting to find out how Gomek is faring in spirit life, and so they went to visit him.

Spirit Communicant Charles Bostwick: I did go see the crocodile. Master Joseph called me, "Charles, come on down and we will go visit the crocodile." Yes, and they call him Gomek. Well, he isn't with the other crocodiles because he is a little more elevated. He is up on a little higher realm than the others. It is a step higher. He is really a kick. He still wants to be fed, but he is as tame as can be. Over here he is actually letting people touch him. You know, I think he probably would have let people touch him while he was on earth because he was so tame, but no one dared do it because they weren't sure.

The man who has taken over his care is named Len Sutcliff. He always liked crocodiles for some reason. He used to trap them for the alligator skin. He would market the skin. But now he realizes that no animal should be killed just to provide luxuries. So he chose to do a lot of work with animals to work off his karma. When he heard about Gomek coming over, he was really anxious to come and take care of him and work with him.

And Gomek lets Len get on his back and rub him on his snout and around his face. Gomek is well above the other crocodiles and alligators. He has his own little pool. When the keepers knew he was coming over, they prepared for him a little pool. It is not large. It is a small pool. They fixed it up really nice with pretty flowers and bushes around it. He is able to get in and out of the water and he likes to visit. He likes people to come.

Gomek still likes to be fed, so they have to pretend that there is something on the end of the stick, but they are giving him the essence of food mentally and will gradually wean him away. They are trying to get him to play by giving him balls that he can bounce off the end

of his snout. And they are trying to get him to let people actually pet him, those who are brave enough to do so. People will stand there and clap and he somehow responds to this. I really couldn't believe it. He was actually being trained by Len. It is quite amazing.

There is another crocodile over here who is also tame, but they have not put those two together yet. They don't know how they will take to each other. Gomek has been by himself for so many, many years with only human contact. He just is absolutely not aggressive. He is an interesting specimen, and he will draw crowds to observe him—those who are brave enough to come and see him.

Dini, the White Rat

Note: Houdini Pinkerton, better known as Dini, was the pet white rat of my daughter, Angelique. Because he was an escape artist, he was given the name of Houdini. And for his cute little pink ears, he acquired the name Pinkerton. During his short five years on earth, he was dearly loved and petted.

Magnolia, my little spirit guide: Little Dini was such a loved, loved little soul. After he came over here, he has been my special charge to look after. Dini is very much here on this side.

Rats like little places they can go in, a nest. So I have a little cage for Dini but I leave the door open so he can go in and out. I have made a really nice little home for him inside. It is all padded with soft, soft materials which is kind of like lamb's wool. Dini goes in and sleeps a lot, but I go down and play with him. He has a wonderful, wonderful time. We are very happy that he is still here, and he will be here when Angelique comes over.

Dini is precious. He still has that idea that he is going to get food out of my mouth, but we are very careful, and we give him only the essence of food. We let him try because he likes to do that as his special little thing. He runs up and sits on my shoulder. He likes me, and I like him. I take care of him and the cats. I go to see the cats because I also like cats very, very much. Petunia, Tuffy, Panther, Little Black Boy, Punkie Du, and the others are here.

Ranger, the Wy'east Mascot

Note: Recently in the news was mention of a dog named Ranger who had climbed Mount Hood over 50 times. Through the Mt. Hood Information Center, I learned that Jack Grauer had published a book, Mount Hood a Complete History, 2nd edition 2004. Mr. Grauer has graciously given me permission to copy his story of Ranger, taken from p.287.

“An Indian woman left a female dog at Government Camp in 1925, an Australian Shepherd mix, which soon bore a litter of pups under the porch of the Government Camp Hotel. The mother dog was later shot as a marauder in the community, but two male pups, Laddie and Ranger, became great friends of Ole Lien. He seldom climbed without them. Laddie was killed by a hit-and-run driver in 1932, but Ranger became the greatest climbing dog of Mount Hood.

“The Wy'east Climbers also became very fond of Ranger and took him up to their cabin at timberline almost every weekend. He was afraid of automobiles and trembled in fear on every ride up the hill; he preferred to walk. The Wy'east club members took him to the summit a great many times, but by the time Timberline Lodge was built in 1937-1938, he was getting old. Ole Lien took Ranger on his last climb in 1938.

“From that time on, Ranger was willing to go only as far as Blossom Cabin, where Lien spent so many weekends. By 1939, he was content to lie by the stove at Government Camp,

and the old dog died July 1, 1940, alleged to have climbed the mountain about 500 times. A report in the Oregon Journal mentioned Ranger's death. Wy'easters Jim Harlow and Ralph Calkin carried the remains of their old friend in a box to the summit of Mount Hood and placed him in a suitable grave."

Spirit Communicant Ole Lien: Good morning. This is Ole Lien. I was kind of a mountain tramp, you might say. I loved to hang around Mt. Hood, and I did kind of take Ranger under my wing. But he was everybody's friend. And as Ralph will tell you, he would go with anybody who half-way invited him to do so. He loved to go. We would just put a halter around him and lift him up with us as we went because there were so many places that he really could not climb. We usually went when the weather was pretty good. I lived there. I didn't have to make long distance plans about climbing; so I didn't feel compelled to climb regardless of the weather. Since I lived there, if the weather was inclement, then I would stay put. I would not try it. I didn't take a lot of risks of climbing in the wintertime. It was just too problematic. But Ranger was ready to go.

The little write-up that you read us was very accurate, and you might use that if you get permission, or use some of the facts in it.

Ranger just had a love for the mountain. He loved to get up on the summit and look all around. It was remarkable. He was a daredevil in his wanting to get up there. He was afraid of cars, however, because he witnessed his brother being run over and killed. Ranger was a great sport with a great personality. Everybody loved him, and we all tried to make sure he was fed. We had a little jacket for him that we would take up so that he wouldn't get too cold. In the summertime, it wasn't too bad, but high elevations are chilly. That is about all I can tell you about Ranger. I'm going to let Ralph come in here and talk about what he did.

Spirit Communicant Ralph Calkin: This is Ralph. I never thought in my wildest dreams that I would have anyone ask what happened 60 or 70 years ago when I was on earth. My friend Harlow and I were great climbers. We were real partners and usually climbed together. When Ranger wanted to go with us, we took him. He just was an incredibly enthusiastic climber. He is a strong, middle-sized mutt, but so endearing in his personality. We all loved him. I had known him for quite a few years, so it was really sad when he passed away. It was a very sad time because we had grown so close to him. So we felt, since he had such a great love to be up on that summit, that the least we could do was to put him in a box and bury him there.

You see, we had no idea about an afterlife. We thought there might be a possibility, but when you go into a cemetery and you feel that creepy kind of vibration, and you think they are just down in the ground, well, you certainly don't think that animals have any better chance of getting out of the ground than humans. So we wanted to pay our respects to this really wonderful dog. He was a great companion. He was a joy, truly a joy. So we took him to the summit, and we buried him, and we put a marker up. We said a little prayer over his grave. We said, "If God has a place for animals in his heaven, please take this one and give him a home that he truly deserves, for he gave us so much pleasure." He took us farther sometimes when we were ready to turn back.

The article says he climbed 500 times. I have no idea how many times he climbed, but I would say that he probably went up about once a week for a good many years, so 50 x 10, maybe it is. I would leave it up to the reader. He went up about once a week with somebody, usually it was with Ole, or it was with me. We would take a drinking cup for him and pack

some extra food. He would eat a lot of people food which probably wasn't so good for him, but he managed to have a good life.

Running Wolf and Raven

Note: Some years ago I did a pastel portrait of an Indian spirit guide named Running Wolf for a lady named Michele. I thought it would be interesting to invite Running Wolf to explain why he wears the head of Raven, his pet wolf, on his head. It was not an uncommon practice for Indians to mount the head or horns or feathers of a specially loved animal or bird.

Spirit Communicant Running Wolf: This is Running Wolf. Yes, I remember coming, and you did a portrait of me. You did a pretty good one. I am a young man in my 20's, and I did have that wolf that you drew on my head. He was a puppy. We had captured a wolf who was pregnant, and we kept one puppy. We had the mother wolf in the campgrounds and she was tied up until after she had her litter. She became so tame that we let her go free and she stayed around the campsite.

She had three puppies and they were all males. I had this little guy, and he was my special pet when I was about 5 or 6 years old. I loved him with all my heart. He was like a dog. He stayed in our campsite. When he died, I mounted his head so that I could wear it. I felt that he had gone to Happy Hunting Grounds just like the people. I never thought that wolf was truly dead. I knew that I would see him again. He would ride on a horse with me, or he would run beside and he stayed right with me. We were so bonded.

I had been shot, and when I came to this side my beautiful wolf was brought to me. I bring him with me frequently when I am working with Michele. She is very fond of wolves, and I think sometimes she feels his presence. I call him Raven. And so I think that is about all I can tell you. I will leave now, and I thank you very much for the opportunity to come. It is wonderful when we have a chance to guide anyone on earth.

Bill Caywood and Rags the Digger

Note: The story of "Rags the Digger" and wolf trapper, Bill Caywood was told by Steve Grooms in an article in International Wolf: "Rags was named for his shaggy coat and amazing ability to discover traps and dig them up. He seemed to be flaunting his contempt for the trappers pursuing him. Trapper Bill Caywood finally derived a way of using that quirky habit to his advantage, luring Rags into a setup that clamped two big traps on him. Rags dragged the traps painfully through heavy brush, leaving a trail that impressed Caywood with the courage of the old wolf.

"When Caywood got off his horse to confront Rags, the wolf astonished him by walking toward him. Caywood's rifle failed to fire twice. Caywood wondered if the wolf was going to attack him, then wondered if Rags might be seeking his help in getting the traps off. Rags kept limping closer. The rifle fired on the third try, and Rags died with his muzzle almost touching Caywood's boot. Stroking the pelt of the shaggy wolf he'd pursued for months, Caywood said, 'You poor, lonely old murdering devil!'"

(Steve Grooms is the author of his recently revised book, The Return of the Wolf)

Spirit Communicant Bill Caywood: This is Bill Caywood. I have had the shock of my life to know that I would be talking to someone on earth. I will try to get my voice up so that it does not strain yours. To do this kind of work you almost need a megaphone type voice, but I understand that you manage to do your job despite a delicate set of vocal chords.

Well, yes, when I was on earth, I was a trapper of animals. I did it because I was paid to do it. I worked in the state of Wisconsin and several other states, and I not only trapped wolves, but bears and other animals as well. It was felt at the time they were doing some damage to livestock and other domesticated animals. Wolves loved to get into the chicken coops. They would gang up and kill cattle also.

At the time, I thought them more of a nuisance than anything else. And I think that I did an effective job in trapping. It really didn't bother me too much that using steel traps was a cruel way of trapping. These leg or foot clamps were pretty horribly painful, I am sure. Sometimes an animal would even gnaw off part of its leg in its desperation to get free. I tried not to wait too long before returning after setting a trap to see if an animal was trapped. I suppose I cared enough not to let an animal linger too long after being snared. Or, maybe I was just afraid they would gnaw off their leg, and I still would not catch the animal.

When I came to spirit I did not realize there was an afterlife. I really didn't. But while I was still on earth, my son would say to me, "Dad, can't you use some other method than steel clamps?" because his teacher had talked to his class about how painful this was to the animal, but I kind of just shrugged it off.

After I had been on this side for awhile, a gentleman came to me, and he said that was a very cruel thing. He told me in a very kindly way. We became chummy. He took me down to earth to show me an animal who had been trapped in one of those steel jaw leg/foot hold traps and I could see how it was suffering terribly, suffering physically and emotionally. And then he took me down to the animal realms, and there I met Rags the Digger. He had been spared going back to the Allsoul, along with several other animals that I had trapped, waiting for me to meet them. But since you asked only about Rags, I will concentrate on him.

As the story by Steve Grooms related, Rags was finally outwitted by me and wound up having two traps connected to him. Rags had dragged himself with the traps into the bushes. But when I appeared, he came out limping and dragging the traps. At the time, I thought he wanted to charge me, and I tried to shoot him. My rifle misfired. I tried again. He kept coming toward me. And again, my rifle misfired. His muzzle was almost touching my boot when I fired again and killed him. I believe, in retrospect, Rags was really asking for help to be released. I do not think he would have bitten me. And I truly believe now that that rifle misfired to give me an opportunity to help this animal and I turned it down twice. My bullet did put him out of his misery, so that I could see what a wonderful animal he truly was and is. He only was trying to survive because civilization had encroached upon his territory.

I think we could have eliminated some of the population in kinder ways. Not poisoning, no, no, no. But we could have sterilized some of the population or relocated them. This would have helped.

When I saw Rags, I am certain that he remembered me. He may have realized, or he may have watched me set traps, and knew who I was. He may have watched how I put them down. He may have watched another animal being caught and was bright enough to be protective so that other animals would not meet the same fate. Whatever, I did put him out of his misery, and I think that probably redeemed me to some extent.

I am glad that he was saved because he and I have become buddies over here. He is very, very bright, very, very bright. And he understands so much of what I say to him. I am able to take him around to teach how wonderful these animals really are. I take him to see the children who are recuperating, and he is very sweet and gentle.

I take care of many animals down here as penance, so to speak, for the cruelty that I inflicted upon many animals. Perhaps someday if I return to earth it will be as a conservationist. I am learning a great deal on this side of life.

I do thank you very much for asking for me. I am happy to tell my story in the hopes that those who have read about me will know that I am truly sorry for the way that I trapped. I have asked many times for forgiveness. I know that Rags has forgiven me. And again, thank you. I feel that a load has been taken off my chest. And truly, I say to anyone who uses those cruel methods, to please be kinder and do whatever they have to do quickly. Relocate the animals by getting them in humane traps.

John Godfrey and Rachel

Note: My husband, Charles, in making one of his frequent visits to the animal realms, noticed some beautiful gray wolves. Upon inquiry, a gentleman named John Godfrey told him how he came to raise those wolves as his pets.

Spirit Communicant John Godfrey: This is John Godfrey. Your husband saw me on this side with some wolves, and he asked me about them. And I did tell him that I had come upon an injured, pregnant wolf, and I had rescued her and treated her. She would have died had I not taken her because she could not hunt and she was alone. Sometimes the pack will stay with a wounded member of the pack, but I think in this case they were very frightened because hunters were shooting in the area.

I named this wolf Rachel because she reminded me of my grandmother. Now I know that is a terrible parallel to draw, but she had markings around her eyes that made me, with some imagination, think of spectacles like my grandmother wore. And so I nursed Rachel, and Rachel was very grateful. She truly was. She let me take care of her. I fed her. She was in a cage, and she gave birth to her litter, who became pets. Rachel stayed with me and was very tame. She loved to be petted.

I grew very, very fond of the wolves. I think that they are misunderstood. They truly are wonderful, intelligent animals. And my babies were healthy and bonded so strongly with me.

When I was on earth I was not really successful in educating too many people about the wolves, but I did try. Mine are the beautiful gray wolves. I think they are just magnificent. There are different breeds, of course, that populate different areas. I am so hopeful that your animal protection associations will be successful in handling over population in a different way. It is so cruel. It is so unsportsman-like to run them down with a helicopter and shoot them. The animals come over here and they are terrified. It is not right. We are hoping that the consciousness of people will be raised to the point that they will have a different view of animals; that they will see these creatures as sparks of God with feelings. There must be change!

The wolves, especially, are very, very social. They have their hierarchy. They love, and there is a devotion to each other in the pack. Oh, my, if these so-called sportsmen only knew what they were doing. We deal with so many, many people who come to this side who have been cruel, and we try our best to educate them and to enlist them as our workers to try to impress others still on earth.

Well, I don't know what more I can tell you except to treat the wolves with respect and dignity and kindness. And so, I leave you. If you have other questions, please call on me again. I am grateful to have had this opportunity because it bothers me so much to see what is happening to the animals on earth.

Spirit Communicant Master Joseph: The wolves are beautiful animals, and they are very, very bright. I think many of them could definitely be domesticated. This may come to be some day. We are grateful that these two gentlemen (Bill Caywood and John Godfrey) have given their stories. It is always very interesting to us to see how those who have mistreated animals on earth come over to this side and make great changes in consciousness. It would be good if your book reached those who were mistreating and encouraged them to make some changes.

Everett Sickler and Minnie, the Bear

Note: I gratefully acknowledge that the following background story of Minnie was taken from Jack Grauer's Mount Hood A Complete History, 2004. The setting is Mount Hood, Oregon in the 1920's.

"In 1926 Everett Sickler purchased his own bear for Battle Axe Inn, a small, beautifully-rounded female, he named Minnie. Sickler drove to the Hood River Trout Hatchery at Dee to buy Minnie for \$50 from the manager, Max Webster. He loaded her cage aboard his Model T Ford pickup. Minnie became very rest-less in her cage that hot day and began to chew little pieces of the wood away, her head being just a few inches away from Sickler's shoulder. He calmed Minnie by stopping often at creeks and dousing her with water. The cold water made her more comfortable, and she forgot her effort to break out of the cage.

"Minnie proved to be a meticulous and gentle creature. She loved strawberry soda, taking a bottle between her paws to drain it, then setting it neatly down in a row with other empties on the ground. It was not unusual for her to drink eight or ten dozen bottles on a busy Sunday. At the end of the day she would hold her stomach and groan with the overload of carbonated beverages. Minnie was often invited to dinner with the family, where she would eat food from a fork, when Sickler proffered food to her. Her bite was so gentle that her lips barely touched the fork.

"Minnie was a lady—until the spring of 1929, when Sickler made an unfortunate mistake with her. Those were Prohibition days. One Sunday a group of tourists were gathered around the bear, when a thin-faced man sidled up to Sickler. "I wonder how she would like a little moonshine?" "I don't know," replied Sickler. "It might be fun to try it." This was a disastrous mistake that the hotelkeeper later regretted deeply. They mixed the illicit whiskey with some water and sugar and he handed it to her. The bear upended the bottle and took one sip, just as she would have done with a bottle of pop. She set down the bottle, and her breath came in grunting pants of agony, as she backed into her cage.

"Nothing could lure her out. That night Sickler came out to feed her, calling her repeatedly in the darkness. She suddenly came out and made a swipe at him; he could hear the swish of her paw close to his face as she came to the end of her chain and fell back, the only thing that saved his life. A thoughtless prank had cost him the love of this gentle animal; from that time it was unsafe for Sickler to approach Minnie. She had been tricked!

"A wildcat moving picture company from Beaverton, sponsored by Phithian and Barker Shoe Company of Portland, came through Government Camp that spring, making up their story as they went. Minnie, the star of their film, climbed through a window and stole a pie, while a frightened cameraman ground out film from a tripod set on the kitchen floor. The movie company bought Minnie for \$80 and took her to their studios in an old aircraft hangar about four blocks south of Beaverton High School. Their money came to an abrupt end, and the moving picture company was bankrupt. Minnie was left chained outside the building

without food or water, until someone complained to the humane society, and they took her to the Portland Zoo. Sickler visited her there several years later, but the bear gave no sign of recognizing him.”

Spirit Communicant Everett Sickler: This is Everett Sickler. And yes, I was very surprised to be invited to talk. Now I have come to talk, at your request, about Minnie, the Bear. Minnie was a very good natured, sweet, gentle bear. I never felt that I would ever be harmed by her. And, as you know, bears are very strong and one swipe can do a lot of damage to a human.

She was very interesting with her strawberry soda pop. She was so meticulous. She was like a Virgo. You know, their habits are so meticulous. She would line her pop cans in a row and never scattered them about.

They were all very neatly placed on the ground.

We did a terrible disservice to her by allowing tourists to buy soda pop for her and to consume so much in one day. She never turned down one. And so it was even a greater disservice—I should never, never have allowed a gentleman to talk me into giving her some Prohibition whiskey that not only made her very ill because it hurt her, but it must have burned her insides. And she never forgot it. And she never forgave me while on earth.

As the story goes, which is correct, I sold her to a film company. When they no longer could use her, they just left her chained up outside a building, I suppose hoping someone would take compassion on her. Some concerned citizens did, and she wound up in the Portland Zoo. I visited her, and she would have absolutely nothing to do with me. I had tricked her. I had hurt her when she had trusted me, and that trust she no longer had in me.

Because Minnie had been a pet, in a sense, she was still here on this side when I came over. Oh, my, was I surprised to learn that I was in another dimension. I think I expected that I would die before too long, but it still was a surprise to find myself very much alive in a body that looked pretty much like the old body on earth. And I was well cared for in a kind of hospital-like setting. But when I was strong enough, my teacher—I knew nothing about spirit teachers—a gentleman, introduced himself to me and said, “How would you like to go down and see the animals?” I said, “Well, okay. Are there any bears down there?”

And he said, “Yes, there is one named Minnie.” And I thought about Minnie and said, “Minnie turned against me because of what I had done to her.” And my teacher said, “Why don’t you come down and talk to her and see if you can get across to her that you are really sorry for what happened? She will understand a great deal that you say because animals on this side do understand a lot better than when on earth.”

And so, I went to Minnie. And Minnie looked at me, and I knew that Minnie recognized me, but she just turned and walked away. A person named Percy who had been taking care of her called Minnie back to him. Minnie liked him, and she went to him. He said, “Minnie, you have got to get over this grudge you have toward Everett. I want you to look at him and to listen to him while he talks to you and tells you how sorry he is.” And Minnie did stop. It was amazing, absolutely amazing. Minnie listened to me. And you know, as I talked to her, I began to cry because I realized what a sensitive, intelligent animal she was and how much it hurt her that I was so uncaring. I had not really meant to hurt her. It was unthinking of me to have done so, to have allowed her to gulp down that horrible whiskey. I am sure it did burn her insides and she did suffer. It was cruel really. It wasn’t a funny trick. It was no joke. And I said, “Minnie, please forgive me. I am so very, very sorry.” Minnie listened but Minnie made no movement to come nuzzle me. When I tried to get closer, she backed away. So I

said, “Well, see, it’s just hopeless.” But my teacher and Percy said, “Oh no, no, no, no. She heard you, but you have got to prove to her that you really mean it, and so it may take many visits to Minnie before she will make up with you and forgive you.”

I kept going back to visit Minnie. I went back I bet ten times before Minnie came over and gave me a bear hug. When she stood up, I didn’t know whether she was going to swipe me or whether she was going to hug me like she once did. She gave me a bear hug. That was a very, very happy time.

You know, it’s been a long, long time since that day—we don’t have days here—but I’ll call it a day, that that happened, and we became really good friends. And so from that time on, Minnie and I have spent much time together. I have taken her around to see the children. Minnie is not a huge bear, not as frightening as a giant male bear. I take her around, and she likes to give bear hugs. If somebody will just hold up their arms over their head, she will go over and give them a bear hug. It is usually with adults however.

I have taken her to where children were recuperating, shall we say, getting use to being in a different environment and learning that they no longer need to walk with crutches or sit in a wheelchair and so forth. I have had, usually little boys, to come up and want to poke Minnie in the belly if she is standing. Minnie is very sweet. She will put her arms around them. She is really a very dear, gentle creature.

I was so ashamed of myself for allowing her to have been so mistreated. That moonshine whiskey was awful stuff, awful stuff. And so that is the story of Minnie. She is a good girl. And I believe she will be in form here for a very long time. Minnie is really affectionate. And every time I go down to see her, she gives me a great big hug. She knows that I know that I did her wrong. I give her the essence of strawberry soda every time I see her. She gets fed the essence of regular food, but I give her the essence of strawberry pop.

If people only realized, if they only realized, how intelligent and wonderful these animals are, they would not harm them the way they do. I hope the day comes when people will learn to communicate with the animals so that neither will be hurt. We must stop encroaching on their territory. More land needs to be set aside for these animals to live out their lives as nature intended. I thank you for this wonderful opportunity to tell you about Minnie.

Lily, the Rhode Island Red Hen

Note: When we were young, my brother Ansel took a fancy to a Rhode Island Red hen that he loved to cuddle and protect.

Spirit Communicant Ansel Bailey: It has been a long time since anyone has talked about Lily, my Lily. Well, I loved Lily. Somehow I just took to Lily because she was the smallest hen, and she was a pretty Rhode Island Red. And I did love Lily, and I wanted to protect her when there were storms and hurricanes. I would sing to Lily and comfort her. She got so she really liked to be in my lap, and I would pet her. She knew that I loved her. Lily was never put in a pot because I would not have stood for that. Lily just died a natural death.

When I came over here, killed in the Battle of the Bulge in World War II, it was a shock for me to learn about afterlife because the church didn’t teach me anything about it. I was so happy to learn that animals do live and the fowls, especially.

Lily was brought to me as I was recuperating from the sudden transition from the battlefield to this side of life. I couldn’t believe it. There was Lily. I don’t know whether Lily remembered me or not, but she had been so well cared for during the few years of our

separation. And it wasn't that many years because I was 20 when I came over. I just couldn't believe it. There was Lily.

I do go down to see Lily. When I go down, she comes running over to see me. And she likes to be held and petted even to this day. And she has stayed in form because I still love her and visit her. It is important for those on earth to know that their animals stay in form as long as we love them, and they are waiting for us when we come over.

Mr. Parrot

Spirit Communicant Doris Gerstein: This is Doris Gerstein. Your husband asked me about my parrot because I had worked with the parrot care while he was on earth. He was in my family when I was growing up and then I took over his when my parents passed. He is very beautiful and incredibly smart. I tell him he is too smart for his breeches and he parrots it right back, "You're too smart for your breeches." Whatever you say to him, if you say it more than once, he's got it. He is something else. We just simply called him Mr. Parrot. He never really had another name, only "Mr. Parrot."

It is very difficult to teach parrots not to repeat something, so that you can ask a question and get an answer without the parrot repeating the question. I have worked very hard, and I am still working with him over here. He hears some very, very naughty things that some of the parrots say. I tell him, "No, no." He learned to roll over and play dead, climb up a little ladder, and other little tricks. He was so smart that I could put little scraps of paper down and he could come and pick out the one that I told him that I wanted. I would put some little nuts, like hazelnuts, down, and I would ask him to pick out three, two, or something like that, and to put them aside. And he learned a lot of other things.

Mr. Parrot is a very sweet boy and has always been from the time he was a little chick. He has always had loving care. He remembered my parents because they used to come to see him from spirit. He would tell me when they came. He knew their names. He was truly remarkable. He would call them Ben and Sarah. But because I called them Mama and Daddy, he often would call them Mama and Daddy although he knew their real names too. He was just great in doing these things. We got a lot of pleasure having him.

Parrots require attention, otherwise if they are used to attention and don't get it, and they are all cooped up, they get very, very upset and they will pluck their feathers and things like that. Mr. Parrot always got attention. He was so sweet and gentle. He loved music and I like classical music and he did too. I would play recordings of someone singing operettas, like Jeannette McDonald and Nelson Eddy. And I played old movies, and he learned to sing.

He liked to come and sit on our shoulders and he would just nuzzle against us. So it would have been absolutely cruel for this bird to have gone to someone who didn't continue to love him. My husband was not too fond of him, so I did more of my cuddling when my husband wasn't home. Mr. Parrot picked up some language from my husband that I did not approve of and I had a hard time with him. You know, he never used those naughty words when I was alone with him. He never did, but when my husband came home, he used them. I think he knew that my husband did not particularly care for him. He tolerated Mr. Parrot and that was about it. But I loved Mr. Parrot and I know Mr. Parrot loved us and he does now.

Because he is so bright, I can teach him tricks and he learns them very quickly. We have little shows here. They are a little different from the circus where the larger animals perform. We have what we call a fowl show. There are different kinds of birds that will come. But my parrot is really very beautiful.

I take Mr. Parrot where the children are recuperating. Sometimes there are so many of us who come in with different animals, birds, and so forth, that I just wonder when the doctors have a chance to work with the children. There is just a parade of us coming in, but it gets the kids' minds off their imagined disabilities. They no longer need crutches and wheelchairs. Their spines are perfect; they can hold their heads up, and so forth.

Well, one day I took Mr. Parrot into the children's ward. There was a little boy there whose father had snakes. This little boy liked snakes and he said, "The next time you come, bring a snake." I have never been much into snakes. All the kids in the room heard it and said, "No, we are going to leave. We will get up and walk out. I don't know what we will do, but we don't want any snakes." But the little boy said there was nothing to be scared of if you know how to handle them. And he is right, you know. But the rest of the kids didn't want any part of that. And they did ask me, "Are there any snakes over here? Can they come into where we are?" I told them yes, there are snakes here but they are way, way, way down and they couldn't possibly come up here. I said, "If little Danny wants to go see the snakes, he had better just get himself all well because he can walk and somebody can take him down to see the snakes. The sooner he realizes that he can get up and go, the sooner somebody will take him down to see the snakes." One of the doctors came over at that point and said, "Absolutely, we will take Danny down. That will be his treat and his reward for getting himself well. He is well. He just must change his thinking."

I have digressed, but Mr. Parrot is a kick. I can just nuzzle against him. If I speak really, really softly, he speaks softly back to me. I really have to watch what I say to him if I don't want it repeated. There are many beautiful birds over here, but goodness, people have either said naughty things around them, or have just taught them things thinking it was funny.

I didn't realize that birds had an afterlife. Mr. Parrot came over here shortly before I did, maybe 5 or 10 years before I did. I never thought I would see him again. When he passed, there was such an empty spot. And when I first went to see him, he said, "Hello, hello, hello, hello." He kept repeating it because I used to come in the room and I would say hello. That was his first greeting.

I certainly have enjoyed my visit. I think it is wonderful that you are bringing some hope and comfort to let people know that their birds will be here when they come over some day.

Sophie, the Potbellied Pig

Note: The following is a little article entitled, "Sophie Goes to Heaven," that I wrote for The National Spiritualist Summit, January 2003 about my grandpig, Sophie.

To his delight, rancher Ben's beloved sow gave birth to six beautiful potbellied piglets, in which he took great pride and joy. Sadly, Mr. Ben suddenly made his transition to Spirit when these precious little creatures were only about four months old. Disposition of them had to be made. By way of the slaughterhouse, two of her little ones accompanied Mama to Spirit to be with Mr. Ben. The other piglets were dispersed in different ways, with little Sophie being offered as a prize in a contest. This adorable little black and white, pink-bellied creature (a sure winner had she been entered in a pig beauty contest) went to someone unfamiliar with the needs of this sensitive little soul. In time, Sophie was shunted off to the local county petting zoo, but not before she was psychologically damaged. Her normal gentle nature had turned to one of being aggressive due to her fear of being hurt again.

The zoo attendant was at a loss as to how to handle her, that is, until along came a nice couple who had a potbellied pig at home. Being very aware of the needs of these animals,

they asked the attendant to allow them to go in and evaluate Sophie. Immediately, to the surprise of the attendant, Sophie became very calm and comforted. It seemed to be mutual love at first sight. And guess who went home with this nice couple?

From the spirit side of life, Mr. Ben visited the piglets on earth to see how they were faring. He let his interest be known, and through a trance medium, the couple were able to talk to Mr. Ben and learn Sophie's history. Mr. Ben was more than pleased that his little beauty had a special warm bed in their home, and lots of hay to sprawl in when she went outdoors to sun herself. She was pampered and spoiled rotten, receiving endless belly rubs and back scratches. Some might say she was as dearly loved as a human child.

About seven years passed with the bond growing stronger with each passing year, but something was just not right. Sophie was growing more lethargic than usual (pigs do sleep 20 hours a day). A visit was arranged for a thorough examination at the University of California School of Veterinary Medicine. There, it was revealed she had multiple tumors of the stomach. She never awakened from the emergency operation, despite the efforts of a very competent staff.

During the operation, Mr. Ben hovered over the whole procedure, so when Sophie made her transition, he was there to carry her over to Spirit. She was first taken to a veterinary hospital on the animal plane and given water therapy for about two months, equivalent to earth time, as there is no time in the Spirit World. The purpose of the water treatment was to help her become more active. She had sort of given up when on earth and her little mind set had to be changed. By putting her in water that was a little too deep for her to stand, she had to become active by swimming.

At the end of this treatment, she was given over to Mr. Ben's care. He has agreed to play the role of "grandfather" until that nice couple come over to claim her. In the meantime, Mr. Ben is learning how to bring Sophie back to visit them. He understands the importance of maintaining this contact, both for Sophie and her "parents" who were heartbroken over her loss. Their only comfort was in knowing their "baby" would be well cared for.

Although the pain of losing a loved one is there, it is very comforting to know that animals that are shown love here are kept in form there until the owner goes over. It is our love of our pet that keeps them in form. The attendants in the spirit realm provide wonderful care and arrange for earth visits so that the continuity of the relationship remains intact. As with Sophie, every tail should have a happy ending!

Note: About a year later, Mr. Ben came to one of my trance sessions to give an update on Sophie.

Spirit communicant Mr. Ben: I just wanted to come in and tell you about Sophie. She is my pride and joy. I love all my little pigs, but Sophie is the most precious one I have ever had, and maybe it is partly because she is so loved where you are. I do have Mama Sarah. Tell Bill and Angelique (author's son-in-law and daughter) I do not know whether I want to give her up. Tell them when they come over they are going to have to share with me because she is doing so well. She is so happy.

She just plays and plays and plays. She is just like a little piglet. She follows me all around. I bring her down quite frequently so that she can be in their house and she can visit Bill at the plant or the kitchen.

She sniffs Lily (their first pig). Lily sees her and does not like her. So you tell them to watch Lily when Lily is awake and they can tell when Sophie is visiting because Lily doesn't

like her one bit. (Lily was an only “child” until Sophie came along and ruled the household. Lily felt she was pushed out of the nest.)

We don’t stay too long because we don’t want to upset Lily. I am glad that I got this chance to come and tell you because Sophie is so happy, and I think when somebody on earth who loves an animal knows that they are okay and are being taken care of, it makes it easier not to have the animal with them. And so I know you will write something about animals and I will keep you posted if anything changes.

Note: Two more years have passed and Lily is now in Spirit. This is what Mr. Ben had to say about Sophie’s progress:

Spirit Communicant Mr. Ben: I am happy to come and tell you that Sophie is still my little piglet. She just follows me all around and is just as happy as a lark. She feels so good. If you can remember when Bill and Angelique first got her, she would trot along, and that is exactly what she does here. She just trots along behind me. I have tried to get her to be really nice to Lily because Lily really does not care for Sophie. I have tried and tried to make it a happier situation for Lily.

Lily just didn’t like being thrown out of the nest and she really rebelled. But Lily is doing better because I bring Lily up from the animal realms quite frequently and Mama Sara likes Lily and has been good to Lily, and so have my other two. They have been very good to Lily. But Sophie is a little rascal and I tried so hard for her to be really nice to Lily, but Sophie is kind of out for Sophie. She wants to be the queen bee, and I have disciplined her from time to time, making her stand in the corner when she is too naughty. But I do love her so very, very much. She is so dear. She really is. She is just so cute you have to overlook the rest.

Lily is much more active than she was. But she tends to stay more in the background. But as long as Sara kind of takes her in, then Lily is doing okay. I don’t like Lily to feel left out.

I bring Sophie and Lily at different times to see the pigs that Angelique and Bill have now. They don’t know what to make of it sometimes. Sophie tries to boss them too. Lily doesn’t like any part of it. She wants to see her Mama, so I find it better if I take Lily to see Angelique at the office. And I bring Sophie to Bill at work so they stay in touch. I take Sophie to see Angelique, also. She likes her Mama and her Daddy. She will rub against them. So they are doing okay. They are doing just fine.

One of my jobs here is to try to impress people on earth to take care of their farm animals. It is very sad to see that they are neglected. Horses sometimes are very neglected. People don’t want to spend the money to take care of them, so they should not keep them. It is very sad to see dogs that are not properly cared for.

We have worked hard to get people to encourage legislators to pass bills to protect these animals, especially dogs that are chained up. They are sociable animals and that is not right. So we try to get through to people who are receptive to us, and they in turn, encourage the lawmakers to make changes on a state or federal level. We are part of a group.

Since I have been attracted to Angelique and Bill and to you, I started going to school here, to several schools, so I have learned a lot about how to impress someone on earth. I don’t always get through. But I have become associated with a very dedicated group of men and women and we all work together. It is more effective if we can come together and impress someone to really follow through and get an initiative going.

I have learned a lot and I am really thankful that seeing you and having this opportunity to occasionally come through has really sparked my desire to spiritually progress. I see the value of taking the animals under my care to progress also. So, as much as I love little

Sophie, she has to be a good little girl and not be so bossy. That is not an admirable trait and I tell her that. She listens to me although she doesn't like it, but she is much, much better.

I thank you for this opportunity to come in. It is always a pleasure and I just feel that the association with good people on earth has truly helped me to want to grow over here, and to try to help as much as I can. I also go down to the animal realms when pigs come over who have been slaughtered. There are many, many, many who are slaughtered because they are raised for their meat. Because of the volume, we really can't even try to help all of them, but we do occasionally work with a few. I work especially with ones who were pets, not only with the potbellies but the big guys. They are very intelligent.

I am training Sophie to go around with me so that the children can see her and pet her. And she loves attention. She always liked attention. Since she is so spry and playful, I have taught her a few little tricks and she will perform these sometimes when she is in the mood. I have to talk to her and explain that the children really want to see these things. She understands a lot more over here. Animals understand a lot more on this side than they did when on earth. I put a pretty bow on her, like Angelique used to do, when she is going around visiting, so she looks like a "little miss." The children really adore her. So she is serving a very good purpose over here. I certainly enjoy our little excursions. She spends a lot of time with me at home, but I do take her down to the animal plane so that she will know that is where her real home is. I would like for her to be more on a welcoming committee to other pigs, but we haven't quite gotten that far. She is a little miss ego, wrapped up in herself quite a bit. But she is still my precious baby. I will share her when Angelique and Bill come over because they loved her so very, very much. I would not think of denying them, but we will have to share, and I want them to know that. I could not even imagine giving her up completely.

I am so happy that you wanted me to come and update you. I am always happy to do that. So thank you so very, very much. I think this book will be wonderful. It will give people much comfort and hope that their dear ones are being cared for. They must never stop loving their wonderful friends.

Spirit Communicant Mr. Ben: (about a year later) My precious little Sophie is actually becoming a little less self-centered, shall we say. I am trying very hard to get her to go over to newly arriving potbellied pigs that are pets to see if she can comfort them. She will go over but she hasn't quite reached the stage of being a true ambassador. She will go over and kind of sniff them. It is really funny. I talk to her and I talk to her and I tell her to be kind and sweet and make them feel welcome. "I love you and I want you to love them." There are others over here that do a much better job. And so I will say to her, "Sophie, see how Petunia is doing it. You go over with Petunia and you make friends with this newcomer." We will just keep at it, but she is still my absolutely precious little girl.

We are very grateful from this side of life that some progress is being made with laws regarding abuse of animals and the chaining of dogs. We are hoping that every state will ban the use of those chains and people will learn to treat their animals with love and respect. We are very interested in seeing that dog fighting is banned and that the penalties will be very steep. It is time that these practices are abolished. We are hoping school teachers will help educate their students regarding the proper care of both small and large animals.

Newsworthy

(in order of appearance)

[Bubba, the Grouper](#)

[Goldie, the Eagle](#)

[Bubba, the Lobster](#)

[Harriet, the Tortoise](#)

Bubba, the Grouper

Note: Bubba (c.1982-August 22, 2006) was a Queensland grouper who resided at the Shedd Aquarium in Chicago, Illinois. He is believed to be the first fish to undergo chemotherapy. He was often nicknamed “The Super Grouper.”

According to an entry in Wikipedia, “Bubba was donated to the aquarium in 1987 by an anonymous donor. At the time he was a female about ten inches long. Bubba switched gender to male (being a protogynous hermaphrodite) in the mid-1990s and eventually grew to 154 pounds while living in the aquarium’s “Wild Reef” shark exhibit. In 2001, Bubba developed an unusual growth on his forehead, which was eventually diagnosed to be malignant. The aquarium called in veterinarians to remove the growth surgically and treated Bubba with chemotherapy that year, and again in 2003 when it re-grew.

“Shedd officials stated that Bubba was popular with cancer survivors, especially children, and was a favorite of visitors. The oncology department of Hope Children’s Hospital in Oak Lawn, Illinois recognized Bubba with a tile in the ward.

”Bubba died in August, 2006, presumably due to problems with his health that were related to his old age and medical history.”

Spirit Communicant Charles Bostwick: Bubba, the fish, is in a large aquarium over here. He is with other fish and gets along just fine with them. There are a number of keepers for the aquarium. They seem to enjoy working with the fish. Many who are interested in the fish worked with biologists and zoologists on earth. They take turns. They are keeping this particular grouper alive. He is considered very special.

Goldie, the Eagle

Spirit Communicant Charles Bostwick: There is a section over here that has birds, the most beautiful birds you could possibly imagine. They are absolutely gorgeous. Many of them are from the tropical areas. And, of course, many people have had birds as pets— parrots, parakeets, cockatiels. They are all over here— many, many, many, and they are well cared for. They are free. They are not in cages. They are free to roam in this realm, but they get use to their own perch, and they come back to it. If people take them to a higher realm, they will put something on their feet so that they won’t fly around, but on their own realm they are free to fly about. There are people who take care of all of the birds on this realm.

There are eagles, parrots, exotic, and the more commonly identified wild birds. There are some truly beautiful parrots, and oh, my, they like to talk. They are so funny. And some use words that are not repeatable.

Goldie, the Eagle, who lived in the London Zoo during the 1960’s is here in the aviary section. He is with his mate, Eugenia. He is very bright. I don’t think he gets any particular attention although he is a very beautiful specimen.

Goldie caused a nationwide sensation when he escaped for 12 days in 1965 while his cage was being cleaned. His escape enthralled the British public. The saga was closely covered by the media. After passing up many lures, the sight of a dead rabbit provided the temptation he could not resist. Once again he escaped for four days before being recaptured.

Bubba, the Lobster

Note: According to the information in Wikipedia, Bubba was plucked from the waters of Nantucket, Massachusetts, in February of 2005. He weighed 23 lbs. and was one of the largest ever recorded, although larger ones have been found. “Based on the fact that lobsters generally take five to seven years to grow to a pound, Bubba may have been as much as 100 years old. The general consensus amongst the scientific community, however, is that he was probably much younger, around 30 to 40 years old.

“The fate of Bubba was disputed. . . It was ultimately decided that Bubba would be displayed at the Ripley’s Believe It or Not Museum in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina on March 2. However, bubba died the next day. While the exact cause is still unknown, Marine biologists speculate that it was the result of stress accumulated from travel, or possibly an incorrect salt mixture in the water he was being moved about in.”

Spirit Communicant Charles Bostwick: Bubba, the lobster is not as large as some over here. He is in a pool in a large aquarium. He will be kept alive. The water is absolutely perfect for his well being. He doesn’t have to worry whether it is too salty or not salty enough because his internal organs are not functioning. He is on exhibit and people do like to come and see him. Someone is there, like a docent, who will tell the story. This is true with other creatures, like the eagle. If they had especially interesting lives on earth, so to speak, there is someone there to tell a little story about them and how important it is to keep different specimens alive.

Harriet, the Tortoise

Note: According to the Wikipedia website, Harriet (c.1830-June 23, 2006) is a Galapagos tortoise who was in the Australia Zoo until she died of heart failure following a short illness on June 23, 2006. She was reportedly collected by Charles Darwin himself during a visit to the Galapagos Islands but this cannot be substantiated. Although she had been kept for many years at the Brisbane Botanic Gardens, she lived out her final years at the Australia Zoo, owned by Steve Irwin, the Crocodile Hunter.

Harriet was thought to be a male for many years and was originally named Harry. Her gender was corrected in the 1960’s by a visiting biologist. In her honor, a big 175th birthday celebration was held at the Australia Zoo on November 15, 2005.

Spirit Communicant Charles Bostwick: Harriet is being well cared for, and is on exhibit in the reptile area. She will be kept alive over here because she is so elderly and mainly for the purpose of keeping good specimens. She managed to stay alive for 175 years. Harriet is good-natured and continues to enjoy being patted on the scute, just as she liked the attention when on earth.

Those that Fly and Those that Crawl

(in order of appearance)

[Dr. Galveston on Birds](#)

[Dr. Singh K. on Reptiles](#)

[Charles & Tayde Bostwick on Snakes](#)

Dr. Galveston on Birds

Spirit Communicant Dr. Galveston: I was a veterinarian when I was on earth, and I saw small animals, but I was especially interested in aviary work. I got to know quite a bit about many different diseases and things that birds had.

Now, you know there was a man who was imprisoned at Alcatraz named Robert Stroud who did much work on diseases of birds. The movie on his life was called Birdman of

Alcatraz. He wrote books on bird diseases. I don't think prison officials recognized his work. Actually, I had gone to Spirit before this man, and I did help him with his work because I thought it was very valuable. He got to the point where he really picked up a lot of my impressions.

I had always been attracted to the beautiful color of so many of the birds, and I thought that while they did not seem to have any specific purpose in the eco system, they were beautiful as ornamentations that God had given us. He gave us something that could fly, I think so that we would realize that we, too, can be as free as a bird even though we don't have wings. I loved these little creatures, and I was pretty good at helping to get them back on their little feet, the ones that were caged. I myself kept parrots, cockatiels, parakeets and pretty little canaries.

I believe that I got into the work on earth because in a previous life I used to go out and shoot wild geese, or I would try to capture them when I put food out. I don't know that it was so terribly wrong. Anyway, I did want to help. I liked all animals in the previous life, as well. So I think I just wanted to come back and work with them again because that was where my interest lay.

Dr. Singh K. on Reptiles

Spirit Communicant Dr. Singh K.: Good morning. My name is Dr. Singh K. I am one of the people responsible for the care of the reptiles over here. We keep them on one plane and that keeps them here because of their level of development. Their vibration keeps them from going to other realms within the animal plane. Some of our snakes are contained in glass-like enclosures. They are separated somewhat, according to general species, because there are many, many varieties of snakes. Some snakes paralyze their victim when they bite, and others will cause profuse bleeding.

We have alligators and crocodiles over here. We encourage people who come down to see the reptiles to ask their questions so that we can explain to them the importance to the ecosystem on earth not to kill these creatures because they do keep down the rat and mice populations. We have many over here who are pets of people who loved them very dearly when they were on earth. And we do certainly permit them, if they like, to take creatures up to their homes on the human planes, if they would like to keep them a little while and then bring them back down.

We have a few turtles and tortoises that lived on earth for many, many, many years, that were very elderly when they came over. We have maintained them. The alligators and the crocodiles are pretty much separated. They have not really become used to us in terms of not wanting to snap, but we make sure that they are well fed so that they are mainly docile. And, of course, we have two crocodiles on the next realm. Gomek is one. Nanke is the other. We have not put them together yet.

Spirit Communicant Master Joseph: We don't have a lot of fences like you do on earth. There are natural barriers, that is, vibrational barriers that separate the different species. They seem to stay within those barriers. If they didn't, they would be all over the place.

Charles Bostwick on Snakes

Spirit Communicant Charles Bostwick: I never liked snakes but I thought it would be good if I tried to overcome that dislike. So I went down to the reptile area, and I talked with a gentleman named Oscar who always liked snakes. In fact, when he was on earth he worked

with snakes in Germany. He extracted venom from poisonous snakes. There is no venom in snakes in spirit. They cannot harm you.

So people who really and truly enjoyed snakes and find them very beautiful do come down to this area because specimens of all varieties of snakes are kept here. They do have caretakers. Oscar is one of them. He sees that they are fed the essence of rats or whatever they were used to catching.

If you can get beyond the feeling of being repulsed by a snake, you can really see the beauty of its coloring. The king snake, of course, was a very good snake and would kill rattlesnakes, and was harmless to mankind. And I did venture, believe it or not, to pick up a king snake. I wasn't too much wanting to tackle a boa constrictor or anaconda, or python. The anaconda is very massive and not to be reckoned with on earth. Some of the snakes, like the cobra, still like to raise their heads but they cannot hurt. There is nothing they can do. They cannot spit.

So that was quite an experience for me. Unless you have some very specific question, I doubt that I shall return to view the reptiles. Tayde went down with me.

I suppose I needed a little bracing. She really commented on the beauty of these snakes.

Perhaps at some point you would like to have someone come and talk to you about the ecosystem on earth as viewed from this side. I think that would be very interesting because from here someone who has expertise in that area would be knowledgeable about why certain species developed and why some have become extinct. There is a constant changing pattern, although we may not be aware of it because it is happening very slowly. But there is a constant changing pattern of growth and extinction, a pattern of adaptability by some of the creatures. Some are finding it very difficult to adapt and are becoming extinct.

Spirit Communicant Tayde Bostwick: I went down with Dad to see the snakes; so I asked some questions because there were other people there.

Did you have a pet snake when you were on earth? Several said, yes, they did and that their pet snakes were there. They bring their snakes up to their homes sometimes, but mainly they go down to see their snakes. They find that the snakes are more comfortable in their home in the reptile area, but occasionally they do bring up their pet snakes to their homes. They have to keep an eye on them so they don't wander, but they have cages to keep them in if they bring them up. They talk to the snakes. It seems to be something that some people like to do.

So the important thing to tell in your book is that if someone has truly loved their snake, that snake will be here when they come over. And that snake is not going to be eating someone's pet mouse or rat. They get fed the essence only, and not the real thing.

They do keep a representative number of the various kinds of snakes. You would be amazed at how many different varieties there are. They like to keep these so that people who are interested can come down. There is a person who is in charge of the whole thing. We talked to Oscar but there is a gentleman who used to work for a zoo or museum on earth who is very knowledgeable about the different kinds of snakes, and he knows which ones have become extinct, and he can point them out very readily.

It makes you kind of crawl when you are down there. It gives you a creepy, crawly feeling, but if you just look at them as part of God's creatures, serving a purpose on earth, they are not repulsive. They are things of beauty that are an important part of the ecosystem.

There are pet rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, squirrels. Everything you can think of is here. If they are loved, they will be here when someone comes over.

Animals Popular with Zoo Visitors

(in order of appearance)

Billy Bryan, American Black Bear
Binky & Nuka, Polar Bears
Bobo, the Gorilla
Bruno & Lindi, Lions
Clara, the Elephant
Franco & Francine, Trumpeter Swans
Frieda, Asian Elephant
G.I. Joe, Pigeon
Jughead, the Grizzly
Ling-Ling & Hsing-Hsing, Pandas
Martha, Passenger Pigeon
Mary Lou, the Chimpanzee
Massa, the Gorilla
Mira, the Elephant Seal
Monarch, the Grizzly
Natch, the Black Bear
Princess, the Tiger
Ruby, the Painting Elephant
Sam, the Chimpanzee
Willie B., the Gorilla
Zarafa, the Giraffe

Billy Bryan — Denver Zoo

Background Note: The legend of the appearance of the American black bear named Billy Bryan and the establishment of the Denver Zoo at City Park was so often repeated that for decades the facts were forgotten. The following story is pieced together from old newspaper articles furnished by the Denver Zoo.

In 1896, a small, orphaned black bear named Billy Bryan became the first resident of the Denver Zoo. He was said to have been named after the 1896 Democratic presidential candidate, William Jennings Bryan. A gift to Denver Mayor Thomas S. McMurray, a Republican, Billy became a troublesome pet.

Billy was captured near Carbondale in Pitkin County on the line of the Colorado Midland and was shipped by Wells Fargo to General Passenger Agent Bailey, who was certainly not expecting the gift of a bear. It seems the bear was shipped to Mr. Bailey in recognition of his successful hunting season. Wells Fargo telephoned Bailey to inquiry, "What in the name of Hades do you want to do with this bear?" "Wha-at?" responded the astonished Bailey. "Yes, b-e-a-r, bear!!" exclaimed the person on the telephone: "We've got a big bear consigned to you, and he's broken loose and is raising bedlam generally in the warehouse near the depot. Hurry up! Where do you want him sent?" Mr. Bailey's instructions were to "Send him up to my residence." Then in the press of business, he forgot all about it until an hour afterward when an agonized message from his wife came "to come home at once, a great bear was in the cellar, had broken all her preserves and she feared for the children's lives."

Bailey tore home in hot haste. Mrs. Bailey met him tearfully and upbraided the vexed general passenger agent for bringing the bear home. Children of all ages and sizes were gathered in silent awe around the house, led by the four Bailey juniors, proud as kings.

Mr. Bailey had much experience in hunting. So fearing nothing, he descended the cellar steps. The courtesy was not appreciated—far from it. The bear had been fasting for forty-eight hours and was in anything but a friendly and affectionate mood. With a rattle of the chain around his neck and a reverberating roar, he reared up and came vindictively toward Bailey, who, under the circumstances, practiced gymnastics in the coal bin, step ladder, and finally up the steps, leaving the door to the back yard open. The bear followed the ray of light and wobbled out while fully a thousand children and nurses yelled in one mighty chorus. Mr. Bailey had lost a new pair of pants, was covered with dust, was profane, and was nursing a badly scratched and lacerated leg.

Another attempt was made to corral the bear. But the animal ran wrapping its chain around the disabled legs of the general passenger agent in such a manner that he fell down ignominiously while Mrs. Bailey screamed and the children exulted. A basket of grapes and another of apples was given the victor allowing Mr. Bailey to retire. The fruit only added to her chagrin as it had been intended for dinner.

While the cinnamon sat on its haunches and greedily munched the fruit, there was peace. Then Billy Bryan proceeded quietly to twist himself around the pole, almost hanging himself. He was tied in an exhausted condition and left out in the night, but there was little sleep in the Bailey household. At 5 o'clock in the morning he awoke everyone in the neighborhood by again breaking loose and perching himself upon the fence.

Billy Bryan was eventually given to Mayor McMurray who boarded him with Alexander J. Graham, the keeper of City Park. One morning Graham went out to his chicken coop to pick out the turkey which had been chosen for the Christmas slaughter. He was astonished to find blood on the floor and not a bird in sight. There were only feathers and evidence of great fuss and carnage. The trail of blood led to a small opening which had evidently been forced in from the adjacent barn where Billy Bryan was housed.

Mr. Graham once fought Indians and he at once scented danger in the air, and he went out and called for his hirelings. The line of march was taken up towards the main entrance to the barn. Stealthily the door was approached. Scouts were sent in advance to put their ears to the boards to catch indications of what was happening within. They came back to report to their chief that they heard grunts, grunts of satisfaction, and Mr. Graham shuddered when he thought of his chickens. No doubt they had met with some terrible fate. Only one small pullet, perched high on a rafter, remained. The lone chicken was a very sad spectacle to contemplate. He had only half dozen feathers left. Mr. Graham sent downtown for his Christmas turkey. After Billy gobbled up his chickens, Graham built the first cages of what became the Denver Zoo. Billy's adventurous and sometimes mischievous spirit helped mold the Zoo into what it is today. (*Courtesy of Denver Zoo*)

Spirit Communicant Steven McGrath: Good Morning. My name is Steven McGrath. I am here to talk about Billy Bryan. We kept him in form when he came over as he was housed at the Denver Zoo and played an important role in the beginnings of the zoo.

Billy Bryan is a very active bear over here in his etheric body. He was pretty active when he was first captured on earth. He was labeled as being mischievous. Well, he is no longer a

baby but we have to really keep him interested in things or he will find something to do.

Billy Bryan likes the she bears, and he usually sticks with those of his own species.

When he first came over, we told him that we were so very, very happy to greet him, and that we knew he had had to make a very, very big adjustment in his early life being confined. But now he would be free to do what he wanted to; that we were his keepers and we weren't going to put him behind bars ever, ever again, but we did have to keep track of him because we were responsible for feeding him. There is a lady who works with me. She was a cousin of mine on earth and her name is Harriet. We both take care of him.

Billy Bryan is not a mean bear at all. We have worked and worked with him and we have brought out a very sweet disposition. He will come up to us and we will say, "Billy Bryan, give me a bear hug." And he will hug us. Sometimes he will do it without our asking. I believe he really likes us, and we certainly do love him.

We have taught him to do some tricks because he is not a large bear as compared to the Grizzlies. We teach him to roll on a great, big ball. He likes to go swimming occasionally, but we have no fish in the pond. He will give a bear hug to visitors sometimes, if they ask. If they will hold out their arms and go up to him, he will give a bear hug. He is very gentle.

Because he was famous at the Denver Zoo, we kept him in form and we have watched over the years how he has changed to being so very gentle and sweet. He is doing very well here. We plan to keep him in form.

Binkey and Nuka, Polar Bears — Alaska Zoo, Anchorage, Alaska

Note: The following background information is from Wikipedia:

Binky was a polar bear who lived at the Alaska Zoo and was famous for mauling tourists. He was found orphaned on the coast of the Beaufort Sea in 1974, and went to the Alaska Zoo the next year. His cage-mate, Nuka, was also an orphan from the Beaufort Sea area. In July 1994, Kathryn Warburton, an Australian tourist, climbed over the second of two safety rails to get a close-up photograph of Binky. She thought he was asleep, but he surprised her when he sprang up. She was bitten as he stuck his head through the bars and grabbed her. She suffered a broken leg and bite wounds. Another tourist caught the event on tape. Binky kept the woman's shoe for three days before it could be retrieved by zoo officials, and the day after the attack, a news photographer took the iconic image of Binky with a shoe in his mouth that was printed in almost every press account of the incident.

The next event, six weeks later, involved local teens who apparently hoped to swim in Binky's pool. One, a 19 year old, was hospitalized with leg lacerations after he got too close to the polar bear's cage and was mauled.

After these attacks, Binky became a hero in Anchorage. Merchandise, including t-shirts, mugs, and bumper stickers, which were often adorned with the iconic shoe photo or with the slogan "Send another tourist, this one got away" were popular. Local letters to the editor supported Binky during both incidents, most often arguing that polar bears' dangerousness should be respected. The Zoo's director, Sammye Seawell, criticized Warburton's actions in the Anchorage Daily News, saying "she violated the rules and jeopardized the bear's life." Though Seawell initially insisted that the attack would not change how the zoo is run, security around Binky's cage was upgraded to keep zoo visitors out.

Binky and cage-mate, Nuka, died within days of each other in 1995 of old age and /or possibly fungal/bacterial infection from food thrown into the cage by tourists.

Spirit Communicant Sol Galesworthy: This is Sol Galesworthy. Can you imagine naming me Solomon Galesworthy? But that is my name and I have had it for a long, long time. My mother thought that if she gave me the name of King Solomon, I would be a very wise child and would grow up to be a very wise man. Well, I was wise enough, I suppose, to take an interest in the polar bears.

Polar bears live in a very rugged environment. We, on the spirit side of life are very concerned with your global warming and whether the polar bears will survive in their own environment. I suppose because it is so rough, these animals are very difficult to tame. I don't know of any circus act that has ever had polar bears. Now, I may be mistaken, but I don't believe so. Their instinct to survive is very, very strong and anything that poses a threat will trigger their lashing out.

Binky, as your little article reads, was thought to be asleep by a young lady who climbed down near his cage wanting to take a close up picture of him. Binky immediately sprang up and grabbed her leg. You see, polar bears are so on guard that they are edgy. I can understand that Binky would have reached out to protect himself. It was an automatic reaction. They are so alert even when they appear to be sleeping.

I had been taking care of another polar bear when Binky and Nuka arrived over here, so I took over the care of them. Someone who had been helping me with the other animals then took full charge of that one.

The two polar bears arrived within days of each other. Both were very mean animals. Binky tried to attack me, but he found that he could not hurt me, and I wasn't afraid of him. He knocked me down and he wanted to chew on me but he couldn't hurt me. I got up and he was on his two legs and he wanted to let me know he wanted me out of his way. And I just screamed at him, "No! No! No! You are going to be a good boy!" You know, he didn't know what to make of all of this, that I was not backing away. I was not running from him. I was commanding him to get down on his all fours and behave himself. He got down and turned away from me and started walking away. And I called to him, "Binky, come back here!" He knew his name because they called him that at the zoo. He turned around and stopped. I walked over close to him and put my arm around his neck and drew that massive head toward my body and I rubbed him behind his ear. And I talked to him. And I talked to him. And I talked to him. Then I left him.

I came back again the next day, though we don't have days here like on earth, and it was quite amazing. He didn't try to attack me. He just stood there on his fours. I said, "Binky, I'm coming to pet you." And I did the same thing with him again. I drew his head close to my body and just rubbed him behind his ears and on his face. He never had anyone do this, of course. It took a long time before he really relaxed. He was tense wondering what on earth was going on. Well, we weren't on earth. That is why it could go on.

Binky and Nuka have been my good friends. Binky came very shortly after Nuka. It was believed that someone had thrown some spoiled food and caused the death of these animals, but actually it was mainly age. By the time Binky came I had made some inroads with Nuka, and Nuka was able to convey to Binky that I was okay, that I wasn't going to hurt them. They were very mean animals at first, but now they are wonderful boys.

I take very good care of them. I fed them the essence of their food, which is fish, and we have become real pals. I go down to see them all the time. They are on the fourth realm of the Second or Animal Plane. There are many bears there. I had to work a long time for Nuka and Binky to actually become gentle. They were rough with me, but because I didn't react

other than to tell them, “No! No! No!,” I was accepted. Now they will permit people to pet them. They are beautiful. They are beautiful. We don’t have too many polar bears here, but we have a few, and we have a pool for them. I bring them up to my home and they play with people.

It shows what can be brought out in any animal under the right circumstances of love, care and training. As far as learning tricks, they do a lot of jumping around. They are big. I have a place here where there is a high gate and they try to jump that. They do it frequently. I would say that I have them three-fourths of the time every day. I am very, very happy with them.

They eat by essence like we do. I make sure there is plenty of the essence of the food they would have eaten if they were still on earth. The thought goes to their mind and they feel full. We live by essence over here. Let’s say if they wanted fish, I would make sure that that type of essence was there for them. I bring the essence in. I go into the ethers and pick up the essence of whatever they want. If it is fish, I make sure the essence gets to them. And they can do this for themselves too. If I feel they are not getting enough essence, I make sure there is more there.

Let’s say there is an animal over here that just laid down all the time and didn’t want to eat. You either take them where they can get the essence or you make sure the essence comes to them.

Bobo, the Gorilla — Woodland Park Zoo, Seattle

Note: Bobo the gorilla was born in French Equatorial Africa, but was abandoned by his mother. Discovered by a hunter, he was brought to America. In 1951, Bill Lowman purchased Bobo. In 1953 Bobo was sold to the Woodland Park Zoo in Seattle, WA for \$5500. He was the zoo’s first gorilla and, according to the zoo, probably its most-celebrated ever animal.

Spirit Communicant Jean Lowman: Good morning. Yes, I was aware that you probably wanted someone to come and talk about Bobo. I have been aware for some time and I wasn’t sure whether I would have the opportunity or not. And I am so very, very glad that I have been invited.

Well, as you know, my son Bill was a commercial fisherman, and somehow he was present when this little baby gorilla who was homeless had arrived in this country. Bill wanted to raise him. And I don’t think anybody in their right mind would have taken on such a pet. He didn’t stop to think that it would grow up. Anyway, we took Bobo into our home because Bill was living with us. We thought we could raise him like a human child.

At first, it was just fine. We cuddled him, cared for him, played with him, and just loved him to death. But then he started growing, and while he didn’t mean to be destructive, he simply was. He broke dishes and other things. He didn’t really intend to. This was just not natural for him to be living in a home like a human being. After he was about two years old, we did have to take him to a zoo which was not too far from our home. We continued to visit him. I, especially, was very attached to Bobo.

Bobo just didn’t like other gorillas. The zoo keepers tried to mate him and he would have nothing to do with the little soul. She was all ready for him, but he would just knock her out of the way. I’m sure that he was miserable in all those years that he was confined because he had had the love and care in a very intimate environment in our home. He was an orphan and I could understand that he needed to be taken care of. But he should have been taken to a zoo in the very beginning and socialized with other animals. Maybe then he would not have been

such a loner. He did enjoy trying to frighten the kids when he would come up against the glass at the zoo. He apparently thought that was great sport.

Bobo is a very intelligent animal, and truly these animals should not be confined. But we had reached a point where we had no choice. I don't know that he would ever have been dangerous had he grown up in our home, he just didn't belong in a house. We could have kept him in a large enclosure around the house, but we didn't have that.

Well, when I came to this side, I was very, very surprised. Life over here is so real. We look just a little bit different because our bodies are made of energy. We don't have the same kind of flesh, but it looks like the flesh on earth. It looks very much like it, but it is a little different. And we don't have any physical problems here because our organs don't really work. They don't need to work. This is a totally different environment.

I didn't expect that I would ever see Bobo again after he passed. When I arrived over here, the spirit guides told me, after I had a short rest, that I could go down where animals are kept. And I said, "For goodness sakes, what kind of animals do they keep?" And I was told, "You just wait and see. We have all kinds of animals. We have snakes that are pets." I said, "Well, I have never been interested in snakes. I don't want to go down there to see snakes." You know, I didn't realize that animals lived. And even when they told me there were animals, it didn't occur to me at first that they were animals that we had had on earth. I just thought they raised their own animals.

So we went down, and they took me especially to Bobo. And Bobo was so happy to see me. He came over and he gave me a great, great hug. He is strong. He weighed about 600 pounds when he was on earth, and he could crush a human at that time. But he couldn't hurt me over here, and he just hugged me and he was so happy. He talked in his own way. He was just kind of saying to me, now everything is going to be all right because Mama is here. You know, it made me feel good. He was taken care of by a very nice gentleman, but it wasn't the same as having his Mama. This gentleman said that he now sees a big difference in Bobo since I have come. Bobo has opened up and is much more responsive. I am glad that I am the person that Bobo likes. He does remember the other members of the family, but he was especially close to me. He was my baby for a long time until he got to be a huge creature.

There are times when I actually bring him up to our home on a higher plane, and he stays awhile with us. We just enjoy his company. He is very, very good with us. He is very, very intelligent. We can talk to him and it seems like he is listening to us and enjoying what we have to say to him. He is a wonderful, wonderful animal. It makes me sad to think that he spent many years being lonely. He was exhibited and people came around him, but it wasn't the same as being hugged and petted and put to bed. I truly loved him when he was on earth and I love him now. He is doing great. He never really learned any tricks, but I think all I can say, as far as your book is concerned, is that when we love animals, they will stay in form. They will not go back to the Allsoul. They will be right here waiting for us. Truly, I hope your book does very, very well because it is important that people understanding that they don't lose their animals if they love them. It is just a temporary separation.

Bruno & Lindi, Lions — Houston Zoo

Note: On October 31, 1988 Franklin County sheriff's deputies and federal authorities conducted a drug raid at a Kansas farm. Deputies and federal agents entered a large barn on the farm, thinking they would find the building filled with bales of marijuana. They were right, but they also found a big surprise. Actually, three big surprises. Three African lions.

In June, 1989 all three arrived at the Houston Zoo in Texas on loan from the Franklin County Sheriff's Department by way of Topeka Zoological Park. We got to know them as Bruno, Lindi, and Kili. . . . Bruno was an icon for the zoo for years. He had a habit of roaring at dawn and dusk and you could hear him all over the zoo. We are right across the street from Ben Taub Hospital, one of two general hospitals in the Harris County Hospital District. Some folks could hear him outside of the hospital. Bruno died shortly before Lindi.

. . . .An era ended at the Houston Zoo with the passing of Lindi. In the zoo pride, she was always the dominant female on exhibit. And when the training window was completed in May we all saw on exhibit what the keepers had known for some time from their off exhibit experience—Lindi was the tug of war champion. She recorded only one defeat, at the hands of Houston Chronicle columnist Ken Hoffman, in a tug of war contest one October afternoon in 2006. Well, at least in his column (Mane Bout Pits Man Versus Lion, October 5, 2006) Ken claims victory. The keepers who were there that afternoon might tell you privately that Lindi let him win.

Tug of War started in an off exhibit area as an enrichment exercise with Lindi and Celesto. Lindi was the champ. She could hold one end of the big length of rope with just one toe nail and you couldn't budge it. It was incredible. She later repeated the performance for the public when we opened the lion training window, and took the Tug of War out of the holding area and began presenting it as a demonstration of how strong lions really are.

Lindi was all lion. She wasn't a pet and the keepers never fooled themselves for a minute...to the day she passed away they firmly believed that if she had had the opportunity she would have attacked any one of them. That's just the stark fact of life when dealing with a predator species. Still, Lindi would do what the keepers asked her to do because she knew they all had her best interest at heart. So, when it came to training, she would open her mouth so they could check her teeth, stand up so they could see her belly and the pads on her front feet, things like that. And they trained her to accept injections so that if Lindi had to be sedated for a procedure it was not such a traumatic event for her. She was a beautiful lady.

(Courtesy of Brian Hill of the Houston Zoo)

Spirit Communicant Carroll Ridenau: Good morning. This is Carroll Ridenau. I have come to talk about Lindi, the lioness. Lindi is a character. She is an aggressive lion, not a mean lion. I don't think she was ever aggressive in the sense that she wanted to hurt a zoo keeper or caretaker, but aggressive in the sense that she just wanted to be the dominant female. It was her way or the highway.

I have taken over her care because I have always liked lions and this is the work that I have done over here in spirit for some years of your earth time.

I had a talk with Lindi when she first came. We find that having talks with these animals does help a great deal. They are very intelligent. I talked to Miss Lindi and explained to her that all lions were created equal and that she isn't any better than any of the other lioness over here, but that we love her the most because she is our special care. We would like for her to just take a back seat, but Lindi is right out there in front. Lindi likes to growl at the other lions. When she first came over, she took a swipe at one of the male lions to let him know she was the boss. He put her in her place in a hurry, being stronger.

She was the Tug of War champion of the Houston Zoo and she continues that over here.

Let us say that Lindi requires some behavioral training, some attitudinal healing. She is still aggressive, but we have only worked with her for a short time.

Lindi is a very self-willed lioness, but Lindi and Bruno are getting along just beautifully. I tell Lindi everyday how beautiful, how gorgeous she is. And Lindi looks at me with her big eyes. You know, when I talk to her, her eyes seem to soften. I think she understands that I do love her.

I was very self-willed when I was on earth, and I guess I am still working on that. So I understand Lindi and tell her that I was that way, too, but I am there to help her to grow spiritually and that it is better, many times, not to want to do everything your way, or to be so domineering that you miss out because other lions are not going to like you as well when you do that.

She used to boss Bruno around. They just loved each other despite it all. When Bruno came over here before Lindi arrived, he was a little lost without Lindi. I take care of Lindi mostly and there is a gentleman named Jacob who takes care of Bruno, but we work together with the animals. I do believe that Lindi missed him so much that she was ready to come too. When they met each other again, they were very happy to see each other. They rubbed heads and rubbed heads and rubbed heads. Actually, you don't see one that you don't see the other.

Lindi had gotten a little rough trying to throw her weight around when she first came. There was a male lion who put her in her place. After that, she just sticks with Bruno. They enjoy each other. And she has encouraged, in her own way, Bruno to do the Tug of War also. When Bruno does it, he puts his whole paw on it. When Lindi does it, she just puts her toe on it. That is one of their recreational games. People gather around and try so hard to pull it away from Lindi. She knows how to hold on. Bruno had it taken away from him a couple of times. So that is what is going on with them.

Bruno is very laid back. With Lindi being so assertive, Bruno is like a henpecked husband around Lindi. They are really a sweet, loving couple. They will come up to us and rub their heads against our bodies.

The zookeepers were always leery of Lindi for fear that she would attack. But I have had long talks with Lindi and I told her that I would not put up with that foolishness, that I was there to help her, and that I really loved her. And so she has been very good. She sees that Jacob and I have taken good care of her and Bruno. She is doing just fine. It is amazing that with freedom Lindi has learned better manners. Jacob would like to come in and have this experience, so I will turn it over to him.

Spirit Communicant Jacob Rubin: My name is Jacob Rubin. I have always loved lions. Bruno is a good looking lion and I am one of his keepers. You know, I went to school over here to learn how to take care of animals. It is a very interesting school because they teach us what the different needs are of the various animals. We get basic training on all of the animals, then we can specialize on how to take care of the animals that we particularly like. When there is an opening, if someone decides to go back to earth to have another life on earth, then that creates a vacancy. Or, if a person would welcome some help so that they can be involved in something part of the time. Or, maybe they want to go on and do something else full time. So there is some turnover here.

I was delighted when I knew that Bruno was coming because I had observed him when he was still at the Houston Zoo. I knew he was getting old and feeble, and I would go down and he saw me. He knew who I was. Animals see spirit people much better than most people on earth see us. Bruno knew who I was and yet he never tried to attack me. He saw me and somehow he just seemed to understand. Then when he came to this side, I was right there

with him and he recognized me. And it was a much easier transition for him. That's the way we try to do it with many of these animals that we know are going to come over.

Even when you have a pet and your spirit guides go down to visit you, they become friendly with your animals. And when your animals come to this side, they make sure that they continue to take care of those animals for you until you come. Or, if they don't take care of them themselves, they will see if they can get a relative of yours to take care of them. There is a bond that develops before the animal comes to this side. After your pet comes to this side, your spirit guides or relatives will bring them back to you to continue that bond. It really is a very wonderful system. There are some animals here that have been so neglected that truly they are beyond the point of helping to keep them in form. It is very, very sad to see the condition of some animals, but we do the best we can with as many as we can help. There are people who only want to work with very domesticated animals. I like the lions and I always felt that they were not really wild except when they were protecting their young or when they needed to kill for food. Many of us from this side of life go down while the animals are still on earth living in the wild.

There are angels that work with them to try to make sure that they are taken care of as best as possible. They try to lead them around. I was taught that elephants and horses actually receive very strongly impressions. Elephants in the wild know the right timing to go on certain routes. We help with that. It really is very wonderful to take care of these animals and to make sure that we keep species on earth. We don't want them to die out unless they are no longer needed. It is very sad to see how the populations of certain animals have just been decimated to near zero.

So, on a happy note, I love Bruno and I am glad that he has his Lindi. We are going to train them to do some different little acts besides the Tug of War. I think that eventually, with the help of some of the professional animal trainers, we may get them into a show some day—a little circus. I don't know about Lindi with her self-will, but we will see. If we do something that she likes, then she will do well.

I am so happy that I had this opportunity to come in and talk to you. If Carroll and I can ever be of help in giving you more information about these two beautiful lions, we would be very happy to do so. We understand that Ernest Hemingway is writing stories about animals and maybe someday he will write something about lions. I am sure he will get around to writing about all of the animals. He is here this morning and he is shaking his head in the affirmative.

He will get around to all of them. It is wonderful to have the stories, and it is really wonderful that people on earth will have this book and hopefully, the awareness, and I wish that I could give them proof that these animals definitely live if they are loved.

Clara, the Asian Elephant — St. Louis Zoo

Note: The Saint Louis Zoo in Missouri has said goodbye to a beloved friend. Clara, the Asian elephant, was long a favorite of zookeepers and visitors alike. She was humanely euthanized on March 14, 2007. At 54 years of age, Clara had lived a long and full life by Asian elephant standards. The average life expectancy for this species, in the wild and in zoos, is about 44 years.

Not surprisingly, Clara began to show some signs of her old age in later years. Age-related arthritis and other changes may have slowed her down, but her caretakers recall her as a vital

member of the zoo's elephant herd and made it their mission to make her golden years at the zoo comfortable and enriching.

"We will miss her greatly," said Martha Fischer, curator of ungulates and elephants. "Those who cared for Clara every day are understandably grieving, but we're comforted by the knowledge that she had a long and fulfilled life, serving as our matriarch for so many years. She was truly a grand old lady."

Fischer describes Clara as confident and strong-willed. "She definitely had a calming influence on the others in the herd. She was a leader. She settled differences. She taught the youngsters good manners."

Clara came to the Saint Louis Zoo in 1955 from Thailand, a gift from St. Louisan August A. Busch, Jr. She arrived in St. Louis when elephants weren't on the endangered species list. In fact, the endangered species list didn't even exist. Today there are only about 35,000 Asian elephants left in the wild.

For years, Clara was a part of the zoo's tradition of animal shows. As the decline of elephants in the wild became more evident, the zoo's commitment to their conservation became a priority. In 1992 as the elephant show was discontinued, the first ever elephant birth at the Saint Louis Zoo occurred. Under her watchful eye and, as the leader of the herd, Clara was the first to meet and greet the newborn calf, Raja, and helped the rest of the elephants feel comfortable around the calf.

Clara helped lead her herd in the transition to their new home in the River's Edge section in 1999. . . . "A long rich life, like Clara's, has touched so many people in so many ways—keepers, Zoo volunteers and visitors alike," adds Fischer. "I'm sure each and every one of us has cherished memories of Clara and feels privileged to have known her. Special animals like Clara are the reason we remain committed to our conservation programs here and in the wild."

In response to the request of those who wanted to share their cherished memories of this wonderful elephant, "Clara's Memory Book" was set up online. It is filled with fond comments about Clara. (*Courtesy of the Saint Louis Zoo*)

Spirit Communicant Harriet Neumeier: Good morning, this is Harriet Neumeier. I am taking care of Clara. She is a very gentle and sweet animal. She is very happy over here because she has been given so much freedom. She has been reunited with two of her companions from her first two years in Thailand. They were in her original group or family. Elephants never seem to forget the ones they have been close to. It is amazing. So Clara has had the opportunity to bond with them. We made sure that we were able to find two that had been with her. She is very comfortable with them and very pleased.

We keep her happy and busy. We didn't want her just sitting around and doing nothing so she has taken over the care of an orphan baby elephant. This is a little one that actually died just a day or two after birth. She was very tiny for an elephant.

We want people to understand that even though babies die in any animal species or human, they only die to the physical world. They do not die to the spirit world. And so this little baby came over in her elephant etheric body. And this, of course, is the body we use over here. It is a duplicate in appearance to the physical. It is just that the internal organs do not work because we don't need to eat and to have things function that way. It operates in an environment controlled by our thinking.

So Clara takes care of the baby. She just went right to the baby when we brought the little thing to her. She takes very, very good care of her. Little Alberta really keeps her busy. Clara

is just a love. She just is really a love. That is the only way that I can describe her. We absolutely love her. And she will be here for a long, long time, So anyone from the Saint Louis Zoo, I am sure, will be especially happy to know that she is here.

I thank you so very, very much for asking about her.

I looked forward to coming from the first moment that I was invited. Charles and Dr. Cranston came to visit me and asked if I would like to come and talk about her. And I said, "Oh, that would be just absolutely wonderful for people on earth to know that she is very much alive." So I thank you for this opportunity.

Franko and Francine, Trumpeter Swans — Lincoln Park Zoo

Note: Lincoln Park Zoo is located in Lincoln Park in Chicago, Illinois. The zoo was founded in 1868, when the Lincoln Park Commissioners were given the gift of a pair of trumpeter swans.

Spirit Communicant Mercy Goodenoff: This is Mercy Goodenoff. I am very happy to come and tell you about the beautiful swans that were part of the Lincoln Park Zoo. They are still here with us because we love them dearly. They are very beautiful. We didn't want these two to be lonely so we have a few others and they stay together. We like to keep representatives of all the species of wildlife.

I have been on this side for a very long time, and I have always liked swans. I had them in my home in Europe. Since I loved swans, I naturally gravitated to taking care of them when I came to spirit. Now these two have been named Franko and Francine. They were named, I believe, for the founders or board members of the Zoo.

We have a very beautiful setting for all the animals in the wildlife habitat. They are very, very beautiful so it is absolutely my pleasure to take care of them and to feed them. The swans will come to shore. They are very, very friendly. Sometimes these birds can be a little bit aggressive so we tell them, "No, no. That is not nice." I talk to them and they talk back to me in their own way. They will let me cuddle them once in a while and they seem to like that. I will pet their heads and tell them how beautiful they are, because they are very, very beautiful. They do get jealous of each other, and then I have to stop them.

I really enjoy taking care of them. There are times when little ones come to us and we will keep them so that the adult swans will have little ones to follow them along the stream. It is a very, very pretty sight. I have taught them a few tricks. They jump up on things, and then they try to knock everything down, too. Then I have to holler at them.

We do have some bad animals over here, which are not able to function the way they should. They go back to the Allsoul. But the animals I am taking care of are very good.

I want people on earth to know, especially those at Lincoln Park Zoo who may read this, that the original swans are still here with us. And they will be here as long as someone takes care of them and loves them. They are very much alive. I enjoy visitors coming and telling them the stories, especially about this pair.

They stay very close to each other. When another one comes over that we decide to keep, Franko and Francine are very good about going to them and inviting them, so to speak, to take a little swim with them.

I am very happy about that.

Artists come down to paint them because they are so pretty. We are delighted. The artists work a little differently over here than they do on earth. They can think these images onto the canvas and get a more realistic picture. I should say their thoughts go onto the canvas. And

the canvas is a little different kind of material than used on earth. The result depends on how they view the image. It is interesting to see the variations that occur. We are always delighted when artists come and do their artistic endeavors.

And so this is good that you have asked about Franko and Francine. I am going to leave now and I thank you very much for this opportunity to come and talk.

Frieda, the Asian Elephant — Cleveland Metropark Zoo

Note: In November 1940, a new Asian elephant arrived at the zoo. The Cleveland News sponsored an elephant naming contest, with the winning name “Osa” submitted by a 12-year-old boy from Cleveland Heights. However, the elephant had a name, “Frieda,” to which she had responded for many years. It’s extremely difficult to change names in the middle of an elephant’s life. A few years after the elephant had been living at the zoo, one of her ex-trainers happened to visit her, and called to her by her original name. She responded in dramatic fashion and from then on, everyone called her Frieda. Frieda, the beloved Indian elephant, died on November 27, 1956. Accounts of her age varied from 56 to 72. She was one of the older elephants in the country and succumbed to a cerebral hemorrhage.

(Courtesy of Cleveland Metroparks Zoo)

Spirit Communicant Stephanie Mahara: This is Stephanie Mahara. I have come to talk about Frieda, the Asian Elephant. She has been over here for a long time. I have been with her since her arrival. Frieda, as your little story indicates, was the subject of a publicity naming, or renaming, and it kind of backfired because elephants really don’t like their names changed. That is very true. Frieda is Frieda.

She is a very sweet and very dear animal. She is so good meeting newcomers, that is, Asian elephants. They like their own species. She will go to them and make them feel comfortable. She has been a surrogate mother to at least a half a dozen babies that arrived here without their mothers. She has taken on the responsibility, aided by several of the other cows who are not quite as old as Frieda. She stays busy taking care of others. We have not really tried to get her to do tricks, but she will give rides to the children. I think that for the time being that is probably all that we will do with her unless she shows us that she is bored.

Frieda loves these babies and she is so protective of them. When she first came to this side she didn’t understand how a baby could survive and grow without the mother’s milk. We tried so hard to explain to her that it is different over here. Babies don’t need milk over here. All they need is love and attention, and that she gives! It is really cute because she has now had six babies to care for and they follow her around. They are different sizes, of course, so they look like steps tagging behind her. The littlest one is so cute. He arrived here just a few months ago in your earth time. There are certain things that she will discipline them for, and they do mind her. She teaches them and she teaches them well.

We go for walks so that she is not just standing around. On our walks all the little babies follow. Sometimes the aunties will join us to make sure the kids stay in line. Frieda always leads. I don’t always know what she is looking for. Then she will come back to where she usually stays. Frequently, she takes the same walk each time.

When Frieda first came, she wanted to find a pool to get water. She was very determined to go get water. We knew that was what she wanted because she was digging in the ground to see if she could find some moisture. We tried to explain to her by taking her to where water was that she did not need to drink, that we would give her the essence of water. At the pool, she put her trunk into the water but found that she could not bring it up. One of her tricks

when she was on earth was to get water and then spray it, but she is unable to do that over here. We conquer her thirst by sending her the thought that she is receiving water. It was a big change for her and she did not know exactly how to take it.

She is really helping us tremendously by being so nurturing to the babies. She has been rather aggressive in wanting to take those babies under her wing. There are other elephants over here who would take a baby.

Frieda has her hands full and she seems to be very happy. She is certainly a very responsive and responsible surrogate mother.

G.I. Joe, Pigeon — Detroit Zoological Gardens

Note: “G.I.Joe is the most outstanding military pigeon in history and is credited with saving the lives of at least 1,000 British troops during World War II. The British 56th Brigade was scheduled to attack the city of Colvi Vecchia, Italy at 10 a.m., October 18, 1943. The U.S. Air Support Command was scheduled to bomb the city to soften the entrance for the British Brigade. The Germans retreated, leaving only a small rear guard, and as a result the British troops entered the city with little resistance and occupied it ahead of schedule.

“All attempts to cancel the bombings of the city, made by radio and other means of communication, had failed. G.I.Joe was released with the important message to cancel the bombing. He flew 20 miles back to the

U.S. Air Support Command base in 20 minutes, and arrived just as our planes were warming up to take off. If he had arrived a few minutes later it might have been a different story. General Mark Clark, Commanding the U.S. Fifth Army, estimated that G.I.Joe saved the lives of at least 1,000 of our British allies.

“In November 1946 G.I. Joe was shipped from Fort Monmouth, N.J., to London, England, where he was cited and awarded the Dickin Medal for gallantry by the Lord Mayor of London. G.I.Joe is the only bird or animal in the United States to receive this high award.

“G.I.Joe, a dark checker pied white flight cock, was hatched March 24, 1943, at the Pigeon Section of Algiers, Algeria, North Africa. Later he was taken to the Tunisian front, then to Bizerte, and from there to the Italian front. After World War II, G.I.Joe was housed in the Churchill Loft, the U.S. Army’s ‘Hall of Fame’ at Ft. Monmouth, N.J, along with 24 other pigeon heroes. In March of 1957, the remaining pigeon heroes were placed with different zoological gardens throughout the

U.S. G.I.Joe was placed with the Detroit Zoological Gardens where he died June 3, 1961, at the age of 18. G.I.Joe was returned, mounted, and placed in the Historical Center, Meyer Hall, at Fort Monmouth, N.J.”

(Article was written by Otto Meyer and posted on www.FBIpigeon.com)

Spirit Communicant Otto Meyer: This is Otto Meyer. Well, I see that you found my article that was put on the internet (www.FBIpigeons.com). I wanted very much to have the facts about G.I.Joe, the pigeon, known. Although he is a tiny little specimen compared to Billy Bryan, the bear, or Clara, the elephant, he played a very important role in saving lives. I think that for the younger generation it is important that they know some of these wonderful stories and how the animals participated in war service. The dogs worked carrying messages on the battlefields, etc. and the pigeons carried messages over the battlefields.

G.I.Joe is over here and he is a wonderful pigeon. I enjoyed my work during World War II because I knew that training these pigeons was very, very important. G.I.Joe is one of several

that we have kept here. We didn't want him to be lonely. So he has a lady friend and there are several others that he is close to.

I was very, very surprised when I came over to this side of life to learn that he was alive. And you know, when I was recuperating in the intensive care ward when I first came over, G.I. Joe was brought to me. He had a special little band on his leg that was kept on him even after he went to the zoo. When I saw that, I was so very, very pleased. I could not believe my eyes. I thought that I was dreaming about World War II times. Those around me said, "Otto, this is G.I. Joe and you are not dreaming." And at that point, I sat up and held him and petted him. I don't know that he remembered me, but I used to put him on my shoulder and pet him and he let me do this to him. And I still do this when I visit him, which is frequently because I am a docent.

Thank you so much for asking for me to tell this story. I do want people to know that birds do survive if they are loved.

Jughead, the Grizzly — Bronx Zoo, NY

Note: "With great sadness, we report that Jughead, our beloved 13-year-old male grizzly bear, died on Friday, March 2, 2007. Although extraordinary measures were taken to surgically remove an abscess from the bear's stomach, the abdominal strain proved too great. Necropsy findings are pending.

"Jughead was one of four bears rescued and transferred to the Bronx Zoo in 1995. When Jughead was just a cub, human encroachment on his habitat in Montana's Rocky Mountain Front caused him and his brother to come into conflict with surrounding communities. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Services turned to the Wildlife Conservation Society (WCS) to provide an alternate home for the duo, and the Bronx Zoo was happy to offer a grizzly refuge. Soon, two, young, unrelated females rescued from Montana and Wyoming's Yellowstone National Park joined Jughead and his brother Archie. Zookeepers named the girls Veronica and Betty. "Among zoo-goers, the four bears became almost as famous as their namesakes—the characters of Archie comic books—well loved for their playful antics and charisma. In 2004, Archie Comic Publications, Inc. produced a special edition dedicated to the foursome and grizzlies' plight in nature. The comic highlighted the bears' life at the zoo as well as their enrichment activities. Keepers have trained the heavyweights to respond to a variety of commands from standing on their hind paws to offering their claws for a nail trim, all useful behaviors that enable vets and keepers to examine and care for the bears with ease.

"Once found from Mexico to Alaska, grizzly bears now exist only on Federal Reserves in Montana and Wyoming, and in western Canada and Alaska. WCS North America Program conservationists work to protect grizzlies in their remaining habitat, and WCS Russia Program scientists conduct research on their close relatives, the brown bears of Kamchatka, in the Russian Far East.

"Archie, Veronica, and Betty will continue to be part of the Bronx Zoo experience at their Bear Overlook habitat."

(Courtesy of the Bronx Zoo)

Spirit Communicant Everett Lovington: Good afternoon. This is Everett Lovington. I am here to talk about Jughead. I have brought him with me. You know the story of how he got his name from the Archie Comics.

Jughead came over to this side when he was only about 13, which is young. The zoo did try very hard to take care of him, but it was his time to come over. Because he was raised in a den with three other grizzlies, we thought that he would be happy if we introduced him to other grizzlies that were about his age. And so we did.

Jughead has made a very nice adjustment. He has both a male friend and a female friend. They have really bonded together. It is good that he could find a couple of friends. They reached out to him. When he first came, I think that he was bonded more with his friends than to me, his keeper. He did allow me to come close to him and talk to him and feed him. But now we are together almost all the time. I am around him more than I am with humans. We want him to get to the point where he can be introduced to visitors as having been one of a foursome at the Bronx Zoo.

It is very hard when animals have a close relationship with another animal on earth and they are taken out of that emotional security. So it was very good that he took to the two friends here. The male is named Bugs. I don't know where he got that name. The female is named Mavis. So Jughead, Bugs, and Mavis are the trio over here. He doesn't like going around and being with the other bears, with the exception of Bugs and Mavis, and believe me, he knows which ones they are.

Now that we have the three of them that are so close to each other, and with Mavis and Bugs so close to their keepers, we will work and teach them some tricks they can do together. Actually, Mavis and Bugs are learning to stand on command. They like to run around. They are very playful despite their size. We thought that maybe we would see if they would like to go swimming because they were born near streams, so we are going to work on that. At present, I take Jughead around the water but he doesn't really like to swim, but he does love to just lie by the water and look at his reflection in the water. I walk him a lot. Around here we can go wherever we want to go.

I take him back to the Bronx Zoo to stay in touch with Archie, Veronica, and Betty to maintain that bond. Some caretakers don't take their animals back to earth too often, so they lose contact. But I do take Jughead back frequently. I went to the zoo before he came over because I knew he was coming and I wanted him to get to know me and recognize me when he came to this side. In fact, I went back to the zoo almost every day to see my bear. I wanted him to know that I would be there for him. I met him when he died and brought him over.

I take him into the intensive care units where people are adjusting to having just made their transition to this side of life. Most of the people are not consciously aware of his presence so he does not frighten them. We give them a little energy. Mainly, I don't want him to be afraid of people. So if he is around people who are in a passive state, then that makes him feel more comfortable. He understands they are going to be out and around us someday. I am getting him over his fear. I tell him, "You love them too." And he will just get very calm.

I took care of bears before Jughead came, so I knew what to expect. But Jughead is a totally different bear because he doesn't like a lot of people. He is not one to like human beings. He didn't like the crowds at the zoo coming and looking at him. He did not want to be on display. If he likes you, that is different. When he sees me, he wants to be with me. He has gotten rather possessive and doesn't like the other bears around me. We have gotten very close and he lets me hug him and rub him. Jughead is a wonderful bear. I have tried to bring the very best out in him. I am so happy I have him.

Ling - Ling & Hsing-Hsing — National Zoo

Note: Ling-Ling (1969-92) and Hsing-Hsing (1970-99) were two pandas given to the United States as gifts by the government of China following President Nixon's visit in 1972. In return, the U.S. Government sent China a pair of musk ox. The pandas symbolized a major political breakthrough in relations with China.

The pandas arrived at the National Zoo in Washington, D.C. On April 16, 1972 at a ceremony attended by First Lady, Pat Nixon. While at the zoo they attracted millions of visitors each year. The pair had five cubs, but none of them survived beyond a few days.

Ling-Ling died in 1992 from heart failure. At the time she was the longest lived giant panda in captivity outside China. Hsing-Hsing would go on to pass her record when he died in November 1999 at the age of 28 of kidney disease. Following Hsing-Hsing's death, the zoo received thousands of letters and cards from people across the country expressing their sympathy.

*(This article is licensed under the GNU Free Documentation License.
It uses material from the Wikipedia article Ling-Ling and Hsing-Hsing.)*

Spirit Communicant Raymond Schilley: Good morning. This is Raymond Schilley. I have come to talk about Ling-Ling and Hsing-Hsing. I was not a caretaker of either of these pandas when they were at the National Zoo in Washington, D.C., I met them when they came to this side. I had been taking care of a panda with the help of a wonderful Chinese gentleman. The Chinese are the experts. I am not the main caretaker of Ling-Ling and Hsing-Hsing; I simply work with another Chinese gentleman, a Mr. Wu Chow Ling. We kind of flipped coins to see who would come to talk to you. He thought that it would be easier perhaps for you if I came, so that is how we made the decision.

Pandas are wonderful animals. Some people feel that they are very passive because they are loners, the exception being the mother taking care of her young. They really are loners, especially the males. Ling-Ling and Hsing-Hsing have remained as a couple, so to speak. Ling-Ling made her transition to spirit about six or seven years before Hsing-Hsing. When Hsing-Hsing came over and they saw each other, they were immediately very happy. There had been a pretty strong bond between the two and they were very happy to see each other. Ling-Ling really perked up.

With all of these animals who are wild, it takes a great deal of time to really get them to the point where we can simply pet them or hug them and they can relax and enjoy it. Now with these two, they never really had a baby panda to survive. Pandas have always been patterns, we might say, for stuffed animals. To have a panda bear is something special. They really are very pretty animals.

I have thought a lot of bamboo and carrots and whatever they normally eat on earth in order to feed them the essence of these things. They like the carrots and love the bamboo. They like to eat often and sleep a lot, so it takes more than one person to take care of pandas because of their eating habits. Gradually, we are able to wean them somewhat. Animals don't give up their thoughts of food as easily as the humans when they come to this side of life. So it takes a lot of frequent efforts to keep them happy.

These two pandas are tame enough that we are able to take them around to visit the children. We tell the children to just look at them. They look cuddly and appear as though they are wearing mittens on their paws. We don't want any child frightened. We put a leash on them and they come along with us without too much of a problem. It is kind of hard with

pandas to know exactly what they are thinking, but the Chinese have studied them very carefully. We are able to pick up their thoughts more easily over here, and they seem to understand us better here. They were given very good care at the National Zoo.

I think that is about all I can tell you. We have tried getting them to do some tricks. This is fun time for them. We frequently have a crowd of people and we encourage them to do some tricks. Several other pandas join in and we have a nice little panda act. They roll balls and do some acrobatics. We use their natural skills. We let the adults pet them.

Martha, the Passenger Pigeon — Cincinnati Zoo

Note: The Cincinnati Zoo in Ohio was the home of Martha, the last living passenger pigeon. She had become a popular visitor attraction. On September 1, 1914, she died and her body was packed in ice and sent to the Smithsonian Institution, however, it is not currently on display. The Smithsonian Institute made the decision to permanently close the Birds of the World Hall. In a quiet corner of the Cincinnati Zoo, however, can be found the Passenger Pigeon Memorial displaying a bronze of Martha. The name “passenger” pigeon is a term coined by the early French settlers to describe their passing overhead in such phenomenal numbers.

The story of the passenger pigeon is a sad one indeed. How this bird was relentlessly hunted until it became extinct is told in the following excerpt from an article in Wikipedia.

“The passenger pigeon was a species of pigeon that was once the most common bird in North America. It is estimated that there were as many as five billion passenger pigeons in the United States at the time Europeans arrived in North America. They lived in enormous flocks, the largest of them a mile wide and 300 miles long, taking several days to pass and probably containing two billion birds.

“However, in the 19th century, as Europeans settled away from the east coast of North America, the species slowly began to decline. Between 1870 and 1890, the decline in their numbers became catastrophic. By the late 1880’s, they were rare and probably beyond the point of recovery. Martha, thought to be the world’s last passenger pigeon, died on 1 September 1914.

“ . . . The passenger pigeon was a very social bird. It lived in colonies stretching over hundreds of square miles with up to a hundred nests in a single tree. During Summer, passenger pigeons lived throughout North America east of the Rocky Mountains. In the winter, they lived in the southern U.S.

“A notable decrease of passenger pigeons started when commercial hunters began netting and shooting the birds to sell in the city markets as food, as live targets for trap shooting and even as agricultural fertilizer. They were shipped by the boxcar-load to the Eastern Cities. In New York City, in 1805, a pair of pigeons sold for two cents. Slaves and servants in the 18th and 19th century America often saw no other meat. By the 1850’s, it was noticed that the numbers of birds seemed to be decreasing, but still the slaughter continued, accelerating to an even greater level when more railroads and telegraphs, both of which allowed the species to be tracked and hunted more easily, were set up after the American Civil War. Three million pigeons were shipped by a single market hunter in the year 1878. Alcohol-soaked grain intoxicated the birds and made them easier to kill. Smoky fires were set to nesting trees to drive them from their nests. One of the last large nestings of passenger pigeons occurred at Petoskey, Michigan, in 1878. 50,000 birds per day were killed and the hunt continued for nearly five months. When the adult birds that survived the slaughter attempted second

nestings at new sites, they were located by the professional hunters and killed before they had a chance to raise any young.

“Conservationists were ineffective in stopping the slaughter. A bill was passed in the Michigan legislature making it illegal to net pigeons within two miles of a nesting area, but the law was weakly enforced. By the mid-1890’s, the passenger pigeon had almost completely disappeared. It was too late to protect them by passing laws. In 1897, a bill was introduced in the Michigan legislature asking for a ten-year closed season on passenger pigeons. This was a completely futile gesture as the birds still surviving were too few to re-establish the species.

“Other significant reasons for its extinction were deforestation (the birds relied on acorn and beech mast for breeding and shifted or occupied their breeding colonies in accordance with the food tree’s mast year cycle), and probably social factors—the birds seemed to have initiated courtship and reproduction when they were gathered in large numbers; it was noted that small groups of passenger pigeons had difficulty breeding successfully.”

Spirit Communicant Roger Peddleton: Good morning. This is Roger Peddleton. I have come to talk about Martha, the passenger pigeon. I have been on this side of life for a very long time. I was over here when the passenger pigeons were common on earth. I sadly watched their demise. It is just unconscionable that these birds were allowed to become extinct. They not only served a good purpose, but they were and are beautiful birds. It saddened me greatly. We saw what was coming from this side. We managed to save a few of them. We have ten, five males and five females. We have Martha, of course, but we didn’t just want to have one. We wanted company for her.

It is unfortunate that Martha could not have been bred, but it is an example of how those on earth who do not take care of what is there lose it. It is a spiritual law, abuse it and lose it...Use it and keep it. So if they had used some conservation sense, those wonderful birds would still be prevalent. They could have been raised in captivity for the market.

Well, we are hoping from this side of life that people will be more into conservation. The example of the carrier pigeon points out the need to really use conservation methods. We are very happy that you are doing this book because I doubt that many people living on earth today are even aware that carrier pigeons existed, or in such large numbers, actually into the billions. And look what happened! So, thank you for doing this book. We tell the story over here but it doesn’t get back to earth. It is too late for the passenger pigeons.

MaryLou, the Chimpanzee — Milwaukee County Zoo

Note: “Throughout the 1930’s, the most popular primate at the Milwaukee County Zoo was the chimpanzee, Mary Lou. She dined with precision at 4 p.m. daily, using a knife, fork and spoon. She was famous for her ability to mimic and entertain zoo crowds. While wearing a dress and hat, Mary Lou was even known to visit the downtown Gimbels store with her keeper, Ben Rubin.”

The Milwaukee County Zoo in Wisconsin very kindly dug into their archives to furnish additional information on Mary Lou. From the Bulletin of the Washington Park Zoological Society, December, 1932 we learned in an article by the curator: “Anybody who has visited the Milwaukee Zoo and made the acquaintance of the demure and affectionate Chimpanzee Mary Lou will agree with Darwin that she is one of us. If not really a direct ancestor, her tribe is really very close kin to the ‘missing link’ which is the ancestral bridge between us. Mary Lou is intellectually quite equal to a child of four or five years of age. Every day she

dines at a table almost faultlessly using the implements of civilization: a knife, fork, spoon and a cup, to convey her food of sliced oranges, bananas and milk to her mouth in a manner which would win the approval of our most exclusive boarding schools.

“Mary Lou minds her Ps and Qs as well as the average child, but she is more sensitive. Her sensitivity is so extreme that it is almost pathetic. If you speak gruffly to her or even ‘look daggers’ at her she will break down and cry because she doesn’t understand hate or deceit or treachery of any kind. No child was ever more innocent than Mary Lou. She looks upon everybody innocently and timidly, and she is usually shy and bashful with strangers.

“Mary Lou is in the ‘flapper’ stage, being now eleven years of age, and she is like all maidens, a bundle of whims and caprices. She knows her friends and looks for them every day, and has a very appealing way of welcoming those she likes by stretching out her arms very widely and saying oo—oo—oo—oo in a rising scale until her voice becomes a whoopee with a radius of half a mile. This note of joy of Mary Lou’s is the original whoopee of the jungle, and I have often heard Chimpanzees in the Jungles of the Congo whooping it up just at sunset before climbing into their nests in the treetops for the night.

“. . . Mary Lou was born some eleven years ago in the forested jungles of the West Coast of Africa. . . . Mary Lou’s mother was killed by a band of native hunters and she was captured by one of the natives. . .

The African natives’ whole interest in Chimps is in their value as an article of barter. After a few weeks under the almost stifling care of a native family, who live as a rule, in a dark, smoky hut having no definite chimney for the escape of the smoke from the fire place in the center of the dirt floor, the Chimp is adjusted to the changed conditions. If the baby Chimp survives this ordeal of smoke and solid food with the native family, it is passed on to the nearest white trader or shopkeeper or else taken down to the nearest coast port and sold to the crew or passengers of a passing steamer.

“. . . Mary Lou was received at the Milwaukee Zoo on May 27, 1927, from a New York dealer, Henry Bartels, who had recently imported her from the West Coast of Africa. She was, at the time we received her, estimated to be two and one-half years old and weighed nineteen pounds. . . . Mary Lou is presently eleven years old. Her weight on December 5th was one hundred and one pounds. Keeper, Ben Rubin, has taken care of Mary Lou throughout the time she has been with us, and he has taught her to dine like a perfect lady, and also to do many stunts for the amusement of the great hosts of children who know her well and come often. Some come almost daily to see her. Ben has taught her to ride a tricycle as well as any child and he has also made her an accomplished tightrope walker and a trapeze performer. Mary Lou is a good actor and is always glad to do her stuff whenever Ben says the word. At the present time her daily menu consists of two meals and a light lunch. Breakfast at 8 a.m. includes two eggs beaten in a glass of milk, making five to seven cupfuls. In midday she is given a small or dish of lettuce. Dinner is served to her at 4 p.m. and consists of five to six cups of milk mixed with two eggs, one orange sliced, two bananas sliced and one apple.

“. . . I have for several years been saddened by the necessity of keeping her alone. Three years ago we tried a young two months old Collie dog as a cage companion for her during the summer in her outside cage. The puppy was affectionate and playful and happy with human beings, but Mary Lou treated him as a joke and amused herself by pulling his tail and then avoiding his defensive bite by jumping away with lightning-like quickness. . . . she never developed affection for the dog.

“This summer I tried the experiment of associating Mary Lou with our male Drill (a short-tailed forest baboon whose average weight is about 33 pounds). He is a clever boxer and likes to play with his keepers. His intelligence is of a high order and so he is almost the equal mentally of Mary Lou. Mary Lou is twice the weight of Drill, but Drill has great speed and daring, and so they were quite well matched. The first day they were associated in the outside cage they were suspicious of each other and afraid of being bitten. After they sparred about an hour or so they discovered they could easily defend themselves and so they began tapping each other on the head and face with their hands like pugilists. Then they bit each other at times, but so very gently that neither one ever uttered a cry or was wounded in any way. Mary Lou discovered that her much greater bulk allowed her to shove or crowd Drill into a corner at any time, just by using her body and paying no attention to the harmless taps he was showering on her head. Every day they played in the sunshine until they were tired out. Drill, being smaller, usually got tired first, although for the first half hour of play he was much more alert than Mary Lou and made great leaps across the twenty-five foot cage. During the winter Drill lived next to Mary Lou’s cage, separated only by bars. They saw each other all day and Mary Lou was more contented by having her ‘boy friend’ close by. Occasionally they reached through the bars and held hands like real pals, which they were.” Mary Lou died on July 8, 1936 from bronchial pneumonia, aggravated by the heat.

Spirit Communicant Jill Carey: Good Morning. I am Mary Lou’s keeper. My name is Jill Carey. I just absolutely adore Mary Lou. She has been with me for a long time. She is totally precious—an absolutely precious little girl. I call her a little girl because she is as cute as a button. She is so bright and a real companion.

Yes, she did learn to eat with a fork and spoon on earth. Because she was so precious, she was given extra special care at the zoo. They adored her. She put on a little show every afternoon eating with a fork and spoon. They fixed her a little plate and this was quite an attraction. Well, she wants to do the same thing over here and so we let her. The only problem is she doesn’t have the food she had on earth. We have to give her the essence of food and we just kind of pretend that she is eating her food. We satisfy her little mind that she is full. But then she wants to go through the motions of eating. What she did on earth we don’t need to do over here. We have tried to get that across to her. But it is such a cute little thing—it is so cute. We have to imagine there is food here. We have to think it. We have finally gotten it across to her that she doesn’t have to do it too often; that the only time she needs to do it is when we have a little show of some kind, and then she can do her little act of eating.

Before she arrived over here, we knew that she was coming and were waiting for her and we made it as comfortable as possible. In the beginning we made it look like where she was sleeping at the zoo so that she wouldn’t be so disrupted in her thinking. And then we just gradually worked away from that so that she mingles with the other chimps. She has made some friends among them and they are as cute as can be. They just chatter away. We love them.

Mary Lou loves to give me a big hug and she has taken a fancy to a baby chimp who came over from the wilds. This baby was apparently shot. The hunters were trying to kill the mother but the bullet went through the baby as well. Mary Lou likes to babysit so she has taken quite an interest in the baby. The mother is very accepting of this. Mary Lou had to introduce herself and let the mother know that everything was okay on this side. Mary Lou holds the baby and is very tender and sweet with her.

I do take Mary Lou when we have a little circus. She is so bright. I have taught her a number of little tricks. She likes to use a tambourine. She is such a good little soul—just the dearest, and has the sunniest personality. She is just Miss Bubbles. We want people who used to watch her at the zoo, if they are reading this book, to know that Mary Lou is well cared for here. I am not her only caretaker. She has two others who come to her also, but I am the main one.

I am so glad that you asked about her. I think that it is wonderful that she is remembered.

Spirit Communicant Ben Rubin: This is Ben Rubin. My goodness, I was so surprised when I heard that I would be coming to speak to someone on earth about my precious little Mary Lou. I am not her keeper over here, but I do visit her frequently. She remembers me very, very well because I was like a daddy to her, in a way. And that's how we have become.

I did love her and I loved all of the animals that I cared for. They were very special so far as I was concerned. It was a job, yes, but it was a wonderful job. My wife was really very happy that I was happy with my work because she was an animal lover as well.

Now when I had Mary Lou, she was a very, very, very sensitive little girl. I could not speak sharply to her because she would get very upset. I would see little tears, and then I would give her a big hug and try to comfort her and tell her I really didn't mean to hurt her feelings in any way, and that I loved her dearly. Sometimes I think she over-reacted to get her own way. Nevertheless, we got along famously. I would dress her and put a little hat on her and we would go downtown and go into Gimbles and places like that. The idea was to bring publicity to the Milwaukee Zoo; to let people know that these animals are really very precious; they are very intelligent; and that we treat them well in the zoo and to come and see them; enjoy the animals and respect them for what they really are, especially the chimps because they are so human-like. People would just love to see Mary Lou when I took her shopping, so to speak. She would do little things. She liked to mimic people. I thought, to show how dainty she could be, that it would be nice for her to have her evening meal where people could watch her and see how she learned to use a knife and a fork and be so civilized, if that is the proper word to describe it. She got a kick out of it because people would clap and they just thought she was wonderful. I don't know what all of that did to her digestive system, but she enjoyed the attention. And as Jill has already told you, she wanted to do the same thing when she came over here. It was a little hard for her to understand at first that she didn't need food; that it was a totally different life style, but occasionally Jill does help her and she sort of pretends that she is eating the food.

She is such a sweet, dear little thing—truly, she is. She is very, very precious and I certainly enjoyed taking care of her at the zoo. She was by herself so much of the time that she needed a little extra attention. But as the story goes, she was put in with another animal from time to time to play.

When Mary Lou passed, she truly left a hole in my heart. I just had the most difficult time adjusting to the loss. I didn't realize that animals had an afterlife. But you know, in time I would catch a glimpse of her. I didn't know whether I was really seeing her or if I had missed her so much that I imagined that I had seen her. That would happen from time to time.

When I came over to this side and was recuperating, my parents and other relatives came to my bedside. I was so happy to see them. I still didn't know whether animals lived. The doctors told me, "Now, if you will just make the effort to accept that you are over here in the spirit world, that you are very much alive, you can get up and go. You don't need to be in

this bed; you are just in this bed to rest a little awhile but you can get up. The sooner you get up, the stronger you will be. And we have a wonderful surprise for you.” Well, I wondered what the wonderful surprise was. I always wondered about a rainbow and what was behind a rainbow. Where was that pot of gold? As a child, I was always told there was a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. I wondered about that. I realized that certain atmospheric conditions bring about a rainbow, but I still was curious if there was a pot of gold or something there. So I thought perhaps they were going to take me, these wonderful doctors, and my spirit guides that I knew nothing about until they introduced themselves to me, I wondered if they were going to take me on an excursion way out into the atmosphere, into the ethers. They said, “No, there is no pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Rainbows come and go. We are going to take you somewhere that you will just love to be.” And so I made the effort to get up and said, “All right, I am willing to go.” The doctor responded, “If you are willing to go, then we are going to bring you the surprise here. And you can take your surprise back.” I said, “Back? What is it and back to where?”

At that point, they brought Mary Lou to me. And, oh my, we hugged and hugged and hugged. She was just so happy to see me. She remembered me because the guides used to bring her to me on earth and she saw me, but I didn’t really see her, except those little glimpses from time to time. And then I held her hand and we went down to the animal realms. And oh, was I delighted! I had taken care of other animals as well and I got to see them. It was a thrill of thrills. It was a very, very happy meeting with all of them. I didn’t go to see them all the first time I visited the animal plane because I wasn’t all that strong, but on subsequent visits, I did visit all of them.

I do help take care of several but not on a full time basis, but I certainly see a lot of Mary Lou because she is my precious little girl. She always holds out her arms to greet me. She is doing beautifully here. With that, I shall leave. God bless you for asking about her and me.

Massa, the Gorilla — Philadelphia Zoo

Background Note: “Massa was born in the wild in West Africa. Reportedly, farmers had killed his mother when he was young. He was brought to the States by freighter in 1931 where he was ‘adopted’ by Gertrude Lintz of Brooklyn. He arrived from Africa as a sickly infant and was nursed to health by Mrs. Lintz who also restored him to health after he contracted polio. She kept him, along with another gorilla and various other animals, in cages in her basement. She was convinced he was a she and clothed him in dresses and trained him to do housework.

“At age 5, in 1935, Massa was mopping the floor when Mrs. Lintz slipped and fell on him, frightening him. He attacked her, and she needed 200 stitches. Now frightened of her “wild child,” she sold him to our zoo where he lived for another 50 years.

“Massa came to Philadelphia on Dec 30, 1935 and died on Dec 31, 1985. Since he was thought to be a female, he was introduced to our male gorilla, Bamboo, but, not surprisingly, their introduction was never successful. Both Bamboo and Massa knew Massa was a male and fought each other. For years they lived separately, side by side, in the old Monkey House. Massa delighted in throwing fruit and snowballs at visitors; he “interacted” with his fans.

“Later in his life, Massa was introduced to various young female chimpanzees and gorillas. While he was a relatively gentle companion, he was imprinted on people and preferred people to apes. Eventually he was left alone to live as an elderly bachelor, which appeared to

be his preference. Zoo staff paid a lot of attention to him to enrich his life as much as possible.

“In the mid 1980’s he successfully made the move to the Rare Animal House when the old Monkey House (where he had lived for over four decades) was torn down to make way for the World of Primates. Over the years he had a lot of dental work but was healthy overall. Eventually Massa, and all the zoo’s gorillas, were put on low-cholesterol, low-salt, low protein diets for health purposes.

“Massa died Dec 31, 1985, on his estimated 54th birthday, of a stroke caused by atherosclerosis (“hardening of the arteries”). As far as we can determine, Massa was the longest lived of all gorillas. His last day was great: he had a birthday party, and he had tons of attention and treats. He died peacefully in his sleep that night.

“After his death, various institutions studied him to learn through comparative pathology about human ailments. So even after his death, he made a contribution to science and humanity.

“The World of Primates facility at the zoo opened a little over a year after his death. Massa never saw any renovations in his housing.”

(Courtesy of Robert Sloan, Docent, Philadelphia Zoo)

Spirit Communicant Gertrude Lintz: This is Gertrude Lintz. I am just overjoyed to be here. Well, well, well, my baby Massa that I nursed was a sickly little baby. And I nursed him through polio. He just blossomed out. I really loved him so much and I thought he was a she. I dressed him in feminine clothes and I taught him to help me do housework. I thought, “My goodness, he is strong and that would certainly keep him busy and occupied.” But he put so much water on the floor when he mopped the kitchen that I slipped and fell right on top of him. His animal instincts, those protective animal instincts, just rose up. He thought I was attacking him and he didn’t stop to think that this was his Mama. He clawed me and bit me and I was a mess. It required 200 stitches to sew me up. I thought that I had better sell him, so I sold him to the Philadelphia Zoo. He was there for a very, very long time.

I went to see him several times and he did remember me. I talked to him through the bars and I think he thought I had done him a very dirty trick to lock him up, but I just couldn’t trust him after that. So for his sake, and for mine, I thought that it would be better to put him in a zoo. At the Philly Zoo they did like him a lot.

Yes, I do visit him on this side of life. We have certainly renewed our acquaintance, but I am not his full time keeper. I come down to see him occasionally because I have so many other animals that I am working with. I have a precious little chimp and I spend a lot of time with her. But I have told Massa that I love him too. So he seems to understand that I still do care about him very, very much.

When I had him when he was young, I tried to teach him to speak, but it wasn’t getting through like over here. Most of the learning has been over here in spirit. For example, when I wanted him to say “hello” I would go “el, el, el” and he would do that. Then I would add another sound to it. It has taken a long, long time but I have gotten him to talk quite a bit. He understands the words to a certain extent. He knew “hello” and “goodbye.” If I walk up to him, he will say “el-o.” If I turn to leave, he will say “goo-bye.” He would say “food” when he was hungry. I have taught him quite a bit. I had to work and work, though.

There are not too many gorillas over here. They mainly are ones that lived in zoos. The ones that are so wild usually pass back into the Allsoul. We cannot have certain animals here

if they are very wild. Some of them have tried to attack humans. There are many human spirits over here who will go down to the animal realms and play with the animals and talk with them. If you have mean, ornery animals down there, although they can't bite a human, they can frighten them. Gorillas, in general, are rather hard to teach.

I don't think I can tell you much more, except that I always loved animals and, in retrospect, I probably should not have taken in so many. But I did, and I did the best I could for them. I had sufficient income so that I could properly feed them. They were a lot of work. I was very happy when Massa found a new home.

I want people to love animals, not just little pets, but all animals. You have people on earth who don't care that their animals are properly fed or given adequate water. They tie them up outside. People should understand that those animals come over here just the same as they do. They need love when on earth and someone to love them after they get over here. Some of the animals have been given so little care, attention and love that they just lay down when they come to this side. They simply give up and go back to the Allsoul. Love keeps them in form and when there is no love, they just gradually go back to the Allsoul.

I have certainly enjoyed my little visit here this morning, and meeting Master Joseph, Dr. Cranston, and your husband. When Dr. Cranston and your husband looked me up, I said, "Yes, I certainly would like to come in and talk". So I have found out about Master Joseph's school. I am going to leave now and let Massa's keeper come in and tell you about Massa.

Spirit Communicant Ben Watkins: Good morning. My name is Ben Watkins. I have always liked gorillas. I knew that Massa would be coming over, and I asked if I could take care of him. There are two other keepers; so the three of us work with him.

When he first came over, he was a bit puzzled, of course, because his surroundings were different. He was no longer caged in. He was free. We told him that he would never be caged again as long as he lived on this side of life. He is an unusually intelligent animal. He was used to being by himself, although other animals were close by. So it was a little hard for him to get used to being around other animals, but he has adjusted. We have introduced him to a lady gorilla named Sarah. She kind of took a fancy to Massa when he first came. He didn't want to have much to do with her in the beginning, but they have become quite chummy with each other. He looks forward to their visits. They spend a lot of time together and then Sarah goes back to where she usually stays or Massa to his little niche.

Now we want to keep our animals mentally alert. Gorillas have never done a lot of circus-type acts, but we have all kinds of what you would call gym equipment. We have built climbing bars and swings for them. We have a nice pool. Gorillas and baboons are not much for swimming but we have a pool so they can see their reflections in the water.

Massa has an ability to really read one's mind, I do believe. He seems very perceptive and we encourage this. We are trying to teach him some language skills because gorillas are very intelligent, and Massa especially so. We will give him the names of certain objects and then we will come back, maybe a day or two later the equivalent of earth time, and we say, "Massa, show me the red ball," or "Massa, pick up the block that has a certain animal carved on it, show me the kitten, the chimp, or the dog, or whatever." So we try to keep him interested that way.

On occasion he has joined in with some of the other male gorillas who have been in zoos. They puff themselves up to see which one is the most important. It is really quite funny at times.

Massa likes to eat and, of course, we feed him the essence of food. He really has a nice personality. He has a nice disposition. He is not mean, but when he grew to be quite large, the zookeepers were reluctant to go in with him.

So I will leave you with that. We want to make sure that everyone who attended the Philadelphia Zoo when Massa was there, and all the keepers and staff, know that he is very, very much alive and that he enjoys visitors. We have docents who tell stories about the animals, so anyone who visited the Philadelphia will know that this is Massa. I leave you now, and thank you very much.

Mira, the Elephant Seal — Oregon Zoo

Note: Mira was taken to Oregon Zoo in 2002. She was believed to be six-months-old at the time that she was found stranded on the Northern California coast. Mira probably had just been weaned from her mother. She was taken to the North Coast Marine Mammal Center in Crescent City, California, where an examination revealed that her retinas were underdeveloped, and it was determined that she could not be returned to the wild. According to Chris Pfefferkorn, zoological curator at the Oregon Zoo, Mira was facing euthanasia, and finding a home in a zoological facility was her only alternative.

“We talked about it, did some research, and after visiting the animal, decided she would make a great addition to the zoo,” said Pfefferkorn.

Mira lived in the zoo’s Steller Cove exhibit with two of Steller’s sea lion companions, Julius and Gus.

Before Mira arrived at the zoo, due to the seals’ blindness, keepers knew they would need to adjust their regular feeding and training practices, and think acoustically rather than visually. They accomplished this by touching her back and flippers during training sessions, as well as hand feeding her directly. When she was not hand fed, Mira looked for her meal in the water after hearing a whistle. Keepers tossed fish and squid near her facial whiskers so she could easily locate them. In the beginning, however, noise-making beads were added to the target-training pole and food was placed in Mira’s mouth, rather than tossed toward her.

Mira learned to ‘seat,’ meaning pull herself out of her pool and onto the deck, and to ‘move-up,’ to which she followed the sound of a rattle up higher on the deck.

Jo Ellen Marshall and other marine life keepers were responsible for finding an appropriate name for their new young charge. “The scientific name of the elephant seal is *Mirounga angustirostris*,” explained Marshall. “We got creative and came up with Mira.” Ironically, keepers later learned that Mira in Spanish means, “look”—and she couldn’t.

Keepers said that even though she was blind, she knew exhibit and holding areas very well, better than many other animals. She didn’t let blindness slow her down. Mira was being treated for an eye condition, but her death in July 2005 was unexpected.

(Information was obtained from media releases with per- mission of Oregon Zoo)

Spirit Communicant Julie Andrews: I am Mira’s keeper. My name is Julie Andrews, no relation to the famous actress, Julie Andrews, but that happens to be my name. And yes, it is a pleasure to come and tell you about Mira.

It is amazing that Mira survived the first six months of her life before she got to the Zoo. The Oregon Zoo did take wonderful care of her. They truly did. They would feed her by hand; they would put beads on the end of a stick so that she could respond to the sound. Her ears were very keen and she picked up well. Sometimes, as with humans, if you lose one

sense, another will develop very strongly. And Mira did know her way around that pool which she shared with Julius and Gus. She became very, very aware of its perimeters.

When Mira came over here, I knew she was coming although it was unexpected for the zookeepers on earth. It was known to us that she was coming. I was one of the ones who went down and carried her over here. We put her right into a pool. She did not know immediately that she could see, so we had to work with her a little bit. I would rub her eyes and I talked to her and talked to her. It is amazing but we do get through to all of the animals—to the wildlife, sea life, domesticated ones—more easily than when they were on earth. This is because they don't have that physical shell or overcoat, so to speak, to block what is coming to them. Animals, just like humans, have an etheric or spiritual body, so when they slip out of that physical body at transition, they can receive more clearly. The communication is just so much better.

So I rubbed Mira's eyes and I would tell her she could see; that she didn't have a film over them. I know the zoo planned to do some surgery on the retina when she was on earth, but she didn't need any surgery here. The eyes of her etheric body are absolutely perfect, so I told her that all she needed to do was to believe that she could see. And it didn't take very long, probably a matter of several days in earth terms. We don't have time over here. When she opened her eyes there were several of us standing around her. It was so interesting that she could see. She was not in the pool at the time. She looked all around. It appeared to be such a surprise to her that she could see. At first I'm sure her vision was a little cloudy, but then it got clearer and clearer and clearer. She could see! It was wonderful.

Then, of course, we took her back to see those who had helped her at Oregon Zoo and we let her get into that pool so that she could feel the familiar vibrations. It was wonderful that she could now see. She seemed so happy. Gus and Julius recognized her and she knew they were the two with her before. It was a very happy reunion. We take her down frequently because some day Gus and Julius will be coming over here and we are going to keep them together. And some day when her zookeepers come over, we want her to be here for them.

The point that we want to make is that Mira is very, very, very healthy. She can see and she is a very, very happy camper. She likes to get close to us and rub against us. Because the zookeepers related to her through hearing and touch, she still likes to be rubbed. It works a little differently here. The thought of being rubbed and how it feels is a memory that she has carried over, and so when we rub her body, she loves it. It makes her feel very warm and cozy. It gives her that feeling of protection.

We are so pleased to have her and to let people know that blindness is only a condition that one suffers on earth. I understand that wonderful progress on stem cells will help to cure some forms of blindness. We are grateful that you did the *What Goes on Beyond the Pearly Gates?* book because it describes how people are healed of conditions they carry over to spirit. And we are grateful that you are doing this book to show how we work with the animals, how we bring the very best out of them.

Mira is very sweet and because she has had to depend on people on earth to care for her, she is especially endearing, and we love her dearly. It is such a pleasure to take care of her and to help her become an independent little soul. I thank you for wanting to include this particular story.

Monarch, the Grizzly — San Francisco Zoo

Note: In 1889, Allan Kelly, a reporter for the San Francisco Examiner, was summoned to the office of William Randolph Hearst where he was asked the question, “Do you think you could get me a California grizzly bear?” Kelly replied, “I think I could get a bear if I tried. Do you want him dead or alive?” The reply: “Alive.”

Kelly left immediately for Southern California and went to the Ojai Valley in Ventura County near Santa Paula. He secured the services of a guide, three other men, a pack mule, and suitable horses. For six months the five men camped in the mountains, setting traps and cages built of logs and baited with quarters of beef.

Finally their efforts were rewarded and one of the traps held a huge grizzly. They waited two days for the bear to calm down and then fashioned a noose from chain and put it through the logs. When the bear stepped into the noose, four men hauled away, but with one whip of his paw, the bear jerked the chain from the men and snarled. Next another noose was fashioned and dropped through the top of the cage. When the bear stepped in it, the chain was jerked up to its shoulders and after several hours of struggle, it was secured to the cage. Then the other legs were snared and finally the bear was spread-eagled on the ground. Finally he was offered a stick which he grabbed in his jaws and a rope was passed several times around the stick and jaws. Fashioning a skid, it took four days to pull the bear down to a road. There, another cage was constructed and the now-caged bear was placed on a wagon and transported to the railway in Ventura where he was placed in a boxcar and shipped to San Francisco.

A jubilant Hearst called the park and said, “I have a grizzly bear for your menagerie.” Park staff replied, “We don’t want him.” So Monarch, as the bear was named, was taken to Woodward’s Gardens to be placed on display. When the Midwinter Fair came to San Francisco in 1894, Monarch was at last brought to Golden Gate Park and lowered into a huge concrete pit prepared for him.

After the Fair, an iron cage was built for Monarch at the top of the hill between what is now the Aids Grove and handball courts. The bars were bent in at the top to keep the bear from climbing out and Monarch seemed satisfied with the situation until someone donated an Alaskan moose to the Park. Monarch immediately developed a fondness for moose meat and attendants had to use iron bars to keep him from climbing out. He was placed in a smaller cage until the first cage could be reinforced.

After a few years, Monarch showed signs of loneliness and it was feared he might die. Again Hearst stepped in and purchased a female silver tip grizzly from Idaho. When the female arrived in 1903, Monarch immediately showed his interest. The female was placed in an adjoining cage and Monarch plowed the ground until he had dug a trench big enough for two bears his size but without attracting any attention from the female. He proceeded to lie down in the hole and gaze longingly through the bars. The female was in no mood for his antics and even vented her displeasure on a photographer who was trying to conduct an interview. The next day, the two bears were put in the same cage and they romped and played together for over an hour, but finally the female decided Monarch was getting too familiar and she reared up on her hind legs and boxed his ears. Animal courtship being what it is, Monarch finally established a relationship and his descendants can be found at the zoo.

Upon his death in 1911, Monarch was stuffed and now stands in the California Academy of Science not far from where he was caged. The Bear Cage remained in the park until the late 1920’s when an adventurous boy climbed the fence and was attacked by a bear and

blinded. The city paid \$6,000 to the child and today the bear cage is just a memory. Monarch was named for the San Francisco Examiner, "The Monarch of the Dailies." His stuffed remains served as the model for the bear on the California state flag.

*(This article appeared on the internet as "Monarch the Grizzly."
There was no copyright or authorship noted.)*

Spirit Communicant Steven Crawford: Good morning or good afternoon, whichever it is. I don't have much contact with the earth plane to really know what time of day or night it is.

My name is Steven Crawford. I have been in spirit for a very long time. I would say about one hundred years by your time. I have always been interested in the grizzlies and in all bears. I lived in the western part of the United States. I was not a trapper but I did occasionally go out with a gentleman to help him with the bears that needed to be relocated; or, sometimes there would be a request to get one for a zoo. I hated to see these wonderful creatures put behind bars because it is no life for them at all. The theory of some of these zoos is to educate people that these creatures exist and to allow them to exist. But I don't think it registers in the minds of many visitors to a zoo to let animals live freely.

Now, you know the story of Monarch. He was captured and it took many months to capture him. He was brought to San Francisco at the request of Randolph Hearst who ran the newspaper, and that is how Monarch got his name. Monarch was not a happy camper, as your expression goes, in captivity. He adjusted somewhat better as time went on, but he did not have as much freedom as a bear who resides in that zoo at this particular time.

When he finally came to this side—and I am telling you the story from what has been passed on to me—he had mixed feelings, as it was put, whether he wanted to have anything to do with humans or not, because he felt they did not do him right by confining him for all those years. And so Monarch was a handful when he arrived. But it didn't take him long to appreciate the freedom that he was given.

There was another tame bear over here at the time, a bear who had been raised from a cub, who was very gentle and sweet. Her name is Maggie. She was brought to Monarch and she calmed him down. She did. She went up to him and got very close to him. It was thought she was going to give him a bear hug. She did...kind of. He thought this was pretty wonderful to be treated this way. And he calmed down. Now he and Maggie are great friends. We love them both dearly. So Monarch very definitely is here and has become very friendly.

I took over the care of Monarch from the original caretaker who told me a great deal about him. Monarch was very fond of this man. It was difficult for Monarch because he missed his friend, Josiah.

We have taught Monarch to do some tricks with Maggie and they are quite a team. We work hard to keep them in form by giving them much love and attention. We tell them how great they are and that they are very, very special. We sometimes put a red kerchief around Monarch's neck.

Natch, the Black Bear — Memphis Zoo

Note: Natch, the black bear was so named because he came from Natchez, Mississippi. He was the retired mascot for the Memphis Turtles' baseball team. When he was left chained to a tree in Overton Park, Colonel Robert Galloway rallied civic support for the bear, and that was the beginning of the Memphis Zoo in 1906.

(Courtesy of Memphis Zoo)

Spirit Communicant Raymond Broward: This is Raymond Broward. I have come to talk about Natch. Well, the poor little soul, as you know, was left pathetically chained in Overton Park in Memphis, and we, from spirit, were very concerned about the situation. We impressed the Colonel, who was a very compassionate man, to do something about the care of this animal.

In spirit, we have never been ones to particularly care about zoos because it is not a good life for animals yet they do serve a very good purpose. As the years go by, greater and greater effort is made to give the animals better settings. Well, at the Memphis Zoo, they truly do love the animals under their care and have taken great pride in developing a fine zoo.

When Natch was ready to come over, we were ready to receive him. I especially liked bears so I asked that I be his main keeper. He and I have been together for a long time, a very long time in terms of your earth years. There are two others who help me from time to time. Natch was not used to having someone cuddle him. When he was the mascot for the Turtles, he had human contact. But when he got to the zoo, things changed.

When he came over here, Natch settled in very nicely. We gave him a lot of attention. I spent a great deal of time talking to him, explaining that he had a new home, one where he could have freedom. I didn't want him to go too far and get lost, but he could play with other bears. He has made friends. There is a female to whom he has taken a liking. Her name is Hilda. They have a great time playing. Although he left when he was much older than Hilda, over here they become energetic and more youthful again. And so he has a great time, but he comes to me. He wants me to give him love. We do a bear hug and I tell him how much I love him, and that he is such a good, good boy because he really is. I have taught him to have very nice manners. When there are visitors around—many people like to come from their homes down to the animal realms—Natch must be nice to those people and other animals. The animals that are too difficult to handle are no longer kept in form. We work with them at first, but if we cannot get them to be cooperative despite our efforts, then they are allowed to go back to the Allsoul.

I am very pleased that you asked about Natch. We have a docent who comes and she tells the story about how Natch was the reason for the beginning of the zoo. Natch likes the big ball that I have for him and he likes to get on and roll with it, so we decided to get another ball for Hilda. So now the two of them like to roll around. There is a pond over here that the bears like to swim in, so they have that as part of their recreation. The bears don't sleep as much here, like their hibernation, as they do on earth.

Princess, the Tigress — Miami Metro Zoo

Spirit Communicant Ken Jones: Good evening. This is Ken Jones. I was pretty surprised when your teacher, Dr. Cranston, came and inquired as to who was looking after Princess. I told him that actually there were three of us. One was from India and another gentleman who had been a zoo keeper in the United States. Also, Mable Stark, the famous tiger trainer, comes sometimes to see her. We knew when Princess was about ready to come over. She had suffered from leukemia.

Princess is a beautiful, beautiful white tigress who was born in India and taken to the Miami Metro Zoo. She was never totally tame when she was on earth, I think because she had not been that close to people. But I honestly feel that she would not have harmed a zoo keeper who had gone in with her because she was pretty laid-back.

Over here, when she arrived, there were no bars and she seemed surprised that she could walk around. The three of us were there to greet her. We talked to her and petted her. She was surprised that anyone would touch her because she had not known that, I don't think even as a kitten. We play with her. She is so beautiful and very gentle by nature. We have had no problems with her. Of course, she can't hurt us anyway, but we have had no problems with her being aggressive.

At first, we let her sleep a lot. We fed her the essence of the food that she was used to, which was meat. Gradually, we have weaned her so that she doesn't desire to be fed as often. She associates with other tigers. She has a boyfriend over here. There are some cubs that she has taken a fancy to. And so she has socialization with both tigers and humans. We have gotten her to the point where we put a great big ribbon around her neck—a big pink bow—and a leash. We take her around and she is very, very good with people who want to pet her. She really seems to like it, to relish it, actually. She was given a lot of attention when on earth, but it was always behind bars. Now, she gets a lot of attention and she loves it. We are very happy to take care of her and probably will continue to do so even when those who were close to her at the Miami Metro Zoo come over. She has bonded with all three of us. We take turns taking her around. She likes to be brushed, and, of course, she does not smell or have a urine problem over here, so no odor, and she stays clean.

We cannot keep in form all of the tigers that come over. Those that were very, very wild on earth and not loved, we have let go, except for a few. We want to always have some specimens of each species, and especially when they are so magnificent.

Princess is very intelligent. She is a wonderful, wonderful animal. I am so glad that you asked about her and that you are going to write something about her. We just wish that we could make people understand that although her physical body was mounted and is on display in the lobby at the Miami Metro Zoo, she is still very, very much alive in her etheric body in this dimension. I not only am glad to have had this opportunity to speak to someone on earth, but to tell you about our wonderful, wonderful Princess.

Ruby, the Painting Elephant — The Phoenix Zoo

Note: *The following information on Ruby was taken from the story posted on Wikipedia:*

“Ruby was born in Thailand, probably in the summer of 1973. She was shipped to the Phoenix Zoo in Arizona in February of 1974, where she lived alone for a number of years. Her painting career began when her keepers saw her scratching in the dirt of her enclosure with a stick and offered her a brush and paints.

“At the age of twenty, Ruby was shipped to the Tulsa Zoo to mate with a male elephant named Sneezy. Moving an elephant such a distance is often very stressful, even lethally so, but Ruby survived the transport well. She lived in Tulsa for two years, and when she became pregnant was returned to Phoenix in 1996. Another female Asian elephant was “loaned” to the Phoenix Zoo to be Ruby's companion until she gave birth.

“In November of 1998 Ruby began to show signs of labor, but the birth didn't start. Eventually the zoo's veterinarians determined that her calf had died in her womb, and the decision was made to perform a Caesarean operation. When surgery began it was discovered that her uterus had ripped and a massive infection had spread through her abdominal cavity. Her fetal calf weighed 320 pounds, twice the size of a normal newborn elephant.

“Ruby was euthanized immediately, November 6, 1998, at the age of twenty-five. Her death triggered an outpouring of grief throughout the Phoenix area. When the Phoenix Zoo

announced a free-admission day in Ruby's memory, 43,000 people attended, nearly triple a normal day's attendance."

Spirit Communicant Ray Wilkes: This is Ray Wilkes. I have come to talk about Ruby, the elephant. When Ruby was on earth, she began scratching the ground with a little stick. It gave the zoo keepers the idea that she might paint because they knew she was bored. And so they set up a huge easel and canvas and paints. Ruby would paint and she seemed to enjoy it. She splashed the different colors and it raised money for the zoo.

Ruby was not happy because she was put in with elephants of a different species. She was lonely at first. Then she was unhappy with the other two elephants at the zoo. So Ruby was sent to the Tulsa Zoo to get pregnant and Ruby did get pregnant. Ruby had such a difficult time with her pregnancy that a Caesarian was performed and it was discovered that her calf was twice the normal size and was dead. Also, she was terribly infected. So Ruby was euthanized, which was the kindest thing to do for her.

Ruby was brought to this side of life and her calf, of course, was alive over here waiting for her Mama. They were reunited. Because Ruby had never given birth, I don't think she realized fully that this little calf was her baby. We kept telling her that this was a baby that needed her care. And so Ruby has taken her under her care. The baby is getting quite large now, of course. We named her Ruberta, not Roberta. We wanted to get the "ru" in there. Ruberta is doing just fine. Ruby and Ruberta have bonded so nicely, so that Ruby not only has company, but she has a very special duty to take care of this little Ruberta.

Ruby does her painting over here. It is done a little differently because we can think things and put them up. In other words, thoughts become things. We can manifest something by thinking strongly about it. But because Ruby is an animal, her thought process is a little different, so we have to give her something to splash. She has Ruberta working with her. It is comical sometimes because Ruby will be working on her canvas and little Ruberta will come over and put something on it. We can tell that sometimes that is not what Ruby had intended to happen. I think sometimes she would prefer that Ruberta would do her own, but she is very tolerant of this.

It is interesting that the quality of her painting is superior to what she did on earth because her thoughts are going more into the composition, if you want to call it that. She is doing a very fine job. Some days she does not want to paint and we never force her ever, ever. But if she lets us know that she wants to paint, then that is what she does.

She draws interesting crowds. She is never naughty about spraying anyone. She confines her talents to a canvas-like material that we construct for her. We permit people to take her paintings back to their homes if they would like. We do something like a drawing to see who gets to take the painting. We always insist when someone takes the painting that they come and talk to Ruby and tell her how beautiful it is and how much they appreciate it. Now, sometimes Ruby does not want her paintings to go. She wants them to stay. As a matter of fact, this frequently happens. She wants her painting to stay on the easel until the next time she paints. And then we remove it to put up a blank canvas. She is not mean about keeping her painting, but she just lets us know by taking her trunk and gently, ever so gently, pushing us back. And so we say, "Okay, Ruby, all right, all right." We always ask her, "Ruby, may I take this and give it to someone who will just love it?" Sometimes she will back away and that means we can take it. We let her decide. After all, it is her masterpiece.

I hope this gives you some idea of Ruby's life over here. We love having her. She is a wonderful elephant and is very intelligent. She just is a real sweetheart. Sometimes we go for

walks and ride her, or ride Ruberta. We just go all around. Ruby prefers to be with her own species and so that is where she is.

I think it is wonderful that you have asked about her. I do believe that the people at the Phoenix Zoo will be very happy—if they believe animals live. There are good people there. My goodness, some day all people will have to wake up and accept that animals do live if we love them. Let us hope that many people will want to buy your book. Goodness knows, it is needed.

Sam, the Chimpanzee — Sacramento Zoo

Note: One of the oldest chimpanzees in captivity died on May 11, 2005, of congestive heart failure. Sam, the beloved patriarch at the Sacramento Zoo in California, was born around 1948. He became a treasure of the zoo from the time he arrived in 1951, and this wonderful chimpanzee remained a special part of the zoo for 54 years. He was dearly loved by zookeepers and staff.

Many local Sacramentans grew up with Sam, watching him interact with a baby, Maria, for the first time and live his life as a very integral part of their zoo experience. When zookeepers and staff share their hearts with an animal and provide it with the experience of human companionship, the only comfort they have when that animal passes may be in the knowledge that they have acted with love and compassion.

For many months prior to his passing Sam had been on daily medications to treat his heart. Heart failure is commonly seen in elderly chimpanzees. Keepers and veterinarians monitored Sam closely, but it was only a matter of time before the progressive disease took its eventual toll. After thoughtful discussion between animal care, zoo administrators and veterinary staff, the decision was made to euthanize Sam to prevent him from further suffering.

(Information courtesy of Sacramento Zoo)

Spirit Communicant Sam Devore: This is the keeper of Sam, the Chimp. By coincidence, my name happens to be Sam also, Sam Devore.

Sam was very elderly, as you know, when he came to this side. Fifty-seven years on earth for a chimpanzee, although chimps do live for quite a while, is a long time. Sam was revered on earth. When he came over here, he was tired. He needed to rest a little longer than many animals require so that he could gain his strength. Animals do not carry over their disabilities to the same extent as humans. It is all in the head anyway, whether this applies to a human or an animal because the spiritual body is perfect. Animals recover more quickly than a human. But chimps, like humans, are prone to heart conditions because they are so humanlike, truly.

Sam and I have become real buddies. He likes the idea of being free, of not being confined. He likes this idea of being free very much. He and I take little walks and we visit other animals of his kind and they chatter in their greetings. Sam likes to think he is the king of the walk because he was an elderly gentleman and he wants that respect.

Sam and I have had long talks. He looks at me with his beautiful eyes and he understands a great deal. He truly does. There are times when I dress him up in a little suit and we go to visit the children. Sam likes that. He likes wearing his little suit. The pants are short. He has a shirt, jacket, and little bowtie. I give him the opportunity of picking out the color of his shirt. He likes to wear yellow. When he picks out his tie, sometimes it is purple. Sometimes it is blue or bright green. He likes bright colors with his yellow shirt. I asked him if he didn't want to wear a little white shirt. I would hold it out and he would shake his head in the negative. He only wanted his yellow shirt and so that is what he dresses up in to go visiting.

I'm trying to teach Sam to do some tricks so that he can be part of a show. He is used to people looking at him. I believe that Sam will do very well as an artist. There is an artist who has come down from a higher plane who has taken a fancy to Sam. So we manifested some material and this artist was showing Sam how to draw with a brush and some paints. He was teaching him to draw some common objects like trees and a simple little flower, like a daisy. Sam shows a degree of concentration which is amazing. He has the manual dexterity in his hands because he is able to think the use of his hands, so he has accomplished some very nice work. Since he likes color, he piles it on.

Sam gets a lot of attention and I think he is very happy here. I do take him back to visit the Sacramento Zoo on occasion. When I do, it is interesting. He holds onto my hand and he won't let go. He does not want to be back in the zoo because he likes the freedom over here. He will certainly be here when those who knew him at the Sacramento Zoo come over some day. We have docents here who know the stories of these animals. When the keepers are not present, the docents will talk about the animals.

I am very happy that you asked for me. This was a wonderful experience to come in and talk and tell you about Sam. I take my leave.

Willie B., Gorilla — Zoo Atlanta

Note: Willie B. arrived at Zoo Atlanta in the spring of 1961 when only an infant. He was named for Atlanta Mayor William B. Hartsfield, and would be known in perpetuity as "Willie B."

The Zoo Atlanta, located in Georgia, gave permission to use the following background information on Willie B.:

"When Willie B., our magnificent western lowland gorilla patriarch passed away peacefully at the age of 41 in early February of 2000, the Zoo Atlanta family mourned his loss deeply and painfully. He had been more than an important animal in our collection of endangered and fascinating animals. Willie was a hero of sorts, a larger-than-life character who had come to embody the remarkable reinvention and rise to success of our zoo. His graceful transition from solitary caged animal to affectionate patriarch of an expanded family living in the lush Ford African Rain Forest came to represent the institution's rise from the brink of failure to its current status among the nation's finest zoological parks. His death left an entire city grief-stricken. Dr. Terry Maple, the zoo director who had led this institution through its remarkable turnaround, first mentioned his intention to memorialize Willie B. with a life-size bronze sculpture just hours after receiving word of Willie's death. It was clear that a permanent reminder of Willie's life and his importance to Atlanta was the right decision.

"Like any family in mourning, we faced decisions that had to be made immediately, and pulled together a major memorial event in just three days. Sympathy and support poured in from across the country. Deceased Pet Care Inc. contributed their crematorium services, Patterson & Son Funeral Home provided a buried maple display urn for the ashes, and children and adults sent hundreds of drawings, poems, and letters of condolence. On the Saturday following Willie's death, over 7,000 people came to pay their last respects. They listened with sadness as speakers (including Dr. Maple, former Mayor Andrew Young, Willie's keeper Charles Horton, historian Richard Reynolds III, senior veterinarian, Dr. Rita McManamon, and board chairman, Robert Petty) shared their memories and their feelings about the late great ape.

“Various plans for the final disposition of Willie’s ashes were discussed. On one hand, we liked the idea of returning the ashes to his native land in West Africa. But there was also strong feeling that Willie’s remains should remain in Atlanta where he had lived for nearly four decades. . . . It was decided that the ashes would be divided. A bronze box was created and about 80% of the ashes were sealed inside, with plans to encase them inside the bronze sculpture of Willie B. The remaining 20% were placed in a second box and presented to Dr. Maple, who would keep them until an appropriate opportunity to scatter them in Africa could be arranged.

“Contributions to the memorial had started to arrive on the day following Willie’s death. . . . we have raised more than \$600,000 to cover the cost of the sculpture, the memorial garden, and other immediate projects in the gorilla habitat.

“The next step was a call for proposals from sculptors who wished to compete for the commission of memorializing Willie B. The response was amazing. We heard from nearly two hundred artists from across the nation, and the world. . . . When we first met with Edwin Bogucki at Zoo Atlanta, the decision was made. His sensitivity, his obvious love and respect for animals, and his craftsmanship made him the undisputed first choice.

“The zoo’s horticulture experts created a lush rainforest environment that embraces the sculpture and provides a beautiful setting for Bogucki’s masterwork.

“The Willie B. Memorial Garden instantly became a destination for zoo visitors, and it seems that almost everyone stops to take a photo of this evocative sculpture. We are pleased to see children and adults posed in the cradle of Willie’s massive arms or standing proudly by his side. We see parents and grandparents sitting on the stone benches as they tell their children and grandchildren their own memories of the gentle giant who proudly walked out of his one-room home of 27 years to become one of the world’s most famous silverbacks.”

Spirit Communicant Stuart Baxley: Good morning. This is Stuart Baxley. I have come to talk about Willie B., the gorilla. As the story goes, Willie B. was named for the Mayor of Atlanta, and lived to be 41 on earth. He saw many changes being made at Zoo Atlanta before he passed. He was very popular there.

Willie B. is a character. When an animal has been caged up for so very, very long, that animal may have a difficult time at first adjusting to some freedom. Over here, we can grant freedom because the animals cannot do any permanent damage. They cannot hurt the body of another animal or human. But they can startle or frighten someone. Willie B., like many gorillas, likes to puff himself up. Before he came to this side of life, I had had some experience with gorillas. They are very intelligent beings.

So when Willie B. arrived, he found himself in unfamiliar surroundings, of course. We let him just lie down and rest. We prepared a pad for him and we came to him and we talked and we talked and we talked to Willie B. We said that Willie B. had to be a good boy over here and that we would give him an opportunity to have a lot of fun to make up for being imprisoned for so long. We knew that was a very difficult life for him, but now life over here will be very, very different. Willie B. listened to us. He tried to pull some of his antics and we said, “No, you are going to be very gentle and you are going to be very kind to other animals and to people. We love you and we are going to take care of you. We are going to take much better care of you in your new home than when you were on earth because over here you can’t hurt anyone if you just run loose.”

We had many talks with Willie B. And he did try to intimidate us at times, but we just stood very firmly and said, “No, no.” He didn’t know how to react, but as time passed, Willie

B. settled down and became very helpful to us. He would go to a gorilla who had been shot, or whatever had happened to it, and he would be an ambassador. When a little one came, he took quite an interest in it. The female gorillas didn't try to run him away. He would sit next to a mother as she held her little one. In one case, he won the mother's trust and she allowed him to cuddle the baby. He was very gentle and loving with it. He thought it was fun to have something that he could cuddle. He really liked holding that baby. The mother got so she would let the baby go if the baby wanted to go to Willie B. There was never a fight over it. He would just come and sit patiently and hold out his arms to take the baby.

In the beginning we had to talk to Emma, the mother, and assure her that she would not lose her baby; Willie B. would return the baby even if he walked around with the baby. Because Emma trusted us, she was able to trust him. Of course, the baby is growing up now but Willie B. still likes that gorilla. So that has worked out very, very nicely.

There are a number of famous gorillas here, gorillas that were very popular at the zoos. When they get together, they go around thumping their chests and it is a sight to watch.

Willie B. is very much on deck and he shall remain here for a very long time. As long as someone loves him, he will be here.

Zarafa, the Giraffe

Note: "Zarafa (1824-1845) was a giraffe in a menagerie in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris for 18 years in the early 1800s. She was one of the first three giraffes to be seen in Europe in over three centuries, since the Medici giraffe was sent to Lorenzo deMedici in Florence in 1486. Her name is Arabic for "charming" or "lovely one", and for giraffe.

"Zarafa was a present to Charles X of France from the Ottoman Viceroy of Egypt, Mehmet Ali Pasha. In 1824, the army of the Sultan of Turkey was engaged in fighting in the Greek War of Independence, and Sultan Mahmud II called upon the Pasha to send troops in support. The Greeks were supported by France. Bernardino Drovetti, the French consul-general in Egypt, persuaded the Pasha that an extraordinary present would encourage the King of France to stop supporting the Greeks.

"Zarafa was captured as a young animal in 1824 by Arab hunters near Sennar in Sudan and taken to Khartoum on the back of a camel. From there she was transported by boat down the Nile to Alexandria. She was accompanied by three cows that provided her with 25 litres of milk to drink each day.

"From Alexandria, she embarked on a ship to Marseilles with an Arab groom, Hassan, and Drovetti's Sudanese servant, Atir. As she was so tall, a hole was cut through the deck above the cargo hold through which she could poke her neck. After a voyage of 32 days, she arrived in Marseilles on 31 October 1826. Fearing the dangers of transporting her to Paris around the Iberian peninsula and up the Atlantic coast of France to the Seinekm, it was decided that she should walk the 900 miles to Paris.

"Zarafa over-wintered in Marseilles, where she was joined by the naturalist, Etienne Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire for the walk to Paris. He ordered a two-part yellow coat for her to keep her warm and shoes for her feet. She set out on 20 May 1827, already 15 cm taller than when she arrived in Marseilles. She was accompanied by the cows and Saint-Hilaire, then aged 55, who walked with her. The walk to Paris took 41 days. She was a spectacle in each town she passed through, Aix-en-Provence, Avignon, Orange, Montelimar, Vienne. She arrived in Lyon on 6 June, where she was applauded by a crowd of 30,000.

“Zarafa was presented to the King at the chateau of Saint-Cloud in Paris on 9 July 1827, and took up residence in the Jardin des Plantes. Now standing nearly 4 m. high, Zarafa’s arrival in Paris caused a sensation. Over 100,000 people came to see her, approximately an eighth of the population of Paris at that time. Honore de Balzac wrote a story about her; Gustave Flaubert (then a young child) traveled from Rouen to Paris to see her. Women’s hair was arranged in towering styles à la girafe; spotted fabrics were all the rage; porcelain and other ceramics were painted with giraffe images. She was painted by Jacques Raymond Brascassat.

Zarafa remained in Paris for 18 years until her death, attended to the end by Atir. Her corpse was stuffed and displayed in the foyer of the Jardin des Plantes in Paris for many years before being moved to the museum at La Rochelle where it remains.”

(This article is licensed under the GNU Free Documentation License.

It uses material from the Wikipedia article “Zarafa.”)

Spirit Communicant Pierre Boudreau: Good morning. This is Pierre Boudreau. I am taking care of Zarafa. She is so special and gentle and very sweet—no naughty tricks with my Zarafa. Now you know the history, I understand. She was a gift from Mohammed. She had quite a journey from Africa to France. She was very well cared for. And she survived. She was on earth for about 18 years before she came over here. She was a sensation because she was so rare. People loved to see her. She wasn’t about to turn down any treat, and she tries the same thing over here with visitors. And so we tell them she can have the essence of certain things. If they want to feed her, they have to give her the essence of those foods.

She has been on exhibit, in a sense, for a very long time. I have taken her around when we have a circus. If we can have a little parade before show time, then I take her around. She is very good about following me. I put a little something around her neck and she follows me. She is so tall that we tell her that she must be very careful that she doesn’t step on anyone when she is in a parade. She is very good about that. She has received so much attention on earth and over here. And we do try with the animals to make sure that they are not rough. We want them to be gentle. Giraffes have a way of running and if something gets in their way, it may be knocked over.

Zarafa is doing fine. We do work hard to keep her in form. She is very much loved because she is gentle. She does have a nice way of sometimes just reaching down and wanting her face to be petted. She likes to have it rubbed. She will sort of nuzzle a bit. She is not shy. She has been pampered all of her life. I know that she missed her mother who was shot. She was slaughtered to feed the other animals on the trail.

Sometimes we put a great big bow on Zarafa. It is quite something to have a big bow around her neck. Sometimes it is a white bow. Sometimes it is pink. Sometimes it is blue. Sometimes it is yellow. Sometimes it is purple, lavender, or red. It depends. As a matter of fact, we stretch the ribbons out on a little fence and we say to Zarafa, “Which ribbon do you want to wear today?” And sometimes she doesn’t want any of them, and at other times she will go and pick out one. I don’t know whether she really sees the colors clearly. We keep them pretty much in the same order so she has her choice and we tie the ribbon around, making a pretty bow around her neck. That distinguishes her from some of the other giraffes who are here. She is our baby. I think she is happy here with all the attention that she gets and the chance to participate in activities. She can romp. It is very beautiful to watch the rhythm of their movement when several of the giraffes get together and run together. It is spectacular.

And so I think that is all I can tell you about Zarafa. She is beautiful and we love her and she knows we love her. She will nuzzle us. She will bring her head way down and nuzzle.

I think this will be very interesting to the people on earth who don't know about her, but we know that a gentleman wrote a book about her. (*Zarafa: A Giraffe's True Story, from Deep in Africa to the Heart of Paris* by Michael Allin). Maybe this book will sell more books for him. I do sincerely hope that your book does well. It will give people a real picture of animals on this side of life. Your Master Joseph has told me about some of the stories that are featured in it. We do want everyone to know that animals do live on, especially animals that have been pets, or who have been in a zoo, and received special attention. They are easier for us to work with than animals in the wild although there are times when we keep animals in the wild because they are such magnificent specimens and we want to preserve them for people who come. So I leave you with that. Thank you very much. Now that I have slightly recovered from the shock of being asked to speak to someone on earth, I do thank you.

PART THREE

The Sanctuary

D.E.L.T.A. Rescue (Dedication & Everlasting Love to Animals)

There are a number of shelters, and a few sanctuaries, but this is the largest sanctuary for domestic animals. And since, in his introduction to this book, Henry Bergh spoke about visiting it, I thought I would include this chapter here for you to reference.

Delta, the Black Doberman & D.E.L.T.A. Rescue

(Dedication & Everlasting Love to Animals)

Note: This is the story of Delta, a black Doberman, and of D.E.L.T.A. Rescue (Dedication & Everlasting Love To Animals), as told by Leo Grillo, founder of D.E.L.T.A. Rescue. Besides Henry Bergh's testimonial, I am personally familiar with Leo Grillo's dedication and the high standards he maintains in his operation. He started by rescuing animals who were abandoned or born in the wilderness, and instead of euthanizing them because they were not adoptable, he created this sanctuary to love and care for them for the rest of their lives. In fact, he started the first "no kill" shelter in the country, and then the first "care-for-life" sanctuary in the world. And now D.E.L.T.A. Rescue is the largest of both. For over thirty-five years it has been the inspiration for many other rescue groups around the country.

Leo Grillo: (NOT in Spirit!) Years ago, I was a movie actor living with three cats in Hollywood. Then in March, 1979, I began having these strange dreams about a dog that was going to change my life. As the dreams continued, I'd find myself looking around my bedroom when I woke up, feeling this dog's presence.

April rolled in. I had promised my best friend that I would visit his family in Bakersfield. As the highway cut through a section of the Angeles National Forest, I gasped! Off to the right, slowly plodding his way along a ridge, was a black Doberman . . . the dog in my dream! I jammed on my brakes and pulled onto the soft shoulder. Then I ran over to the edge of the road and called to the dog. He spotted me right away and began walking towards me, whimpering. He was magnificent, but very tired and thin. I took off my belt and slipped it over his head and walked him to my car.

As I headed for Bakersfield, the dog was lying on the front seat and he put his head in my lap. I held his head the rest of the way. Someone had abandoned this sensitive, loving dog in the forest, far away from food or water. I named him "Delta" which is a word I learned in high school physics class. It means "change," And did he ever change MY life!

Back in Hollywood, Delta had to sleep in my car at first because pets were not allowed in my apartment where I already had three "illegal" cats! So for months, I took Delta everywhere, like a proud father takes his son. I took him to Marina Del Rey for a strawberry ice cream cone every day, and to Venice Beach where he loved to swim. And my only wish was to have a house where Delta could sleep on my bed at night.

We also hiked in the forest a lot . . . and sometimes Delta chose hills that were so steep, I'd wrap his 30-foot lead around my waist and he'd pull me up with him! It was on one of those wilderness hikes that Delta and I found 35 more dogs . . . each one starving and abandoned . .

. they were so hungry they knocked over garbage cans full of picnic trash trying to find a morsel of food. They even ate paper sandwich wrappers!

I remember feeling so helpless that I couldn't do more for them—Delta's new best friends were home-less, living on the cold ground, trying to sleep through the pounding storms in puddles of cold water, rain beating constantly on their naked heads.

It took a full year to get them all out of the forest, and another 30 days besides, but I did. I thought I would find them homes and go back to my acting career but people kept dumping their pets in the forest, and there were always more and more animals to help.

Before the next winter's rains, I found loving homes for a few, but most I kept myself. I was too much in love with them to see them go, and they were deathly afraid of other people. I did find a house to rent, and Delta loved his yard, and all his new friends. You could tell he was their "leader." All the other dogs looked up to Delta. And because the landlord allowed pets, Delta finally got to sleep on my bed . . . for about a year.

When he was only seven, Delta developed a cancer. We still went for walks every morning though he could only go short distances. Then one morning in 1982, while I was typing a letter at the kitchen table, I heard a whimper in the bedroom. I ran in to see if Delta needed anything . . . he had just passed away. And I never got to say goodbye.

I've rescued many thousands of abandoned dogs and cats since Delta found me . . . and I even founded this organization in his name, to honor him as the dog whose love changed my life forever. And I promised him that whenever I found an abandoned animal in the wilderness I would help him or her in Delta's memory. But it has haunted me for all these years that I never got to say goodbye to my son . . . my beloved Delta. Recently, I realized that Delta chose to cross over while I was in the other room working for a reason . . . he didn't want me to ever say goodbye to him. His last wish, I'm sure now, was that I simply not forget him. And so it is with great sadness, and yet with great joy, that I send out to those who contribute to D.E.L.T.A. a packet of Forget-Me-Not seeds on the anniversary of Delta's last wish. I send them with the request to plant them somewhere so they can grow wild and multiply year after year in remembrance of my beloved Delta. Wherever these flowers grow the spirit of Delta will shine through.

When I needed money to buy a dumpy old kennel to house 250 of my dogs, and later to build our big super shelter, I got on TV shows and in newspapers to raise money and people did respond. It was new and exciting then. That was 28-years ago. D.E.L.T.A. continues to expand, but sadly, the contributions have not kept pace and the dollar doesn't buy what it did 28 years ago. We do not spend money on a professional fundraiser or on freebies. Money donated to our shelter is spent directly on the animals. About one-third of our income is from bequests from deceased supporters. And except for these dedicated people believing in our mission and us, we might not be here today.

I found out years ago that I had to drive to the forest EVERY DAY because the dogs and cats need to eat every day. That hasn't changed. We have the largest animal sanctuary in the world . . . home to up to 1500 abandoned cats and dogs. We are here for these animals 7-days a week, 24-hours a day. And no matter what else I'm doing, the animals always come first. Each of our dogs is spayed or neutered, and then "married" to another rescued dog of the opposite sex. The couple lives in a huge yard with their own straw bale adobe dog house, which I invented after years of trying to find out what dogs like best! One of the videos on our website shows in detail how we construct these houses.

Our over 500 cats live in three dozen indoor-outdoor catteries and they each enjoy three meals a day. They are safe, and nobody will ever hurt them again. They will never go hungry. And, we have two hospitals to keep them in good health. We shower them with love at our spacious 94-acre mountaintop sanctuary.

People are dumping their pets at an alarming rate. The average stay of a pet in a household today is only 18 months. That's why two million of them are dumped in the wilderness each year . . . thousands of precious animals every day . . . and that's why EACH of us must do something about it. People know that if they take an unwanted animal to a shelter, it will most likely be euthanized so it will have a better chance of survival if they drop it off in the forest. Nothing could be further from the truth. These domesticated animals do not have the skills, especially dogs, to fend for themselves, and if not rescued, will literally starve to death. Starvation is a slow, horrible way to die. Dogs and cats abandoned in remote areas can fall prey to hungry packs of coyotes, mountain lions, or other predators, or even bad humans who use them for target practice! These are God's creatures, not throw-aways.

Although D.E.L.T.A. is located in Southern California, its services are not limited to the local area. To duplicate my larger rescue efforts, I give advice to "rescuers" in the field across the country. But they must be able to do the work and the actual animal rescues. I am, even now, passing on my rescue skills to those who have proven themselves by actually rescuing on their own. With almost three decades of experience and innovation, I have acquired a lot to teach others.

We even have a "secret" program in Kabul, Afghanistan, where we fund a shelter for dogs and cats who are being rescued under fire. Many times coalition troops bring animals in from the battlefield.

What I envision is an army of rescuers all over the country someday, trained and supplied by us. In their neck of the woods, they will rescue dogs and cats abandoned in the wilderness—parks, camp sites, picnic areas, woods, beaches, etc., places where "animal control" doesn't exist or has no jurisdiction and therefore the animals are left to die of starvation, injury and disease.

The only way to change things is if everyone gets involved. No one organization is the answer. Knowing this, I try my best to inspire others to do the same. By the way, one of those I "inspired" has grown into quite a huge operation, has dwarfed us financially, and has made raising funds tougher for us!

Spirit Communicant Dr. Hambrick: Good morning. This is Dr. Hambrick, spirit guide to Leo Grillo. I was a veterinarian on earth. I practiced in Germany and then I came to the United States after World War II. I wanted to get out of Germany, and I am very glad that I did. I had a brother in the Midwest so I brought my family there and set up practice. My brother had a big farm and he encouraged me to come over to America because there were so many livestock in the area.

He thought I would have a lucrative practice, and it was a good practice. I took care of small animals as well as cattle. I even took care of some birds. Because we were in a rural area, I didn't have access to a lot of equipment and had to improvise from time to time.

I made my transition to spirit around 1960. When Leo Grillo began the D.E.L.T.A. Rescue, I chose to work with him from spirit because I could tell that he was very serious and dedicated to taking care of abandoned dogs and cats. He is so dedicated that he is open to spirit help because he wants to do the very best to take care of these little souls. It is a real mission and great responsibility that he has undertaken. There are times when he is rather

surprised that he is able to think of certain ways to do things. Frequently he gets my impressions.

It seems there is never enough help and never enough money to really and truly do the job without a lot of worries. Leo will not compromise when it comes to the best of care for the animals. I think he would go hungry before he would let an animal go hungry. In fact, I know he would. He lives frugally and has not taken a vacation since beginning his rescue work twenty-eight years ago. Twenty-four hours a day he is on call. He deserves a hero's reward for all that he does for he is a hero to those animals.

Funding is essential to any sanctuary and so many rescue centers rely on private donations where there is a flux and flow. It helps any sanctuary when definite commitments are made and kept. Leo would never turn down an animal in need. He lives and breathes his mission. And so I am going to leave so that the caretaker of all the animals in the spirit D.E.L.T.A. group can come in and talk to you.

Spirit Communicant Henry Curtiss: Good morning. My name is Henry Curtiss. I am one of the spirit caretakers of these wonderful animals that were rescued and lived at D.E.L.T.A. when on earth. What we have done is to separate the cats from the dogs because they are on different realms of the Animal Plane, but we keep all of Leo's animals together. All the cats are on one realm; all of the dogs are together on a little higher realm. In a sense, I am the supervising caretaker of both groups, but mainly my work is with the dogs.

Delta, the black Doberman, helps me a great deal. He is very, very bright. He is a smart boy. He greets every dog that comes over. We frequently take him down to earth to visit Leo and to make the rounds of the grounds. We walk all around to see the different dogs. And if we know that one is going to be coming over here shortly, we make absolutely certain that Delta goes down with us to spend a little time getting to know that dog. Animals see spirits more clearly than most humans. So when the dogs come over, they will recognize each other. Delta will greet the animal and make it feel welcome.

Delta is a disciplinarian. He does not allow any growling or fights or any of that stuff to arise. He helps me a great deal. He will just go and put them in their place. And that is it! He is full of love. He is very gracious and very hospitable. And he seems to just enjoy his role.

There are other dogs here that Leo was especially fond of. Barney is one and he is a great help. He is a sensitive and sweet animal, and also very smart. So he helps Delta. He kind of knows that Delta is the captain and that he is the lieutenant. This is how they have worked it out. They and several others are especially wonderful help.

We have so many, many animals over here that are in the D.E.L.T.A. group. I couldn't possibly take care of all of them by myself. There are ten of us who work with the dogs. We want to make sure that they get properly fed the essence of food when they are hungry and we want to make sure they get a lot of love.

We try to keep them occupied. We are not just warehousing them; we try to work with them in groups to get them to do certain things together so that they have fun. We play games. They run and play. We take them swimming and they love that. At first, there were a couple that didn't want to go in the water, but we finally got them all interested. They are so smart. They understand everything. We have to spell to each other, we workers. Some of them have caught onto the spelling because they know exactly what's coming. They are wonderful. Most of them were mutts, but very smart and wonderful, wonderful animals. We love them dearly.

So I think that is about what I can tell you. We want to make it a fun time for them. We make sure they get lots of exercise and also down time. We tell them when it is naptime, which gives us rest too. So that is what goes on in the dog group.

Now I am going to introduce you to the head of the cat group. Her name is Lucille Atwater, but we call her Lucy. She does a fabulous job with the cats.

Spirit Communicant Lucy Atwater: This is Lucy Atwater, spirit caretaker. Goodness, we have so many cats over here. They just seem to be hanging out in the trees and everywhere. Some of them do like to climb up a little tree that we have. It is pleasant there. The tree is squatty, low and broad, with wide branches, so some of them enjoy going up there. They take a little nap and they can also see all around, and they like that.

We do have climbing type of furniture like you have on earth so they can find a cozy spot for themselves and feel safe. We have all kinds of little toys for them, some that they can bat, balls on strings, etc. We don't have many who want to do tricks, but we have a couple that are very, very good at it. We have taught them different tricks so when people come by they will perform if they feel like it. If they don't feel like it, it is a waste of time to try to persuade them. We never force them.

I have seven helpers. The cats need to be cuddled and told how beautiful they are. We want to make sure they feel that way. I think that when Leo comes over someday he will see that we have done a good job in taking care of these animals. They stay pretty much together. We don't have bars or fences around them. We are very happy to care for them. And we are very, very happy that you are writing a book that will include them. This book, hopefully, will give a greater understanding that spirit life is very real.

Leo's latest project is to erect billboards that say:

Animals are children too. Love them.
Don't abandon them.

Dr. Peterson on Conservation

Spirit Communicant Dr. Peterson: There are so many problems that we have to deal with on this side of life that were created on earth. But this is what we are trained to do, and we are very grateful to have the opportunity to help anyone who comes over. It is not a burden to us. But we would like to see both sides of the veil raised to the heavenly heights, believe me, because they would be much better places for everyone. The stragglers, we will continue to have, but maybe someday in eternity we can raise them a little higher so they can function with support, but we are not to tolerate their wayward methods of doing things. You wonder how people can become so aberrant or degenerated. You do wonder.

They come over with some of these attitudes and behaviors, and instead of using the opportunities while on earth that were afforded them to go in another direction and clean up what they have done in the past, instead they use them as a stepping stone to create more havoc and hurt and negativity and murder and all sorts of crimes—a total disregard for human life instead of doing the very opposite they had agreed to come and do. Each person has to be responsible for himself or herself. And that is truly the first step for every one of us.

My interest on this side has been primarily in what is happening to some of the animals. I am concerned about the preservation. We are not preserving the animals that have a right to be on your earth. Truly, we do need to preserve the animals so they do not become extinct. When it is time for them to become extinct, that will take place as a part of natural evolution. It is not for man to hasten it because of his selfish desires.

There are some efforts made to stop the killing and the importation of some animals and animal parts. We work very hard in trying to get members of the various parliaments to put bans on this and to allot more money to hire more scouts to go and protect the animals and bring the poachers to justice. We are especially working to find alternative ways for these people on earth to make a living in a different way so they will not feel the need to go out and kill innocent animals. We try to raise their consciousness to accept that these are precious beings, and that they deserve the opportunity to be here. They serve a purpose in the ecosystem, and they should not be wiped out. As you raise your consciousness on earth, certain bugs and insects and animals will no longer be needed. That need will change because as we elevate ourselves, our environment will be more refined and things will take on a higher vibration. As I am sure Luther Burbank (horticulturist) has said, the fruits and vegetables and flowers will be more plentiful because the yield per plant will be greater. The flowers and fruits will be more beautiful and sweeter and everything will be different. You will not see this in your lifetime, but it will change and perhaps by the time you come back, you will see a great change.

You will be able to follow this from the Spirit World and to see how it will move along as you progress more into this new millennium.

And so my work is primarily with those who are still on earth, trying to get them to make the necessary changes. And it is not always easy to reach them. We have to try to find people who are truly dedicated to animals and to work through them, and to get them to either become a part of the administrations of the various countries, or to put some pressure on the administrations to bring about some changes. It seems to move so slowly in so many ways. We work with those who are trying to eliminate experimentation on animals. This experimentation is not necessary, and we are trying to impress them with alternative ways.

St. Francis works very hard in all of these areas. And so I am going to leave now, but I would like to say that St. Francis does hold seminars on this side for those who are interested in learning how to communicate with people on earth and impress them about the best ways to preserve the animals.

Museums, zoos, trophy hunters and others have either captured or killed beautiful specimens. They don't stop to think how many animals have been taken out of the wilds, or how their living conditions have been so changed by man's encroachment upon their territory that rapid depletion of certain ones is taking place. We cannot get down to the last male or female and expect that we can turn a situation around. We have to keep a sufficient number to prevent extinction from taking place. How many is enough is a big, big question.

Steve Irwin on Conservation

Note: Steve Irwin (2/22/62 - 9/4/2006), was nicknamed The Crocodile Hunter. He was an Australian naturalist, wildlife conservationist, co-owner and operator of the Australia Zoo, and well-known TV personality, making many documentaries for Animal Planet channel. He met his death while filming underwater. His chest was pierced by a deadly stingray barb.

Spirit Communicant Steve Irwin: I know I don't sound like an Australian bloke. I am coming through you and the most important thing would be my words.

As you know, I worked very hard trying to preserve. I was a conservationist. I arrived over here and was very, very frustrated that I could not stay on earth and finish my work, but I did train some very good people, and I know that my friend, John Stainton, will step into my shoes, not as

one wrestling with crocodiles, but will help Terri run the show. I know I can count on all of those who worked with me to carry on.

I have had a lot of adjusting to do over here because of my heartache at leaving my family. My beautiful mother was here to greet me, and I was very, very happy to see her. I spend a lot of time on the animal plane, and I was quite taken with Gomek and the other tame alligator. (See story of [Gomek](#)) I am also attending school here so that I can get my feet on the ground, so to speak, and to find out what to do and how to do it.

I think it would be good in your book to talk about the ecosystem and why these various species are needed on earth. Some have disappeared because they were no longer needed or because mankind has destroyed them.

I have been on this side of life for only a short while, actually the equivalent of a year earth time. I have spoken to many, many very knowledgeable men and women who are interested in the conservation of animals on earth. These are spirits who have specialized in learning as much as they can about particular animals.

I am primarily interested in carrying through what I tried to do on earth, that is, to educate people about the living conditions of animals and how they play an important role in the whole ecosystem. Nature tends to eliminate or modify the bodily structure of some animals so they can adapt to changing conditions. It is so important that we don't annihilate animals simply because we are afraid of them or are repulsed by them. We need to understand what purpose they serve and why it is important for particular animals to survive.

Now, I want to talk about the reptiles. As you know, I spent a great deal of my time with the whole reptile kingdom, the crocodiles and snakes, etc. So many people have wondered why crocodiles have existed for eons of time. I have always been an admirer of the crocodiles. They are ancient specimens which have managed to survive. They have served their purpose. I wanted to show that while many snakes are very poisonous to humans, we can extract the venom from those poisonous snakes so that we can have a supply of antidotes to protect anyone who may be bitten. Many of these snakes have already disappeared, except for those over here which are being kept as specimens. Some of the very poisonous snakes are in regions which are still very wild and scarcely populated.

I do believe that as the population on this earth continues and our need to reap the resources that are here, humans will be doing the job of keeping down an excess of certain animals, and this includes those in the sea as well as on land. The only problem with this is that man does not understand which animals balance other animals, like snakes keep the rodents in check. Without the snakes, we would be overrun with rodents. The day will come when there will be fewer rodents and less need for snakes.

There is a divine guiding intelligence that directs this if we would just tune in and listen. I have always felt that conservationists have taken a back seat because people do not want to be told about restrictions on certain animals when they are trophy hunting. In order to conserve what we have on earth, we must listen to those who have studied and who offer their wisdom.

It is not all man's doings that have caused the extinction of certain species. It may be that those particular animals are no longer needed to maintain a balance in the ecosystem. But man is certainly guilty of going into certain areas and totally upsetting the whole balance. The primates are suffering terribly and should be given more opportunities to expand, rather than contract. What is so sad is that hunters looking for just certain parts of animals will kill the whole animal to get a part. There is much concern among the spirit workers on my side of

life about our wasteful habits, especially in taking animals just for a part of their bodies. This is true, for example, of killing a magnificent elephant just for its tusks. We know that more stringent policing needs to be done in many areas to prevent this kind of needless slaughter.

The elephants have been decimated. They are not extinct but they are struggling to survive. We need to give these wonderful creatures the land that they need. Elephants are very, very intelligent.

We have an overpopulation of dogs and cats and rats and mice, and it is certainly recommended that dogs and cats be spayed or neutered so there will be no unwanted animals that are not properly cared for.

You have wild horses in the United States. For some time they have been slaughtered for horsemeat to be shipped to other countries. Your government has put into law some measures that will halt, at least temporarily, this extermination. These beautiful animals, these horses, are the most intelligent and the most spiritually evolved of all the animals at this time. With care they may be raised up to an even higher state of consciousness.

The animals of today on earth are less ferocious than their prehistoric ancestors. We no longer have dinosaurs, although there are some over here in spirit. There were no humans on earth at the time of the dinosaurs. Can you imagine having dinosaurs trampling down on the earth where humans are so vulnerable?

So nature took care of that danger, and other animals came to substitute. And they, in turn, have been refined. I can see the day, after talking with those over here, that the vibrations on earth will be so raised, that the animals will not be as wild. They will be responding to the raised vibrations of humans, because like attracts like. However, as long as you have wars, people hating each other, and all the negativity, that can not come about. When people really change in consciousness, more gentleness will be observed among the wild animals.

Now I do not wish to get too specific about what is happening to certain species. I want instead to convey that we need to be watchful. We need to give up trophy hunting which is a selfish and wasteful thing to do to beautiful animals. Possessing a trophy to bolster one's ego is not a very manly act. And aerial shooting of wolves is a despicable method of weeding out the population. Wolves are very sociable creatures living in family units. Animals have feelings, just as we do. Let us respect them.

I tried, and now Terri and Bindi are carrying on in a wonderful way, to bring knowledge to people in an entertaining way. I am a ham at heart. By being a comic, I tried to get across a very important message. If we are not careful, we will no longer see many animals on the face of the earth. It is important that we examine their true reason for existence.

We should remember that all creatures have a right to be cared for properly. Funds should be made available to educate the population regarding the help that animals living in their particular area need in order to survive. Treat animals with respect so they will be here for future generations. Animals are to be enjoyed. They bring so much pleasure and comfort. If we observe them, we learn from them.

I would like Terri to know how much I love her and have appreciated her being such a good sport, always hanging in there and being so supportive of me and my work. And my daughter, Bindi. I would have died for her, but instead, I just plain died! I love her with all of my heart. This experience has been a very difficult one for me to adjust to in terms of just wanting to get back to earth. I know that Bindi will grow up and be a fine conservationist. I am hoping that my son Bob will also follow, but we will have to see how that goes. I am grateful

for what I was able to do while I was on earth, and I want to develop the skills to be able to communicate with those who are left in charge to do the work.

I thank you very much for this opportunity to come in. And so I thank you very much for thinking about me and contacting me. I did not know that I would have an opportunity to speak or connect with anyone on earth, so I am learning all about it!

Prince Toby by Ernest Hemingway

This is the story of Toby. He is a very beautiful black cat. He looks like a prince because he is dressed in a gorgeous black fur coat which has a little white around the neck, and with a little imagination—and it doesn't take much—it looks like an ermine collar. What a handsome little fellow he is!

Now Toby was the pet of a little girl on earth named Alicia. She loved Toby dearly. He slept on her bed. Toby had a special pillow. But on occasion Toby became very adventurous, especially when he was prowling in the garden. He would catch a mouse occasionally and bring it to his mistress. No amount of Alicia's screaming deterred him from presenting her with this wonderful gift. It was so special that Toby gave it to his beloved mistress.

Well, the day came when Toby departed. He passed over to a wonderful new land, to his heavenly abode. Oh my, how Alicia cried and cried and cried. She missed him so! But the angels brought him back to visit and he would sleep on his little pillow for awhile, but she never realized it. No matter how often he came to visit, she never saw him.

So Toby came to me, and I took over his care on this side of life because Toby was such an outstanding little prince of a cat, so dignified, so well-mannered, except when something caught his fancy. Well, I have my thirty cats with me; so I thought that one more would not make that much difference. That is why I volunteered to take Toby.

I thought it would be nice if I took Toby on little walks to acquaint him with what was going on over here. I had done this with my other cats, and we had had some interesting adventures. So now it was Toby's turn. And the first place that I took Toby was over to see cats that belonged to other people. But Toby, being a prince, was very snobbish. He just walked past those cats, not even giving them a glance. And so we walked back to his new home. I talked to Toby and told him that I loved all my other cats and they were with me because I had loved them so very, very much, and I loved him too. I urged him to make an effort to become friendly with my cats so that he would enjoy his life here until his mistress comes over. Then he could be with her again. Well, he didn't think much of the idea, but I left him with the impression that he might try. At least, he would think about it.

The next time I came to see Toby, we went for another little excursion. We went down to see the mice. There were many, many mice there, all pets of people on earth who had loved them very, very much. And Toby decided, "My goodness, with all these mice running around, I don't know how I am going to catch them all, but certainly I can catch one." And he did. But he found that he couldn't kill it. It just squeaked and squeaked and squeaked, so finally he just dropped it rather disgustedly. I explained to him that you can't kill things over here; that it's different over here. So Toby decided, all right, he would leave the mice alone. He didn't want to take something that didn't belong to him. He recognized that the rules had changed; that that little mouse that he tried to kill was a dearly loved little creature of someone on earth who would someday come and would want that little mouse to be his or hers again. Toby didn't quite understand, being a cat, how anyone could love a mouse, but he just accepted that that might be possible.

Well, the next time we went on a little excursion, we went to see some beautiful goldfish who were in a little pool. They had a special little pond. Around the pond was a little wall. So Toby jumped up on the ledge, and he kept watching those goldfish, and they would swim by so quickly. And as they did, a light would strike them and their golden bodies would just flicker. This was fascinating to Toby. He really didn't like water. He never liked to be bathed, but this time he just couldn't resist the temptation and into the water he jumped. The fish swam so quickly he couldn't catch one. He was getting tired swimming and swimming and swimming and wanted to get out of the water but he couldn't get the traction to jump up on the ledge again. So he tried to climb up, but the sides of the little wall were too slippery. I looked down at Toby and I said, "Toby, what lesson did you learn this time?" And Toby's eyes pleaded, "Just help me up before I drown." And so I reached down and pulled him up by the scruff of his neck. And, you know, he wasn't even wet. You can go in water over here and not get wet. So he didn't have to shake himself. I said, "Toby, let's sit here a minute and see what you have learned." And Toby thought and thought and thought. Finally, it occurred to him that maybe these goldfish are pets of somebody too, and that he shouldn't try to take what didn't belong to him. Somebody would come some day and find that little goldfish and be so happy to see it again. And so we walked back to Toby's little heavenly abode.

The next time I came down from my home to take Toby out for another excursion, we went to see the ducks. They were very, very pretty, especially the fluffy little ones. Well, ducklings were something new to Toby. He had never seen one. And so he thought that it would be pretty nice to see if he could catch a duckling. And he made a great big leap and grabbed a duckling. Well, the poor little thing was frightened and quacked and quacked and quacked. Toby found that was a rather interesting noise, that is, until Mama Duck came waddling over at full speed and grabbed Toby by the ear and gave it a good nip. Toby immediately released his poor little prey who fluttered his little wings and waddled away as fast as his little webbed feet would carry him.

So I said, "Toby, I think we need to have another little talk. What do you think you learned this time?" And Toby said, "I know I can't kill. I know I can't really hurt. I can scare, but I also have learned that everything over here, all the animals, the fish, and the fowls, are loved or they wouldn't be here. And so I have to respect that everything has a right to its own existence. And I think I will just make friends with all your cats and be a humble, good little kitty."

Toby learned more on three excursions than many people learn in a lifetime. When Alicia comes over some day, she will find that her Prince Toby is not only waiting for her, but he is full of wisdom. He has learned to respect what belongs to others, and that he must not try to hurt any creature, and that a little humility is a very good thing to practice.

How I See My Life Now

*I was once owned by a family
who loved me more than I can say.
When it was time to come to this side,
I left them behind to go God's way.
I licked the tears of those who cried
when I left my earthly home.
I wagged my tail. I meowed. I flipped my wings.
I bellowed and roared.
And no one saw or heard.*

*Kind souls on this side bring me back to visit.
Though I am unseen, that does not mean that
I am not my same old self.
I still have my fur, my leather, my fins,
and my feathers.
I am happy because I know I am here to stay
as long as my folks love me in their own way.
I will surprise them when they come over.
Until we can be together again,
Know that I am well cared for,
living with those who are just like me.
I haven't forgotten my folks and
my love for them is real and it will always be.*

—Sylvia Barbarnell (from spirit)

Note: When on earth, Sylvia Barbarnell published a book of poetry. She was also the author of, *When Your Child Dies* and *When Your Animal Dies*.

A Man and His Dog

(The following was received as an email. No authorship was noted. And as it seemed a fitting closure to this book, I have taken the liberty to include it.)

A man and his dog were walking along a road. The man was enjoying the scenery, when it suddenly occurred to him that he was dead.

He remembered dying, and that the dog walking beside him had been dead for years. He wondered where the road was leading them.

After a while, they came to a high, white stone wall along one side of the road. It looked like fine marble. At the top of a long hill, it was broken by a tall arch that glowed in the sunlight.

When he was standing before it, he saw a magnificent gate in the arch that looked like mother-of-pearl, and the street that led to the gate looked like pure gold. He and the dog walked toward the gate, and as he got closer, he saw a man at a desk to one side. When he was close enough, he called out, "Excuse me, where are we?"

"This is Heaven, sir," the man answered.

"Wow! Would you happen to have some water?" the man asked.

“Of course, sir. Come right in, and I’ll have some ice water brought right up.” The man gestured, and the gate began to open.

“Can my friend,” gesturing toward his dog, “come in, too?” the traveler asked.

“I’m sorry, sir, but we don’t accept pets.”

The man thought a moment and then turned back toward the road and continued the way he had been going with his dog.

After another long walk and at the top of another long hill, he came to a dirt road leading through a farm gate that looked as if it had never been closed. There was no fence. As he approached the gate, he saw a man inside leaning against a tree reading a book. “Excuse me!” he called to the man. “Do you have any water?” “Yeah, sure, there’s a pump over there, come on in.” “How about my friend here?” the traveler gestured to the dog.

“There should be a bowl by the pump.”

They went through the gate, and sure enough, there was an old-fashioned hand pump with a bowl beside it. The traveler filled the water bowl and took a long drink himself, then he gave some to the dog. When they were full, he and the dog walked back toward the man who was standing by the tree. “What do you call this place?” the traveler asked.

“This is Heaven,” he answered.

“Well, that’s confusing,” the traveler said. “The man down the road said that was Heaven, too.”

“Oh, you mean the place with the gold street and pearly gates? Nope. That’s hell.”

“Doesn’t it make you mad for them to use your name like that?”

“No, we’re just happy that they screen out the folks who would leave their best friends behind.

Other books by the author:

What Goes On Beyond the Pearly Gates?

Meditations to Empower Your Soul

The Conquering Soul: the Key to Understanding Spiritual Psychology

More on the Conquering Soul